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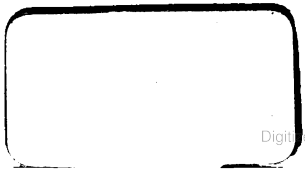

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1846.

VOLUME I.

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PREFACE.

In bringing the first year of our editorial labours to an end, we take the liberty of addressing some general remarks to our readers. So far as we are allowed to judge from the steady and increasing support which has been rendered The Christian Miscellany, and Family Visiter, and its widely extended circulation, we have every reason to be grateful for the almost universal approbation with which our unassuming, though sincere and well-meant, endeavours have been received. We hope to merit this support; and although we make no high pretensions with regard to the past, nor any lofty claims with reference to the future, we do not hesitate to say, that our exertions shall be unremitting to render the periodical a Miscellany of really interesting, valuable, and instructive articles, which are adapted to improve the mind, and edify the heart.

The Editor has been anxious to maintain, as far as possible, the character of this periodical, for embodying in its pages, papers which are intrinsically excellent in value, and sufficient in respect of variety. In seeking to attain this object, he has been greatly aided by several regular and occasional contributors, with whose valuable articles the Miscellany has been enriched. He has not refrained from entering the deep and extensive mine of old English Divinity, from whence he has brought numerous jewels, rough as to their exterior, but weighty in respect of their real worth, and sparkling with truths of the highest import. The numerous departments into which the Christian Miscellany is divided, each embracing a different class of subjects, is a fact that exhibits an advantage, the result of such an arrangement, so important as to deserve being mentioned. This division of our labours will enable us to direct the attention of our readers to a diversity of topics, all of which are more or less important and useful. The arrangement alluded to, embraces Scriptural Essays and Communications; Theology, which includes a short sermon, and extracts from ancient and modern authors, on religious subjects; Illustrations of Divine Providence; the sections entitled, "Parental Monitor," "Our Children's Corner," and "Our Servants,"—intended to exhibit in their true character the various manifestations of domestic duty, including all those obligations which are of such vital importance to the welfare of the family, the church, and the world; Records of the Church, whether in primitive, or in modern days; Sketches of Natural History; Religious Correspondence, under the title of "Letter-Carrier;" Anecdotes, and Table-Talk; Religious Biography; Popery;

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Miscellany of Extracts and Correspondence; Illustrations of Scripture; papers on subjects relating to Education; Remarkable Days; Tabular Record of Mortality, &c., &c.

We have alluded to Popery. A view of the state of the world will prove that this is a subject which ought to be diligently kept before our people by all the legitimate means which are in our power. "Britain," to adopt the language of a contemporary, "seems to be rapidly sinking under the baleful ascendancy of Romanism. Ireland trembles on the verge of internal convulsion, in consequence of the mustering strength of the two antagonist powers of Popery and Orangeism. In France, the cause of evangelism is rapidly advancing, though begirt with formidable obstacles. Germany is heaving through all its extent with a reforming movement, of which it is doubtful whether politics or religion form the master-principle. Jesuitism is again putting forward its almost supernatural energies; its partial suppression in one country only stimulating it to increased activity in another. The beautiful South Sea Islands have become the scenes of aggressive oppression, equally unchristian and unmanly. Throughout all the British colonies, events both religious and political, of the greatest moment, are daily taking place. Switzerland has been the scene of a disruption almost identical with that of the Scottish Church, and perhaps of still greater importance, from its position, and the impulse which it may communicate to surrounding countries. In every land literature has felt the influence of these mighty and energetic movements; and works of every kind are pouring forth from the press, increasing both the restlessness and power of that feverish mental excitement at present agitating the world." In these sentiments, we confess, we agree; and our readers will not be surprised if, in our future Numbers, we not only defend our beloved Reformation against the machinations of the Man of Sin, but beard him in his den, and hold him forth to all over whom we have any influence, as the accursed of the Most High, the enemy of true religion, and the moral pestilence which is now overspreading the earth.

We cannot fail to appreciate the extended circulation which our MISCELLANY has received: the high and the low, the rich and the poor, acknowledge its usefulness and importance; and it is perused alike by the inhabitants of the mansion, and the inmates of the cottage. But most of all do we feel grateful that the Holy Spirit has condescended to employ this unpretending periodical as an instrument of spiritual good; and if any of our readers by perusing our pages be led to inquire after "the unsearchable riches," or to "covet more earnestly the best gifts," we shall be amply rewarded. May the Great Head of the church speed our endeavours!

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JANUARY, 1846.

ON THE RENEWAL OF THE COVENANT.

THE members of the Wesleyan Society throughout the country will in a few days, according to an old-established custom, be called upon by their respective Pastors to renew their covenant with Almighty God: we think, therefore, that we cannot do better than commence our new publication by a devout and earnest appeal to our readers with regard to that service. Few of the usages of the Wesleyan Connexion have been more misunderstood, or misrepresented. Some have imagined that it implied an ignorant and profane contracting or entering into a bargain with the Almighty, that, if he would confer upon us certain blessings, we would in return perform certain acts of duty and obedience, suggested by ourselves, and accomplished in our own strength. It will therefore be proper for us to consider how far such an exercise is scriptural, and how it may be performed in a manner acceptable to God and profitable to ourselves.

"The Renewal of the Covenant" was not positively enjoined upon the Society in the Rules of our Connexion, as originally drawn up by Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, in 1743. Societies had been formed in various parts of the United Kingdom before the practice commenced, and then the service was confined to the metropolis, and to one chapel. It was afterwards observed in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and subsequently in Bristol. In a short time it was introduced into the larger societies, solely from the experience which the Wesleyan Ministers and people have had of its general utility as a means of grace, and of the permanent benefit which has resulted from its adoption.

It is an interesting labour to review the Journal of our venerated founder which records the introduction and progress of this important office in Methodism. "August 6th, 1755," Mr. Wesley writes in his Journal, "I mentioned to the congregation another means of increasing serious religion, which had been frequently practised by our forefathers, and attended with eminent blessing; namely, the joining in a covenant to serve God with all our heart and all our soul. I explained this for several mornings following; and on Friday many of us kept a fast unto the Lord, beseeching him to give us wisdom and strength, to promise unto the Lord our God and keep it.

"Monday, August 11th, I explained once more the nature of such an engagement, and manner of doing it acceptably to God. At six in the evening we met, for that purpose, at the French Church in Spitalfields. After I had recited the tenor of the covenant proposed in the words of that blessed man Richard Alleine, all the people stood up, in testimony of assent, to the number

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of about eighteen hundred. Such a sight I scarce ever saw before. Surely the fruit of it shall remain for ever!" In the year 1756, the practice was introduced among our societies in Ireland. Mr. Wesley, being at Dublin, writes, "April 16th, (being Good-Friday,) near four hundred of the society met to follow the example of their brethren in England, and renew their covenant with God. It was a solemn hour. Many mourned before God, and many were comforted."

On Good-Friday, the following year, Mr. Wesley, then in London, writes, "I read over, and enlarged upon, Joseph Alleine's 'Directions for a thorough Conversion to God;' and desired all who were able would meet me on Monday, that we might perform our vows unto the Lord."

"Monday, 11th, at five in the evening, about twelve hundred of the society met me at Spitalfields. At half an hour after nine, God broke in mightily upon the congregation. 'Great' indeed 'was our glorying' in him: we were filled with consolation."*

The annals of the church of God contain several instances of individuals and public assemblies covenanting with the Most High. David describes the saints "making a covenant with God by sacrifice." The offering which Abel presented not only implied a confession of guilt, and an application to a Redeemer, but also faith in the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, who was, in the fulness of time, to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, and a surrender of himself to his service. After the flood, God covenanted with Noah, (Gen. ix. 8—11,) then with Abram, (Gen. xvii. 1, 2,) and subsequently with Jacob. The terms of the last are extraordinary and important. The Patriarch was on his journey from his father's house to Padan-aran, and being benighted, he was compelled to lie down to rest in a most defenceless situation; the cold earth was his bed, and a stone his pillow. The ground on which he slept was consecrated by the remarkable occurrence of that night, and afterward obtained the significant name of Bethel. While asleep he was favoured with a singular vision. He witnessed a communication taking place between heaven and earth by means of the angels of God, ascending and descending upon a ladder, and the Lord standing above it. While Jacob gazed upon this wondrous sight, he heard a voice from the excellent glory addressed immediately to himself, which reiterated the benediction which Isaac had recently pronounced, although the provisions thereof were considerably enlarged. On awakening, he confessed the presence of God, and, constrained by a sense of divine goodness, he raised a monument of gratitude, and bound himself by

* Dr. Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," has treated this subject in a very flippant and unbecoming manner. He informs his readers, that Mr. Wesley never "discovered the extreme danger of exciting an inflammatory state of devotional feeling. His system enjoined a perpetual course of stimulants, and lest the watch-nights and the lovefeasts, with the ordinary means of class-meetings and band-meetings, should be insufficient, he borrowed from the Puritans one of the most perilous practices that ever was devised by enthusiasm; the entering into a covenant, in which the devotee promises and vows to the 'most dreadful God' to become his covenant servant; and giving up himself, body and soul, to his service, to observe all his laws, and obey him before all others, 'and this to the death!'" The writer, since this paragraph was written, has been called into the world of spirits. In justification, however, of the principle of this solemn engagement, we need only refer to the Communion Service of the Church, where every time that impressive ordinance is administered, a similar act of dedication is performed:—"And here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto thee;" &c. In the Wesleyan societies this is done in a more elaborate form of dedication once a year, which constitutes all the difference. Dr. Southey further informs us, that "*it is said*, that some persons, from a fanatical and frightful notion of making the covenant perfect on their part, have signed it with their own blood!" Doubtless many wonderful things have been *said* by this babbling world. It is sufficient for us that we have never heard of such an instance, and cannot receive it as true on the *mere hearsay* of Dr. Southey.

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the most solemn engagements, to avouch the Lord to be his God. He vowed a vow, saying, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in the way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God." (Gen. xxviii. 20, 21.)

Instances there are in which large assemblies of people, publicly and unitedly entered into covenant with the Almighty. Among these, we enumerate that which transpired on the eve of the giving of the law from Mount Sinai; (Exod. xix. 5—8;) that in the land of Moab; (Deut. xxix. 1—13;) that previous to the death of Joshua; (Josh. xxiv. 14—25;) that in the days of Josiah; (2 Kings xxiii. 2,3;) and also that which was predicted by Jeremiah, (Jer. l. 4, 5,) the fulfilment of which is recorded by Ezra and Nehemiah. (Ezra viii. 21; x. 1—3; Nehem. ix. 1—3, 38; x. 28, 29.) It goes for nothing to say, that the cases alluded to took place under the Old Testament dispensation, and therefore had nothing to do with that of the Gospel; for the Almighty, by the Prophet Jeremiah, speaks undoubtedly of the Gospel-days, when he says, "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand," &c. (Jer. xxxi. 31—34: with this passage, it will be well to compare Heb. viii. 8.) In St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians, and also to the Hebrews, the Gospel is constantly represented as a covenant and as a testament; for the original word implies both. The Gospel with great propriety may be termed a testament, because it is a signification of the will of our Saviour, ratified by his death, and because it conveys blessings to be enjoyed after his death. These reasons for giving the Gospel the name of a testament, says the Rev. Richard Watson, appeared to our translators so striking that they have rendered the word commonly read *covenant*, by the word *testament*, and therefore, when we delineate the nature of the Gospel, the beautiful idea of its being a testament is not to be lost sight of: we are not to forget that the word *testament*, which we read in the Gospels and Epistles, is the translation of a word which the sense requires to be rendered *covenant*.

Let us inquire into the nature of that covenant into which the people of God have entered. A covenant implies two parties, and mutual stipulations. The new covenant to which the Prophet Jeremiah alludes, must derive its name from something in the nature of the stipulations between the parties, different from that which existed before; so that we cannot understand the propriety of the name *new*, without looking back to what is called the *old*, or *first*. On examining the passages in Gal. iii., 2 Cor. iii., and Heb. viii.—x., where the old and new covenants are contrasted, it will be found that the *old* covenant means the dispensation given by Moses to the children of Israel; and the *new* covenant, the dispensation of the Gospel published by Jesus Christ; and that the object of the Apostle is to illustrate the superior excellence of the latter dispensation. But, in order to preserve the consistency of the Apostle's writings, it is necessary to remember that there are two different lights in which the former dispensation may be viewed. Christians appear to draw the line between the old and new covenant, according to the light in which they view that dispensation. It may be considered merely as a method of publishing the several laws to a particular nation; and then, with whatever solemnity it was delivered, and with whatever cordiality it was accepted, it is not a covenant that could give life. For, being nothing more than what Divines call a covenant of works, a directory of conduct, requiring by its nature personal obedience, promising life to those who yielded that obedience, but making no provision for transgressors, it left under a curse "every one that

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continued not in all things that were written in the book of the law to do them." This is the essential imperfection of what is called the covenant of works, the name given in theology to that transaction in which it is conceived that the Supreme Lord of the Universe promised to his creature, man, that he would reward that obedience of his law, which, without any such promise, was due to him as a Creator.

No sooner had Adam broken the covenant of works, than a promise of a final deliverance from the evils incurred by the breach of it, was given. This promise was the foundation of that transaction which Almighty God, entreating with Abraham, condescends to call "my covenant with thee;" and which, upon this authority, has received in theology the name of the Abrahamic covenant. Upon the one part, Abraham, whose faith was counted to him for righteousness, received this charge from God, "Walk before me, and be thou perfect:" upon the other part, the God in whom he believed, and whose voice he obeyed, besides promising other blessings to him and his seed, uttered these significant words, "In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." In this transaction, there was the essence of a covenant; for there were mutual stipulations between two parties; and there was superadded, as a seal of the covenant, the rite of circumcision; which, being prescribed by God, was a confirmation of his promise to all who complied with it, and being submitted to by Abraham, was, on his part, an acceptance of the covenant.

The Abrahamic covenant appears, from the nature of the stipulations, to be more than a covenant of works; and, as it was not confined to Abraham, but extended to his seed, it could not be disannulled by any subsequent transactions which fell short of a fulfilment of the blessing promised. The law of Moses, which was given to the seed of Abraham four hundred and thirty years after, did not come up to the terms of the covenant: in its form it was a covenant of works, and to other nations it did not directly convey any blessing. But although the Mosaic dispensation did not fulfil the Abrahamic covenant, it was so far from setting this covenant aside, that it cherished the expectation of its being fulfilled; for it continued the rite of circumcision, which was the seal of the covenant, and in those ceremonies which it enjoined, there was a shadow, a type, an obscure representation of the promised blessing. (Luke i. 72, 73.)

The views which have been given, furnish the ground upon which we defend that established language which is familiar to our ears, that there are only two covenants essentially different, and opposite to one another,—the covenant of works made with the first man, intimated by the constitution of human nature, to every one of his posterity, and having for its terms, "Do this, and live;"—and the covenant of grace, which was the substance of the Abrahamic covenant, and which entered into the substance of the Sinaitic covenant, but which is more clearly revealed, and more extensively published, in the Gospel. This last covenant, which the Scriptures call *new*, in respect of its essence, has received, in the language of theology, the name of the covenant of grace, for the two following obvious reasons: because, after man had broken the covenant of works, it was pure grace or favour in the Almighty to enter into a new covenant with him; and because by the covenant there is conveyed that grace which enables man to comply with the terms of it. It could not be a covenant unless there were terms,—something required, as well as something promised or given,—duties to be performed, as well as blessings to be received. Accordingly, the tenor of the new covenant, founded upon the promise originally made to Abraham, is expressed by Jeremiah in words which the Apostle to the Hebrews has quoted as a description of it: "I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people;" (Heb. viii. 10;) words which intimate, on one part, not only entire reconciliation with God, but the

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continued exercise of all the perfections of the Godhead in promoting the happiness of his people, and the full communication of all the blessings which flow from his unchangeable love: on the other part, the surrender of the heart and affections of his people, the dedication of all the powers of their nature to his service, and the willing uniform obedience of their lives. But although these are mutual stipulations, the covenant retains its character of a covenant of grace, and must be regarded as having its source purely in the grace of God. For the very circumstances which rendered the new covenant necessary, take away the possibility of there being any merit upon our part: the faith by which the covenant is accepted, is the gift of God; and all good works by which Christians continue to keep the covenant, originate in that change of character which is the fruit of the operation of his Spirit.*

Into this covenant of grace the Christian is admitted *professionally* by baptism. Circumcision was the sign and seal of the Abrahamic covenant; but when, with regard to its ancient form, it was done away in Christ, then the sign and seal, which was peculiar to that form, was abolished. If baptism be not the initiatory sign and seal of the same covenant in its new and more complete form, this new covenant is destitute of any initiatory sacrament; but several portions of holy writ, together with the very nature of the ordinance of baptism, show that baptism is to the new covenant, what circumcision was to the old, and took its place by the appointment of Christ. The covenant remains essentially the same, but the sign and seal has undergone a change, which is at once truly significant; expressive of faith in Christ on the part of those who are baptized, and declarative of their resolution to profess his religion and to cultivate real and practical holiness; (Rom. vi. 3, 4; 1 Peter iii. 21; Eph. v. 26; Titus iii. 5;) or, to adopt the emphatic language of the Church of England in her form for "the public baptism of such as are of riper years," "Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow, nor be led by the same?" The baptized replies,—"I renounce them all."

But into this covenant, an individual enters in truth, and effectively, when he intelligently, with deliberation and sincerity, does these things; when with true contrition he turns to God, asks the way to Zion with his face thitherward, and says, "Come, let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten," (Jer. l. 5;) and brings forth "fruits meet for repentance;" when, by faith,—which does not merely imply an assent to the grand scheme of human redemption by which we may be reconciled to God, but a hearty concurrence of the will and affections with this plan of salvation and a cordial reliance upon it,—he renounces every other refuge, actually trusts in the Saviour, and personally apprehends his merits; such a belief of the Gospel by the power of the Spirit of God as leads him to come to Christ, to revere him, to trust him, and to commit the keeping of his soul into his hands, in humble confidence of his ability and his willingness to save.

The object contemplated in entering into, or renewing, this covenant is aptly expressed, "That he may establish thee for a people unto himself, and that he may be unto thee a God." A believing, loving, and obedient people, receiving in faith all the truths and promises of the Gospel; esteeming, desiring, grateful to, and delighting in, God; as faithful servants, waiting upon him in the diligent use of the talents with which he has endowed them in that station of life in which

* Rev. Richard Watson.

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he, by his providence, has placed them; and as dutiful children, confiding in him, casting all their care upon him, and resigning themselves to him.

Those who enter into this covenant should engage to be steady and constant. This end, these solemn covenant transactions are calculated to promote, when entered into and performed suitably, as in the immediate presence of the Most High, before numerous witnesses, and so many joining in prayer for the divine blessing, which is freely vouchsafed. Then will Jehovah, the self-sufficient and self-existent Lord, be to them a God, who will enlighten their minds by the Spirit of truth, justify them freely, and impart a peace which passeth understanding; renew their nature, and work in them "that which is well-pleasing in his sight," (Heb. xiii. 21,) and sanctify them wholly, impressing his image completely on their souls; he will acknowledge them as his children, guiding, protecting, and providing for them, constituting them "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ;" and, finally, he will raise them to glory and immortality. "Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord." (Psal. cxliv. 15.)

THE GOD OF THIS WORLD.

GOLD is the only power which receives universal homage. It is worshipped in all lands without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite; and often has it been able to boast of having armies for its priesthood, and hecatombs of human victims for its sacrifices. Where war has slain its thousands, gain has slaughtered its millions; for while the former operates only with the local and fitful terrors of an earthquake, the destructive influence of the latter is universal and increasing. Indeed, war itself—what has it often been but the art of gain practised on the largest scale?—the covetousness of a nation resolved on gain, impatient of delay, and leading on its subjects to deeds of rapine and blood? Its history is the history of slavery and oppression in all ages. For centuries Africa, one quarter of the globe, has been set apart to supply the monster with victims—thousands at a meal. And at this moment, what a populous and gigantic empire can it boast!—the mine, with its unnatural drudgery; the manufactory, with its swarms of squalid misery; the plantation, with its imbruted gangs; and the market and the exchange, with their furrowed and care-worn countenances: these are only specimens of its more menial offices and subjects. Titles and honours are among its rewards, and thrones at its disposal. Among its councillors are Kings, and many of the great and mighty of the earth enrolled among its subjects. Where are the waters not ploughed by its navies? What imperial element is not yoked to its car? Philosophy itself has become a mercenary in its pay: and Science, a votary in its shrine, brings all its noblest discoveries, as offerings, to its feet. What part of the globe's surface is not rapidly yielding up its lost stores of hidden treasure to the spirit of gain? Scorning the childish dream of the philosopher's stone, it aspires to turn the globe itself into gold.—*Rev. Dr. Harris.*

REDEEMING THE TIME.

COMING hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a crystal hour-glass: fear, lest I had, made me grieve as if I had broken it; but, alas! how much precious time have I cast away without any regret! The hour-glass was but crystal—each hour a pearl; that, but like to be broken—this, lost outright; that, but casually—this, done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be bought; but time, lost once, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but to be in me! *Teach me to number my days.* An hour-glass to turn me, *that I may turn my heart to wisdom.—Fuller.*

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TEACHERS OF GOOD THINGS.

A Sermon addressed to the Teachers of the Hull Sunday-School Union, in Salt-house Lane Chapel, Nov. 7th, 1826.

BY THE LATE REV. RICHARD TREFFRY.

"Teachers of good things."—Titus ii. 3.

St. Paul said of himself, that he had the care of all the churches; not only for those which he had been instrumental in planting, who were his living epistles, and the seals of his Apostleship, but he had a great conflict for those whose faces he had never seen in the flesh. Nor was he interested merely in the private welfare of individuals, but he watched with godly jealousy over the Ministers of the churches. He withstood Peter to the face, because he was to be blamed. He sent two epistles to Timothy; he wrote also to Philemon, and to Titus: from the last of these are selected the few words which form the groundwork of the present discourse.

Three things present themselves for more particular observation.

I. The subjects taught,—"good things."

II. The manner in which instruction should be conveyed.

III. The motives which should induce the Christian Teacher to enter upon this task.

1. *Reading.* This is essentially good; for without it the Bible itself is a sealed and useless book. We are commanded to "search the Scriptures;" (John v. 39;) and it is said that "whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning;" (Rom. xv. 4;) but unless these are read, they are written in vain. The Bereans were more noble than the men of Thessalonica, because they not only received the word with all readiness of mind, but searched the Scriptures daily. (Acts xvii. 11.) St. Paul charged Timothy to give attendance to reading. The Bible is a book of knowledge, but reading is the key. The Bible contains innumerable models and patterns; but without the ability to read, these can never be exhibited. The Bible is full of great and precious promises; affording no consolation, however, unless they be read.

That reading is a good thing, is inferred from the fact that it is the easiest and most effectual method of obtaining knowledge; and it is written, "That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good." (Prov. xix. 2.) Not good, because it comports not with man's original destination: he was formed for, and created in, knowledge. It is not *commendable:* a man is esteemed according to his knowledge; but ignorance is a great discredit. It is not *useful:* a soul without knowledge is like a barren and desolate wilderness. It is not *pleasurable:* there is no satisfaction in ignorance; but a well-informed mind affords to its possessor continual delight.

We do not say that reading is the only way of obtaining knowledge: much may be learnt by study, meditation, and social intercourse; but what amazing stores of wisdom are locked up from the man who never reads! Here we see human nature in its various shades and immense varieties; the treasures of science lie open to view; we may accompany the traveller to distant climes; reason with the logician on themes abstruse; soar with the astronomer to other suns and systems; and learn with the Christian to revere the Father of spirits, and to adore the Saviour of the world. How little does the person incapable of reading know of history, of biography, of theology, of human nature generally! Some, however, will say that the power is abused, and therefore it is better to be destitute of it than to exert it to a wicked purpose. On this ground the state of blindness is preferable to that of sight; for the eyes behold not vanity. The deaf have the advantage of those who hear; for they are not disturbed by the filthy conversation of the wicked. If the tongue of the dumb be unable to praise God, neither can it blaspheme his holy name; therefore it is to be envied. The folly of this argument needs no elucidation: we therefore return to our first proposition, that the abuse of a good thing is no reason why it should be discarded.

2. *Morality.* By this is meant that course of conduct prescribed by the word of God. The children are taught to *sanctify the Sabbath*, because it is emphatically the Lord's day, and he has commanded that it shall be kept holy. *To be honest;* "not to covet or desire other men's goods, but to keep their hands from picking and stealing." *To speak the truth;* and to adhere to it firmly, in spite of all temptation to violate it. *To be benevolent;* to be kind one to another; to indulge in no implacable or wrathful practices, but to act upon the golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to

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them." (Matt. vii. 12.) *To honour their parents*, that their days may be long in the land which the Lord their God giveth them. They are also instructed in,

3. *Christianity.* This comprises the doctrines, principles, the laws and observances, of the New Testament. It commences with the fact that man is a miserable sinner, having lost his original rectitude, and that his life is one continued scene of practical iniquity; that he is under the curse of a violated law, and exposed to eternal ruin. It reveals to us the infinite love of God in the gift of his dear Son, who came into the world to save sinners, who died upon the cross to make an atonement for human guilt; that he rose again from the dead, ascended up on high, poured out abundantly the gift of the Holy Ghost; raised up disciples and Apostles to preach repentance and remission of sins in his name among all nations; that "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi. 16.)

In whatever view Christianity is considered, it is the best gift of God to man. Its Founder is Christ, the Son of the Blessed, whose life on earth was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, and who, in reference to his divine nature, was God over all, blessed for ever. Its benefits are incalculable; it offers pardon for the guilty, redemption for the enslaved, health for the disordered, riches for the destitute, and life for the dead. Its requirements are excellent. "Let love be without dissimulation: abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which it good. Be kindly affectioned one to another," &c. (Rom. xii. 9, 10.) How vast are its rewards!—an eternal freedom, in the life to come, from all natural and moral evil, and an eternal enjoyment of God.

These things, it is presumed, form the subjects of Sunday-school instruction. We now proceed to consider, II. The manner in which this arduous work should be performed.

1. *Affectionately.* Benevolence should prompt you to action. Cultivate a principle of love towards them, especially to their immortal interests. View them as the offspring of God, as the purchase of the Saviour's atoning blood, as creatures destined to live for ever; and let them feel that your best affections are engaged on their behalf. You can expect no emolument here; neither silver nor gold are held out to the Sunday-school Teacher to induce him to pursue his painful task; but he is influenced by that which is far better, the love of God in his heart; this will make every yoke easy, every burden light, and every duty pleasant.

2. *Familiarly.* The capacities of children are weak and feeble: in early life they are unable to understand much that is said to them; therefore they should be spoken to in language which they can comprehend. This method was adopted by our Saviour towards his disciples: he taught them as they were able to bear it. You likewise should encourage your young charge, by asking them questions, and causing them to understand what they read.

3. *Practically.* Exemplify your instructions as much as possible in your own character and conduct. Do you wish the little ones under your care to believe the doctrines of the Bible? Show that *you* believe them by practically exemplifying them in your conduct. Do you wish them to be serious and sober-minded? then set them no example of trifling, jesting, or foolish mirth, but convince them that you are "working out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Do you wish them to become the sincere followers of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Show them that you continually take him for your model and pattern, and his word for your rule of faith and practice.

Young children are very observant, and are soon able to test the words of men by their actions. Be careful then not to throw a stumbling-block in the way of these lambs of Christ's fold, or to do anything which might cause them to turn from the good and right path. It is particularly desirable that you should set before them examples of early piety in children. Speak to them of Samuel, of Daniel and his three illustrious companions, and of Timothy, who when a child knew the holy Scriptures, which made him wise unto salvation.

4. *Patiently.* You will need the grace of patience: little can be effected without this. You will meet with perverseness, obstinacy, ignorance, and wickedness, even in youth, and this will tend to try your temper, and arouse irritable feelings, but these you must endeavour to suppress. Think of the patience and longsuffering of God towards yourselves, and that will give you forbearance towards others.

5. *You should teach them in dependence upon divine aid.* It is the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich, and addeth no

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sorrow with it. Without him, nothing is wise, nothing is strong, nothing is holy; and if he do not second your endeavours, all your labour will be in vain.

Never be satisfied, then, without having the sanction of God, and without securing the influence of the Holy Spirit. In order to this, you must pray for it, and ask in faith. Let the name of Jesus be your strong tower; seek the blessing with importunity; and rest not until you see your children inquiring their way to Zion with their faces thitherward.

We proceed now to call your attention, III. To the motives and excitements which should induce you to abound in this labour of love.

1. *Here is a number of children needing instruction, with little probability of receiving it unless you take them under your care.* They need instruction. This appears from the *native ignorance of the human mind.* In infancy it is an entire blank, without knowledge, intelligence, or even consciousness. From the *general inaptitude* for the attainment of knowledge. The infant heart is averse from God, and desires not to be made acquainted with his laws. It is a favourite maxim in the Church of Rome, that ignorance is the mother of devotion, and that virtue is inconsistent with knowledge. Some Protestants also have propagated a doctrine very nearly allied to it,—that knowledge is not necessary for the poor; that if they are instructed, it will fill them with pride, incite them to habits of insubordination, and produce anarchy and confusion in all ranks of society. But is this probable? Is not the knowledge of our duty the most essential pre-requisite to its performance? If children are to believe the articles of the Christian faith, they must be taught what those articles are. If they are to serve God, they must be instructed in the nature of that service: and if you wish them to honour their parents, you must show them how to do it. In order to see the importance of communicating knowledge to the youthful mind, notice those who have been unfortunately the subjects of neglect. How ready are they to run into all manner of sin and wickedness, and grow up only to disgrace and ruin! If then you have it in your power, it is your duty to impart to them that by which they may find their way to everlasting life.

2. *It is a precept of the Most High:* "Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life: but teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons." (Deut. iv. 9.) "And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children," &c. (Deut. vi. 6, 7.) It may be said that this duty more immediately devolves upon parents: they can practise it with more success, as they are, in a subordinate sense, in the place of God to their offspring. But when these neglect their duty, and leave their children to perish in ignorance, should not every Christian man feel himself bound to exert himself to the utmost to supply their lack of service? Under the Mosaic law, if a neighbour's ox or ass fell into a pit, any spectator was obliged to do his utmost to relieve the animal. Yet here we see our neighbours' children in the abyss of ignorance and sin, and shall we not do what we can to help them out, lest it should be a prelude to a deeper fall into the gulf of perdition? Remember, too, the particular attention which our Lord paid to little children. "He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." (Mark x. 16.)

3. *It will benefit society at large.* God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth. Therefore every one is bound to do all in his power to alleviate the moral condition of the world. This life is passing away as a shadow that declineth. The little children now under your care, will be the men and women of the future generation, and much depends upon their present training. Implant the word of truth deeply on their memory, and by the blessing of the Almighty upon your prayerful endeavours, they will adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour, long after you are gone to your reward.

4. *The great success which has already attended Sunday-school teaching should encourage you to proceed with redoubled effort.*

How many are fully and eternally saved who received their first gracious impressions at the Sabbath-school! Multitudes are now zealous and active members of Christian churches, ornaments to their profession, and useful in their station, who were instructed in good things at the Sabbath-school.

Notwithstanding, all is not done that may be done. Much seed has been sown: are the returns at all proportionate? Ought not more of these children to be rescued from ignorance, vice, and misery, than we have yet had the happiness of

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meeting with? While we thank God for all that has hitherto been effected, let us labour more abundantly, pray more fervently, and expect a more signal answer; that he in his mercy may open the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. (Mal. iii. 10.)

ON MYSTERY.

It has been said, where mystery begins religion ends. No sophism can be more destitute of foundation. Religion begins with mystery, nor is it possible that mystery should be excluded from it. The divine nature is, and cannot but be, to us a mystery. Our own nature, compounded as it is of spiritual and corporeal faculties, is also a mystery. The whole course of nature is a mystery. So is the divine government of the world, baffling continually the profoundest calculations of human wisdom. Shall we, then, wonder if the mode of being peculiar to the "God invisible and immortal" be beyond the grasp of our apprehension? shall we expect that while we are in this earthly tabernacle such a subject may be brought down to the level of our capacities; and that, though in almost everything else we "see through a glass darkly," we shall be permitted to "see face to face" the glories of the Almighty, and to know Him even as we are known? Surely this is to forget the distance between things finite and infinite, between heaven and earth, between matter and spirit, between things temporal and things eternal. But again, it is urged that a mystery, when revealed, should cease to be a mystery; otherwise, it is in effect no revelation. This also is a mere strife of words. A mystery is any thing hidden from human comprehension—anything imperceptible to human faculties—anything unattainable by human research. Whatever relates to the essence of the divine nature is of this description. But though the subject of the thing revealed be mysterious, the evidence by which it is made known may be such as to command our assent; and though the mystery revealed be still a mystery, it may be received without any impeachment of our understandings. To a man born blind, everything to him invisible is a mystery. But does he act contrary to reason in trusting to the testimony of others, respecting objects which he cannot himself discern? Though unable to walk "by sight," may he not walk "by faith?" And why may not we do the same with respect to things indiscernible or incomprehensible by our natural faculties? Faith in God is our proper guide in the one case, as faith in man is in the other. In both, though the subject be hidden from our view, enough may be known to satisfy every reasonable inquirer of its reality and its truth.—*Bishop Van Mildert.*

ON THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

No. I.

The Spirit worketh joy in the heart of believers immediately by himself, without the consideration of any other acts or works of his, or the interposition of any reasonings, or deductions, or conclusions. This does not arise from our reflex consideration of the love of God, but rather gives occasion thereunto. He sheds abroad the love of God in our hearts, and fills them with gladness by an immediate act and operation.—*Dr. John Owen.*

The Spirit gives a distinct witness of his own, which is his immediate work; and is, in a way of peculiarity and transcendency, called, "the witness of the Spirit."—*Caryl.*

The Spirit of God, without consideration of, or reflecting upon, any of those gracious qualifications he hath wrought in the soul, does by his own immediate power imprint this persuasion upon the heart, "Thou art a child of God;" and by an inward, and secret, yet powerful voice, doth say to the soul, "Thou art a believer; thy sins are pardoned."—*Samuel Clark.*

There is an extraordinary witness of the Spirit; and that is, when, in an immediate and powerful manner, the Holy Spirit impresses the soul with an assurance of divine love, and gives the heart of a saint such a full discovery of his adoption, without the more slow and argumentative method of comparing the dispositions of their souls with some special characters of the children of God in Scripture.—*Isaac Watts.*

This is that Spirit of adoption which constituteth us the sons of God, qualifying us so to be by dispositions resembling God, and filial affections towards him; certifying that we are so, and causing us by a free instinct, to cry, "Abba, Father."—*Isaac Barrow.*

I soon found (says Mr. Wesley) what spirit he (Mr. Spangenberg) was of; and asked his advice with regard to my own conduct. He said, "My brother, I must first ask you one or two questions. Have

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you the witness within yourself? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit, that you are a child of God?" I was surprised, and knew not what to answer. He observed it, and asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" I paused, and said, "I know he is the Saviour of the world." "True," replied he; "but do you know he has saved you?" I answered, "I hope he has died to save me." He only added, "Do you know yourself?" I said, "I do." But I fear they were vain words.—*Wesley's Journal.*

It is the property of saving faith, that it hath a force to appropriate and make Christ our own. Without this, a general remote belief would have been cold comfort. "He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*," saith St. Paul. What saith St. Chrysostom? "Did Christ die only for St. Paul? No; NON *excludit, sed appropriat;*" he excludes not others, but he will secure himself.—*Bp. Brownrigg.*

The precedence of the direct witness of the Spirit of God to the indirect witness of our own, and the dependence of the latter upon the former, are very clearly stated by three Divines of great authority; to whom we refer the more readily, because many of their followers of the present day have become very obscure in their statements of this branch of Christian experience:—

St. Paul means, that the Spirit of God gives such a testimony to us, that he being our guide and teacher, our spirit concludes our adoption of God to be certain. For our own mind, of itself, independent of the preceding testimony of the Spirit, (*nisi præeunte Spiritus testimonio,*) could not produce this persuasion in us. For whilst the Spirit witnesses that we are the sons of God, he at the same time inspires this confidence into our minds, that we are bold to call God our Father.—*Calvin on Romans* viii. 16.

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the sons of God. The witness which our own spirits do give unto our adoption is the work and effect of the Holy Spirit in us. If it were not, it would be false, and not confirmed by the testimony of the Spirit himself, who is the Spirit of truth; "and none knoweth the things of God but the Spirit of God." (1 Cor. ii. 11.) If he declare not our sonship in us and to us, we cannot know it. How doth he then bear witness to our spirits? What is the distinct testimony? It must be some such act of his as evidenceth itself to be from him, immediately, unto them that are concerned in it, that is, these unto whom it is given.—*Owen on the Spirit.*

The Spirit of adoption doth not only excite us to call upon God as our Father, but it doth ascertain and assure us, as *before*, that we are his children. And this it doth, not by an outward voice, as God the Father to Jesus Christ, nor by an angel, as to Daniel and the Virgin Mary; but by an inward and secret suggestion, whereby he raiseth our hearts to this persuasion that God is our Father and we are his children. This is not the testimony of the graces and operations of the Spirit, but of the Spirit itself.—*Poole on Romans* viii. 16.

(*To be continued occasionally.*)

LITTLE SINS.

THERE is no sin that can properly be termed little. The least iniquity will cost either the blood of Christ, or the blood of your own soul. Little sins are *spreading* sins; "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." (1 Cor. v.; Gal. v. 9.) "Elijah's cloud, although only of the bigness of a man's hand, (1 Kings xviii. 44,) in a few hours clothed the whole heavens in black." You will find little sins something in repentance, which you counted as nothing in the commission. Little sins are *leading* sins: the child conveyed in at the window, may open the door to let all the great thieves in. When Gad came into the world, his mother said, "A troop cometh." (Gen. xxx. 11.) When the messenger of the King of Israel came to the Prophet, he said, "See ye how this son of a murderer hath sent to take away mine head? look, when the messenger cometh, shut the door, and hold him fast at the door; is not the sound of his master's feet behind him?" (2 Kings vi. 32.) Shut the door against every sin; for whose messenger is it? Look behind, and see who comes after. "*Is not the sound of his master's feet behind him?*" The devil is not far off, when sin knocks for admission; and the door being opened to the messenger, it is like to stand open for the master to enter. Take heed, brethren, that you give no toleration to any sin: little sins if allowed become great sins. The allowance of sin, is that which makes the great waste upon conscience, and the great spoil upon our peace. I will not say what grace there may be in the heart, but sure there is but little tenderness in the conscience, that doth not bid defiance to the least of sins.—*Richard Alleine.*

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DODDRIDGE ON THE RENEWAL OF THE COVENANT.

SURELY there is nothing we should do with greater cheerfulness, or more cordial consent, than making such a surrender of ourselves to the Lord; to the God who created us, who brought us into this pleasant and well-furnished world, who supported us in our tender infancy, who guarded us in the thoughtless days of childhood and youth, who has hitherto continually helped, sustained, and preserved us. Nothing can be more reasonable, than that we should acknowledge him as our rightful owner and our sovereign ruler; than that we should devote ourselves to him as our most gracious benefactor, and seek him as our supreme felicity. Nothing can be more apparently equitable, than that we, the product of his power, and the price of his Son's blood, should be his, and his for ever. If you see the matter in its just view, it will be the grief of your soul that you have ever alienated yourself from the blessed God and his service; so far will you be from wishing to continue in that state of alienation another year, or another day, you will rejoice to bring back to him his revolted creature; and as you have in times past yielded your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, you will delight to yield yourselves unto God, as alive from the dead, and to employ your members as instruments of righteousness unto God.

An Example of Self-dedication, or a solemn Form of renewing our Covenant with God.

ETERNAL and ever-blessed God! I desire to present myself before thee, with the deepest humiliation and abasement of soul; sensible how unworthy such a sinful worm is to appear before the holy Majesty of heaven, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and, especially on such an occasion as this, even to enter into a covenant transaction with thee. But the scheme and plan is thine own. Thine infinite condescension hath offered it by thy Son, and thy grace hath inclined my heart to accept of it.

I come, therefore, acknowledging myself to have been a great offender; smiting on my breast, and saying, with the humble publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I come invited by the name of thy Son, and wholly trusting in his perfect righteousness; entreating that for his sake thou wilt be merciful unto my unrighteousness, and wilt no more remember my sins. Receive, I beseech thee, thy revolted creature, who is now convinced of thy right to him, and desires nothing so much as that he may be thine.

This day do I, with the utmost solemnity, surrender myself to thee. I renounce all former lords that have had dominion over me; and I consecrate to thee all that I am, and all that I have,—the faculties of my mind, the members of my body, my worldly possessions, my time, and my influence over others, to be all used entirely for thy glory, and resolutely employed in obedience to thy commands, as long as thou continuest me in life; with an ardent desire and humble resolution to continue thine through all the endless ages of eternity; ever holding myself in an attentive posture to observe the first intimations of thy will, and ready to spring forward with zeal and joy to the immediate execution of it.

To thy direction also I resign myself, and all I am and have, to be disposed of by thee in such a manner as thou shalt, in thine infinite wisdom, judge most subservient to the purposes of thy glory. To thee I leave the management of all events, and say, without reserve, "Not my will, but thine be done!" rejoicing with a loyal heart in thine unlimited government, as what ought to be the delight of the whole creation.

Use me, O Lord, I beseech thee, as an instrument of thy service! Number me among thy peculiar people! Let me be washed in the blood of thy dear Son! Let me be clothed with his righteousness! Let me be sanctified by his Spirit! Transform me more and more into his image! Impart to me, through him, all needful influences of thy purifying, cheering, and comforting Spirit! And let my life be spent under those influences, and in the light of thy gracious countenance, as my Father and my God!

And when the solemn hour of death comes, may I remember this thy covenant, well ordered in all things and sure, as all my salvation, and all my desire, though every other hope and enjoyment is perishing! And do thou, O Lord, remember it too! Look down with pity, O my heavenly Father, on thy languishing, dying child! Embrace me in thine everlasting arms! Put strength and confidence into my departing spirit; and receive it to the abodes of them that sleep in Jesus, peacefully and joyfully to wait the accomplishment of thy great promise to all thy people, even that of a glorious resurrection, and of eternal happiness in

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thine heavenly presence! And if any surviving friend should, when I am in the dust, meet with this memorial of my solemn transaction with thee, may he make the engagement his own; and do thou graciously admit him to partake in all the blessings of thy covenant, through Jesus the great Mediator of it; to whom, with thee, O Father, and thy Holy Spirit, be everlasting praise ascribed, by all the millions who are thus saved by thee, and by all those other celestial spirits in whose work and blessedness thou shalt call them to share! Amen.

OUR SERVANTS.

ADDRESS TO FEMALE SERVANTS, ON THE SUBJECT OF PERSONAL RELIGION.*

You may, however, be placed in a family where you will have little or no encouragement to worship God, either in public or private. But remember that your religion needs not depend upon those by whom you are surrounded. It is certainly a great help to associate with those who love and fear God, and who are able and willing to help us in our way to heaven; but we must not rely on others.

Religion is a strictly personal concern, and the sooner you give your heart to God, and seek an interest in the atoning blood of your Saviour, the more happy and the more useful you will be.

If you do not already possess a Bible, let me entreat you to obtain one immediately. Read a few verses every day, and pray for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, that you may understand what you read. Commit to memory a few verses every Sabbath, and pray that the truths you learn may be engraven on your heart, as well as on your memory.

If you be a slow reader, or have not much time to spare, you had better confine yourself at first to the New Testament, and the Psalms: you may afterwards read with pleasure and profit the historical books of the Old Testament. You will meet with much in the Bible that you may not understand at first; but if you earnestly seek the teaching of the Holy Spirit, you will doubtless be enabled to understand all that is essential to your salvation and to your spiritual edification. You will also learn from that blessed book how to act towards all with whom you have to do. You will there read, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them." This command may lead you to think *how* you would like to be treated were you a mistress instead of a servant. In the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, you will find some invaluable directions for your conduct.

You may also derive both pleasure and profit from reading the accounts given in the Scriptures of different servants.

In the sixteenth chapter of Genesis, you may read of the pertness and insolence with which Hagar, the maid of Sarah, treated her mistress, after she had been raised by her to a post of high honour. She left her place, and wandered in the wilderness without a home and without food. There the angel of God met her, and instead of praising her *spirit*, as the world call it, he said, "Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands." It would be well for young people generally if they could always meet with judicious friends to advise them under trying circumstances.

In 2 Kings v. you will find a very pleasing account of a little captive maid-servant, who was the honoured instrument of restoring her master to health, by telling her mistress of the wonderful power of Elisha, the Prophet of Israel. A judicious mistress will never listen to the tattle of her servants, but she will always be glad to receive any information that is kindly and respectfully offered. Besides, this young girl was the means of leading her master to the knowledge of the true God, by inducing him to visit the Prophet.

In the same chapter you will find an awful account of the punishment inflicted on a deceitful and lying servant. Now, though you do not live with a Prophet to whom the Lord reveals what is done out of his sight, God himself sees and hears you, and will most certainly bring you to judgment for every false word and dishonest action. In the eighth chapter of 2 Kings, you may read of Hazael, who slew his master, Benhadad, King of Syria.

In the book of Ruth there is a beautiful picture of kindly and Christian feelings which existed between Boaz and his servants. In the thirtieth chapter of Genesis, you may read of a faithful servant, who told his master he wished to leave him, and received this very uncommon answer: "I pray thee, if I have found favour in thine eyes, tarry; for I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake." Alas! how few masters can use such language in our days!

Remember, too, that you are a sinner before God, and that you must repent and seek forgiveness through the blood of Christ. The Saviour is ever ready to receive you, if you be willing to forsake sin and flee to him for refuge. Your soul is precious in his sight, and although he is both able and

* Friendly Hints to Female Servants, on the best Means for promoting their own and their Employers' Happiness. By Mrs. J. Bakewell. Fourth Edition.

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willing to save you to the uttermost, if you come unto God through him, yet he will require a strict account of the use you have made of your religious privileges, and awful will be your doom if you reject his proffered mercy. You will not be able to plead at the day of judgment that you had no time to attend to your spiritual interests. If you have time to dress, to eat, and to sleep, you may take a few minutes from each, and employ them either in reading, meditation, or prayer.

There is one great privilege which you enjoy in every family, in common with your fellow-creatures: you can lift up your heart to God in private prayer.

Do not neglect this all-important duty: ask for those spiritual blessings which you feel you need: ask for those temporal comforts which proceed either directly or indirectly from the hand of God. Ask for wisdom to perform the duties of your station, and for grace to bear its difficulties: and depend upon it, you will be guided and supported throughout life.

Pray not only for yourself, but for your fellow-servants, if you have any, and for the family with whom you live. Many instances are on record, of servants having been made instrumental in the conversion of members of the household, of which they formed a part; and doubtless many more are known only to Him who knoweth all things.

A friend was lately speaking to me of a pious servant, who lived with her parents sixteen years. The lady speaks in the highest terms of affection and respect of this faithful servant. She remembers the prayers which she offered up with her and her brothers, when they were children, and the efforts she made to promote their best interests. The father of this lady had a very violent temper, and would frequently enter the house in such a rage as to terrify the whole family. Nancy was always a peace-maker, and she invariably strove to avoid anything that would increase her master's irritation: on the contrary, she would soothe and quiet him by every means in her power. But her most powerful efforts on his behalf, were at a throne of grace: there she pleaded with God that his temper might be subdued and his spirit humbled, and often would he return home meek as a lamb, when his trembling family had been expecting him to be like a lion. The observation most frequently made on such occasions was, "This is in answer to Nancy's prayers."

Whatever be the hour at which you are expected to rise in order to serve the family in which you live, resolve to rise at least ten minutes before that time in order *to serve God*. Never leave your room till you have thanked your heavenly Father for his care of you through the night, and implored his protection and blessing through the day. Pray for grace to resist the temptations to which you may be exposed; pray for wisdom to guide and for strength to support you in the duties you have to perform, and the difficulties you have to encounter. You know into what sin you are most liable to fall: whether it be idleness, untidiness, gossiping, self-indulgence, or whatever it may be, pray particularly and earnestly to be preserved from it. God has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" but it is his will that we should seek his grace by fervent and persevering prayer.

But let not your communion with God be confined to any time or place. Whether you be alone or in company, you may address your Heavenly Father in ejaculatory prayer. If an unexpected temptation beset you, propose to yourself the solemn inquiry, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" Should you be sinking under the load of care that devolves upon you, recall to your mind that precious promise, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." If you be mourning under a sense of unpardoned sin, breathe the publican's petition, "God be merciful to me a sinner." If you feel overpowered with gratitude and joy, let the language of your heart be, "Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, praise his holy Name."

Whilst I am writing on the important subject of personal religion, I feel bound to address a few words to those servants who are *religious professors*. It is plainly your duty to enter no family where you would be deprived of an opportunity of attending the house of God, at least once on each Sabbath-day. If you bargain for this beforehand, and explain that you merely want time to worship God, and *not* to gossip with your friends, your request will seldom be a hinderance to your getting a good place. Tell your mistress that you are willing to make up for the time you desire on the Sabbath, by doing what you can beforehand, to lessen the Sunday's work, and by rising a little earlier on Monday morning to do what may have been left undone the preceding day. You will thus convince your mistress that you are in earnest in desiring to seek the salvation of your soul; you will gain her esteem and confidence; and she, if unconverted, seeing you adorn your Christian profession, may be led to think more seriously of religion than she has ever before done. "Let your light shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father who is in heaven." But while you are thus determined to secure some part of the Sabbath for the public worship of God, do not evince any unwillingness in cases of domestic affliction or any other emergency, occasionally to resign the privilege. Remember that you may serve and obey God as acceptably by waiting on the sick, and endeavouring to promote their personal comfort and spiritual welfare, as by worshipping him in the assembly of his saints. In short, "whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

You must be particularly careful to conduct

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yourself with strict propriety towards your master and mistress. Act towards them in the spirit of meekness and humility, and never give them occasion to accuse you of presumption or of spiritual pride. Let them see that your piety makes you more conscientious in the discharge of all the duties of your station, more yielding and good-tempered; in short, more anxious to promote the comfort and welfare of all about you. BE CONSISTENT.

EXEMPLARY LIBERALITY IN A FEMALE SERVANT.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Francis A. West, to the General Treasurers of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

I HAVE great pleasure in informing you that I have this day paid into the District Bank the sum of £50, to be placed to the credit of the Leeds First Circuit, and of John Burton, Esq., the Treasurer of the Leeds District. Please to enter it as follows:—

"Donation by a Female Servant in the First Leeds Circuit, the fruit of many years of self-denial for the Lord's sake, by the Rev. F. A. West, £50."

Nothing has occurred in my experience of the generosity of our people in support of the cause of Christ among us, which, considering all circumstances, can compare with the instance which I have now the pleasure and honour to record. Just before I left Leeds, I was waited upon by the *noble* donor, who, after modestly stating that she wished to communicate something private and confidential, told me, that having fully given herself to the Lord, and to us, according to his will, she had long been anxious to present some offering to the cause of Missions, and at length found herself in circumstances to enjoy that pleasure. She then put her hand into her basket, and presented me with a roll of bank-notes. I was startled, as I well knew her to be in circumstances of comparative poverty, a servant in a small family; and I refused to accept such an amount. I reasoned with her respecting her situation, her small and contingent income of yearly wages, her probable needs at some future day, and the scriptural duty of making a prudent provision for the future. To all my reasoning she opposed the answer of her faith in God. "She had well considered the whole matter, and prayed long over it." I found it vain to try to induce her even to take the subject farther into consideration; for having once gone through the temptation, she did not wish to encounter it a second time; and if I would not take it, she must find some one else who would; but she wished me to present it for her; thus praying me, with much entreaty, that I would receive the gift, and take upon me the fellowship of the ministering to the saints and strangers in heathen lands. At length I consented, on one previous condition,—that she would faithfully promise to let me know, if living, whenever she may be in any temporal need. On the faith of this promise, I received at her hands, I think the most noble, as it certainly was an humble, sincere, and pious gift, for the extension of the cause of Christ our Master. And never did I bless any of the servants of the Lord with more gushing emotions of gratitude, esteem, and love, or with more sensible authority and power. Her name is unknown to any beside myself; and if any one should attempt to guess who this noble woman is, they would do both her and me a kindness not to breathe their suspicions to any one, and never curiously to endeavour to unveil the secrecy which she covets, and to which I am pledged. I should have imposed upon myself more entire secrecy in forwarding her donation, but that I deem it a public duty to set forth her example before the church, and especially those of our own communion.

POETRY.

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, my spirit, tell?
What keeps thee sorrowing here?
What binds me to this scene below,
Of earthly toil, and care, and woe,
Of trouble, and of fear?
Why should we shrink
The CUP to drink;
Why pine we here for life—the grave, we tread its brink?

Perchance for wealth,—for fame—
A bubble on the stream;
Now with the breeze to flit and fly,
And in a breath to fall and die,
And vanish like a dream.
Time, time hath flown,
And we are gone:
And what then is our wealth, or fame, though it live on?

What is the wealth of Kings?
What is their pomp and power?
The sunshine of a fleeting day,
In darkest night to pass away—
The tinsel of an hour.
The proudest wreath
Is but a breath;
All, all shall fade away when falls the night of death!

Perchance for friends beloved,
Deep in the heart enthroned:

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O, if a joy or wish were near,
To hold my selfish spirit here—
My friends! in them 'twere found.
But some are gone
To worlds unknown;
The rest, *I* leave them here, or *they* leave me alone.

Though cloud succeeding cloud,
Across the sky has pass'd;
The sun rolls on in glorious light,
Till evening woos the shades of night—
He dies away at last!
Wave after wave
Through life we brave;
But sure we are at length to find our narrow grave.

O! who can tell how long
The flickering flame may burn?
The bravest heart shall soon be still,
The loveliest forms lie cold and chill—
The youthful fate we mourn!
Cold, cold and deep,
Where willows weep,
And winds around them wave—but ne'er to wake their sleep!

Tell me, ye silent tombs,
Ye caverns of the dead;
Can your pale tenants hear a voice,
Will the beloved friend rejoice,
As o'er his clay I tread?
All,—silent all,
The great and small—
Nor voice, nor sighs, nor tears, the dearest can recall.

The world shall disappear,
And all its power depart!
Then—on my God, on realms above,
With pure, undying, ceaseless love,
Be ever fix'd, my heart.
From day to day
His will obey;
And own his sovereign power while passing on my way.

Tell me, my spirit, tell!
Is not thy help from One,
Who for *the world* was crucified,
Who for *the world* hath bled and died?
O! rest on *Him alone.*
Mine may it be,
His face to see;
And still, in truth to say—My Lord is all to me!

Dublin. THOMAS MILLS.

POPERY.

PROGRESS AND DOINGS OF THE JESUITS.

(*From the "Protestant Advocate."*)

I. ENGLAND.

Aylesbury.—The Priest who, eighteen months ago, established a Popish mission in this town, is appealing for funds to build a mass-house.

Leyland, Lancashire.—A mass-house will be commenced shortly in this town.

Ross, Herts.—The Popish mission in this town has been re-established.

Blackmore End, near Worcester.—A Popish church and monastery are being built in this neighbourhood.

Great Marlow, Bucks.—The 2d of July, the foundation of a Popish church was laid at this place, by Dr. Waring, Vicar Apostolic of the eastern district. It is to be built at the expense of Mr. Scott Murray, the late convert to Popery. About one thousand five hundred persons were present: there are but six Romanists in the neighbourhood.

Burnley, Lancashire.—The Roman Catholics are about to erect a splendid church, schools, and presbytery, or Priest's residence, in the immediate neighbourhood of Burnley, at an estimated cost of about £6,000.—*Preston Guardian.*

Preston.—The house of the Sisters of Charity, adjoining St. Ignatius's church, is forthwith to be considerably enlarged, in order to accommodate a greater number of the Sisterhood.—*Ibid.*

Liverpool.—Wednesday, July 9th, the first stone of the Jesuits' grand church, in Liverpool, was laid by Bp. Brown. He was assisted by the Coadjutor Bp. Sharples. A lengthened line of Clergy formed the procession. Probably so *great a body of Jesuits* has not been witnessed for many a long year, publicly engaged together in so (un)holy a cause in England."—*Tablet.*

Liverpool.—The Popish Priests of this town are seeking to obtain permission to perform their idolatrous worship in the workhouse. At the meeting of the Select Vestry on Tuesday, July 29th, a letter was read from the Poor Law Commissioners, from which we extract the following:—"The Commissioners have always been in the habit of approving of arrangements by which Protestant Dissenters, being inmates of a workhouse, meet to attend divine service, celebrated by a Dissenting Minister, in a room in the workhouse. . . . . The Commissioners believe that in the Manchester workhouse, a room is allotted for the religious services of the Roman Catholic Clergymen, and they think it would be advisable for the Select Vestry to adopt a similar course in the Liverpool workhouse." The Vestry did not adopt the course recommended.

Manchester.—The Popish chapel in this town is to be sold immediately, with permission for the present occupants to retain possession for two years; meanwhile a splendid mass-house is to be built in a more eligible position.

St. Alban's.—Priest Ward writes to the

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"Tablet," Aug. 9th, "I have the honour to be the first Priest stationed in this mission, since the Reformation."

Luton.—The same Priest writes, "On the first of June, I celebrated the first Sunday mass that Luton had known for centuries."

II.—IRELAND.

Achill.—A Priest named Monahan, is in Dublin, soliciting contributions to complete the erection of two mass-houses in the neighbourhood of Achill.

The Jesuits.—The Jesuits have established themselves and their schools, within the last few years, in and near the city of Dublin, in the following places; viz., in the magnificent house, late the residence of the Earl of Belvidere, in Great Denmark-street, facing Great George's-street North; in the splendid chapel and adjoining presbytery of St. Xavier, Upper Gardiner-street; on the school and adjoining monasteries, Margaret-place, Circular-road; and at Drumcondra House, purchased for a trifle, from the new Corporation of Dublin, where they have a College for Missionaries.

Escape of a Nun from the Milltown Convent.—There is a great deal of talk in this town, about the return of Miss Burke to her father's home, from the Milltown convent, and the causes that led to this unusual step, which has been very much opposed by the conventual authorities. However, no persuasion or even threats could prevail on this young person to continue an inmate of the convent. She is daughter to William Burke, a most respectable resident of Castlemain. What makes the circumstance the more talked of is, that a brother of hers left Maynooth, and is now a student of Trinity College. —*Kerry Evening Post.*

Clongowes-Wood College, near Maynooth.—The yearly academical *concerns* of this thriving institute of the Jesuits in Ireland, was held on Thursday. Dr. Murray celebrated a Pontifical high mass. The number of pupils, training to do work, the work of the Jesuits in Ireland and England, &c., is very large.

III.—COLONIAL.

Grenada.—Five new Popish churches are being erected in this island.

Trinidad.—The new Vicar Apostolic of this island is expected to sail for England shortly, with a large number of Priests. Popery is gaining great accessions in Trinidad. Dr. Brady has recently been consecrated, at Rome, Vicar Apostolic of Western Australasia.

IV.—CONTINENTAL.

Norway.—The storthing of this country has imitated our own foolish and suicidal act, in granting emancipation to the Romanists of Norway. A church and school are about to be erected in Christiana.

Belgium.—A Correspondent of the "Record," (English,) June 30th, writes thus:—"I send you an extract from a Brussels paper, which will more than bear out what you have said on the subject of Continental manners. That the passion of our blessed Saviour (it is shocking to write the words) should be made part of a dramatic amusement, and exhibition on a Sunday, to a mixed crowd of play-goers, as the sequel of a spectacle the first part of which consisted of conjuror's tricks, dancing, Indian games, and comic interludes, might have appeared incredible: it was, nevertheless, the every-day amusement in Brussels, in the month of May last." The "Record" gives the play-bill in French. The following is a translation of the last part:—"The spectacle will be closed by the PASSION OF OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, in which the various stations (places) will be represented. In the last view, the theatre will undergo a change, and angels and cherubims will be seen to descend; at that moment the Saviour will take his ascension into heaven in the midst of clouds, and the theatre will be entirely illuminated by fires of various colours. *This last view will be the finest and most imposing.*"

France.—A journal has lately been established in this country by several Roman Catholics. It is entitled, "Bien Social:" its object is to expose certain abuses in the Romish Church in France, and it may be said to represent the moderate party, as "l'Univers" does the Jesuit or Ultramontane party. "Bien Social" has been plentifully used by the French Bishops, who are now trying to put it down. Some few months since a great stir was made in France, in consequence of a young Protestant female having been stolen from a boarding-school by Priests, to be educated as a Papist. A similar event has just taken place at Privas. A Protestant, named Garoy, had placed his daughter, thirteen years of age, with a Romish family for education. A Jesuit Priest, named Robin of Louvese, stole her away, and placed her in a convent. When justice, urged to the discovery by the unhappy parent, traced the child, the Jesuit fled from one place to another with his prey, until, after many months, the father recovered possession of his daughter. The Jesuit fled to Belgium, "the classic ground of Jesuitism;" and a number of Priests and others concerned in this kidnapping affair, have been tried in a court of justice, and notwithstanding strong evidence, and the clear testimony of the child they had stolen, were acquitted. This case is only one among many others.

The Popish Propaganda.—The following document has appeared in the papers, which shows the activity of their proselyting college:—"Roman Catholic Missions. The receipts of the Association for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith amounted, in 1844, to 4,305,207 francs, and the expenditure to 3,743,908f.,

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leaving a balance in the receipts of 291,299f. The amount of contributions in the different nations is specified; but under the head of the British Islands and Colonies is 236,914f., (about £9,450.) The 'Dublin Warder' remarks, 'The sum above set down for the British Islands and Colonies is only about £1,000 per annum more than that which is subscribed by Romish Ireland alone to the funds of the Propaganda. By this it is plain that Ireland is able to do alone the whole proselyting work of Popery in Britain. How wise, then, and how generous, is it not, for PEEL to come to the help of the Pope, and to do the work by funds from Parliament, so as to free the Irish subscriptions to the Propaganda, for more extensive and active operation!'"

Cologne.—The King of the Netherlands has, through His Excellency the Scherff, Dutch Minister Plenipotentiary at the Germanic Confederation, caused to be intimated His Majesty's intention of subscribing 1,000 florins towards rebuilding the cupola of Cologne cathedral. This is the second Protestant Sovereign who has subscribed to rebuild that Popish cathedral.

France.—The French political world is busy with the approaching elections. Like other parties, Ultramontane, or Jesuit, have issued their circular to the electors. A struggle is to be made to recover the ground they have lost by the recent movement of the Government against them.

Mitylene, Turkey.—The agents of the Propaganda have lately opened a Popish chapel at Mitylene (the ancient Lesbos). A fresh draft of Priests has left France for Egypt, China, &c.

America, Chatterton.—The Popish Bishop of this place is in London, seeking money for his church.

Colombia.—A number of Priests and nuns arrived here in August, 1844.

Paris.—In Jan., 1844, the Abbé Mauretto, who had been a Priest in the department of Ariège, left the Church of Rome, and published, under the title of "Le Pope et l'Eglise," his motives for separating from the apostate communion. The work was seized, and he was tried at the Court of Assizes at Foix, for *attempting to bring the Roman Catholic religion into contempt.* The Abbé was declared guilty, condemned to pay a fine of 600 francs, and to be imprisoned for one year. The term of his imprisonment expired on the 29th of July last. On his release, this victim of Popish persecution (*semper eadem*) was conducted by sympathizing Protestant friends to the Taitbout chapel, where prayer and thanksgiving were offered to the Lord by a numerous assembly.

Segonsac, France.—On Sunday, July 13th, M. Chardavoine, lately Curé at Migron, solemnly abjured the errors of the Romish Church at Segonsac.

Marseilles.—The Bishop of Marseilles has addressed a circular to the Curés of his diocese, calling on them to make collections towards defraying the expenses attendant on the beatification of Benoit-Joseph Labre, who died in the last century in a state of sanctity.

Austria.—We extract the following from a recent journal:—"A letter, written from the Rhine provinces on the position of the Jesuits in Austria, confirms the news which we published a short time since. Not only, as we then said, does the Austrian Government allow the Jesuits free access to the States, (the assembly composed of the three orders of the empire, clergy, nobility, and the people,) but the Aretic Council of Education has opened to them all the colleges of the empire. No other steps are necessary in obtaining the direction of any educational establishment than for the candidate to obtain testimonials of fitness from the Superiors of the order.

BLASPHEMY OF POPERY.

THE following blasphemous address of the Lord's Prayer to the blessed Virgin is translated from a card sold in the shops at Brussels, illuminated with gold and various colours:—

"TO MARY,

"OUR MOTHER, WHO ARE IN HEAVEN.

"Our mother who are [art] in heaven, O Mary, blessed be your name for ever; let your love come to all our hearts; let your desires be accomplished on earth as in heaven; give us this day grace and mercy; give us the pardon of all our faults, as we hope it from your unbounded goodness; and let us no more yield to temptation, but deliver us from evil. *Amen.*"—*Continental Echo.*

POPISH SUPERSTITION.

A SHORT time ago, the sea off the coast of Doega, Achill Island, was *blessed* by a Popish Priest. The poor villagers raised among themselves the sum of ten shillings, which they gave the Priest for the performance of this piece of mummery, hoping to be amply remunerated by an abundant *take* of herrings. The fishery, however, proved quite unproductive. The failure cannot be attributed to any want of faith in the Priest's performance; for some of the ignorant villagers who accompanied him as he rowed through the bay in one of the fishing-boats, asserted, that while the Priest was muttering his Latin, the fish were coming up and jumping about the boat; and when the boat came ashore they said they were as sure of having plenty of fish as if they were already in their possession. In fact they practically put the Priest in the place of God; and whatever excuses the Priests may have ready for some of their more enlightened disciples, they sanction and encourage the delusion. The same Priest who blessed the bay, was also recently engaged in *cursing* a

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scriptural school connected with the Achill Mission. This was quite consistent; for certainly, unless the rising generation are scared from reading the Bible by Priest curses, his blessing will not find customers, though set up to sale at a lower price than was paid by the villagers of Doega. A few days after the blessing of the sea, a poor woman, residing in the village, while gathering *sloke* on the rocks, was carried away by the surf, and drowned. This is the only event of any note which has happened on that part of the coast since it was blessed by the Priest. When will our poor deceived countrymen turn to Him who can bless effectually, and who bestows His blessings freely, "without money and without price?"—*Achill Herald.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

ALABASTER.

(MATT. XXVI. 7; MARK XIV. 3.)

THIS word occurs in the New Testament only in the notice of the "alabaster box," or rather vessel, of "ointment of spikenard, very precious," which a woman broke, and with its valuable contents anointed the head of Jesus, as he sat at supper in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper. At Alabastron, in Egypt, there was a manufactory of small pots and vessels for holding perfumes, made from a stone found in the neighbouring mountains. The Greeks gave to these vessels the name of the city from which they came, calling them "alabastron." This name eventually extended to the stone of which they were formed; and, at length, the name of "alabastra" was applied without distinction to all perfume-vessels, of whatever materials they consisted. Theocritus speaks of golden alabastra; (Idyl. xv. 114;) and perfume-vessels of different kinds of stone, of glass, ivory, bone, and shells, have been found in the Egyptian tombs. (Wilkinson, iii. 379.) It does not, therefore, by any means follow that the alabastron which the woman used at Bethany was really of alabaster; but a probability that it was such arises from the fact that vessels made of this stone were deemed peculiarly suitable for the most costly and powerful perfumes. (Plin. Hist. Nat. xiii. 2; xxxvi. 8, 24.) The woman is said to have "broken" the vessel; which is explained by supposing that it was one of those shaped somewhat like a Florence oil-flask, with a long and narrow neck; and the mouth being curiously and firmly sealed up, the usual and easiest way of getting at the contents was to break off the upper part of the neck. The alabastra were not usually made of that white and soft gypsum to which the name of alabaster is now usually confined. Dr. John Hill, in his useful notes on Theophrastus, sets this matter in a clear light:—"The 'alabastrum' and 'alabastrites' of naturalists, although by some esteemed synonymous terms, and by others confounded with one another, are different substances. The 'alabastrum' is properly the soft stone (the common alabaster) of a gypseous substance, burning easily into a kind of plaster; and the 'alabastra' the hard, bearing a good polish, and approaching the texture of marble. This stone was by the Greeks called also sometimes 'onyx,' and by the Latins 'marmor onychites,' from its use in making boxes to preserve precious ointments, which boxes were commonly called 'onyxes,' and 'alabasters.' And hence have arisen a thousand mistakes in the later authors, of less reading, who have misunderstood Pliny, and confounded the onyx marble, as the alabaster was frequently called, with the precious stone of that name." This is now better understood. It is apprehended that, from certain appearances common to both, the same name was given not only to the common alabaster, called by mineralogists "gypsum," and by chemists "sulphate of lime;" but also to the carbonate of lime, or that harder stone from which the alabastra were usually made, and which was often distinguished by the name of onyx alabaster, on account of the approach of its colour to that of the human finger-nails.—*Kitto.*

THE DEAD SEA.

I WENT on, and came near to those waters of death: they stretched deeply into the southern desert, and before me, and all around, as far as the eye could follow, blank hills piled high over hills, pale yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb for ever, the dead and doomed Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air, but instead, a deep stillness; no grass grew from the earth, no weed peered through the void sand; but, in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms, all scorched and charred to blackness by the heats of the long, silent years. I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water sloped so gradually that I was forced to walk through the water nearly a quarter of a mile before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt to dive, the salts held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply, that the pain which I thus suffered, adding to the weakness occasioned by want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments; but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility

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of sinking in this buoyant water, but I was surprised to find that I could not swim at my accustomed pace; my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake, that my stroke was baffled, and I found myself kicking against the thin air, instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear: its taste detestable. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore, and before I began to dress, I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly encrusted with salts.—*The Crescent and the Cross.*

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

SINS OF MINISTERS.

One of the most heinous and palpable sins is *pride;* a sin which has too much interest in the best, but is more hateful and inexcusable in us than in any; yet it is so prevalent in some of us, that it indites our discourses, it chooses our company, it forms our countenance, it puts the accent and emphasis on our words; when we reason, it is the determiner and exciter of our cogitations; it fills some men's minds with aspiring desires and designs; it possesses them with envious and bitter thoughts against those who stand in their light, or by any means eclipse their glory, or hinder the progress of their idolized reputation. O, what a constant companion, what a tyrannical commander, what a sly, subtile, and insinuating enemy, is pride! It goes with men to the draper, the mercer, and the tailor; it chooses them their cloth, their trimming, and their fashion, and dresses them in the morning. Fewer Ministers would follow the fashion in hair and habit, were it not for the influence of this imperious vice: and I would that were all; but alas, how frequently does it go with us to our studies, and there sit with us, and do our work! How often does it choose our subject, and our words and ornaments! God bids us be as plain as we can, that we may inform the ignorant; and as convincing and serious as we can, in order to melt and change unchanged hearts: but pride stands by and contradicts all. It puts in toys and trifles, and, under pretence of laudable ornaments, dishonours our sermons with childish conceits. It takes off the edge and life of all our teaching, under pretence of filing off the roughness and superfluity. If we have a plain and cutting passage, it throws it away as rustical or ungrateful; when God charges us to deal with men as for their lives, and beseech them with all the earnestness we are able, this cursed sin controls all, and condemns the holy commands of God, calls our most necessary duty madness, and says to us, "What! will you make people think you are mad? will you make them say you rage or rave? cannot you speak soberly or moderately?" Thus does pride make many men's sermons; and what pride makes, the devil makes; and what sermons the devil will make, and to what end, we may easily conjecture. Though the matter be of God, yet if the dress, and manner, and end be from Satan, we have no great reason to expect success.

And when pride has made the sermon, it goes with them into the pulpit; it forms their tone, animates them in the delivery, takes them off from that which may be displeasing, however necessary, and sets them in pursuit of vain applause; and the sum of all this is, that it makes men, both in studying and preaching, seek themselves, and deny God, when they should seek God's glory, and deny themselves. When they should ask, "What shall I say, and how shall I say it, to please God best, and do most good?" it makes them ask, "What shall I say, and how shall I deliver it, to be thought a learned and able Preacher, and to be applauded by all who hear me?" When the sermon is over, pride goes home with them, and makes them more eager to know whether they were applauded, than whether they prevailed with any for the saving of their souls. They could find in their hearts, but for shame, to ask folks how they liked them, and to draw out their commendation. If they perceive that they are highly thought of, they rejoice as having attained their end; but if they find that they are esteemed as weak or common men, they are displeased, having missed the prize.—*Baxter's Reformed Pastor.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

SNAKE-CHARMING.

As we strolled through the market-place we met a party of Eisowy, or snake-charmers: they consisted of four Soosys, or natives of the province of Soos; three of whom were musicians, their instruments being long rude canes, resembling in form a flute, but open at both ends, into one of which the performer blew, producing melancholy but pleasing notes.

We invited the Eisowy to exhibit their snakes: to this they readily assented. They

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commenced by raising up their hands as if they were holding a book, muttering in unison a prayer addressed to the Deity, and calling upon Seedna Eiser, who in Marocco is held as the patron saint of snake-charmers. Having concluded this invocation, the music struck up, and the snake-charmer danced in rapid whirls, which no Strauss could have kept time to, around the basket containing the reptiles. This basket was made of cane-work covered with goat's skin. Stopping suddenly, the snake-charmer thrust his bare arm into the basket, and pulled out a large black cobra capella, or hooded snake. This he handled as if it had been his turban, and proceeded to twine it around his head, dancing as before, whilst the reptile seemed to obey his wishes, by preserving its position on his head. The cobra was then placed on the ground, and, standing erect on its tail, moved its head to and fro, apparently keeping time to the music. Now, whirling round in circles still more rapidly than before, the Eisowy again put his hand into the basket, and pulled out successively and placed on the ground two very poisonous species of serpents, natives of the desert of Soos, called *leffa*. They were of a mottled colour, with black spots; were thick in the body, and not above two feet and a half or three feet long. The name *leffa* is given, I imagine, by the Mogrebbin Arabs to this kind of serpent, from their resemblance, when in the act of darting at their prey, to the Arabic letter *fa*, *le* being merely the article transposed. These reptiles proved more active and less docile than the cobra; for, half-coiled, and holding their heads in a slanting position, ready for an attack, they watched with sparkling eyes the movements of the charmer, darting at him with open jaws every now and then, as he ventured within their reach, and throwing forward their body with amazing velocity, whilst their tail appeared to remain on the same spot, and then recoiling back again. The Eisowy warded off with his long haik the attacks which they made upon his bare legs, and the leffas seemed to expend their venom upon the garment.

Now, calling on Seedna Eiser, he seized hold of one of the two serpents by the nape of the neck, and danced round with it; then opening its jaws with a small stick, he displayed to the spectators the fangs, from which there oozed a white and oily substance. He then put the leffa to his arm, which it immediately seized with its teeth, whilst the man, making hideous contortions, as if in pain, whirled rapidly around, calling on his patron saint. The reptile continued its bite until the Eisowy took it off, and showed us the blood which it had drawn.

Having laid the leffa down, he then put the bitten part of his arm into his mouth; and, pressing it with his teeth, danced for several minutes, whilst the music played more rapidly than ever, till, apparently being quite exhausted, he again halted.

Conceiving that the whole was a trick—that the leffa had been bereft of its poison, and that its bite consequently would be as harmless as that of a rat, I requested to be allowed to handle the serpent.

"Are you an Eisowy?" said the man of Soos; "or have you steady faith in the power of our saint?"

I replied in the negative.

"Then," said he, "if the snake bite you, your hour is come! Bring me a fowl or any animal, and I will give you sure proof, ere you attempt to touch a leffa."

A fowl was brought, and part of the feathers having been plucked, the serpent was again taken up by the charmer, and allowed to bite the fowl for an instant. The bird was put on the ground, and after running around as if in a fit for about a minute, tottered and fell dead. Its flesh became shortly afterwards of a bluish hue. It is needless to say that after this I declined handling the leffa.

The only way that I can account for the Eisowy escaping unharmed from the bite of the snake, is, that either he prevents the leffa, when in the act of seizing his arm, from using *its fangs*, and that the blood seen is drawn by the teeth only of the reptile, which are distinct from its fangs; or else that the Eisowy possesses an antidote to the poison, and that he puts it into his mouth, and applies it to the bitten part during the dance.

Putting these serpents into the basket, the snake-charmer next took out some common snakes caught in the neighbourhood of Tangier, amongst which I observed the *Boomenfakh*, or "*father of tumefaction*:" the bite of these snakes is not in general of so venomous a nature as to endanger life. The Eisowy played with them for some time, and allowed them to bite his half-naked body whilst he danced around streaming with blood; then taking the tail of one of them into his mouth, whilst others twined themselves around his body, he commenced eating, or rather chewing, the reptile; which, writhing with pain, bit him in the neck and hands until it was actually destroyed by the Eisowy's teeth:—a most cruel and disgusting sight.

I have frequently witnessed individuals belonging to the sect of Eisowys, in whose company I have chanced to be during my sporting expeditions, handle scorpions or poisonous reptiles without fear or injury, the animal never attempting to sting or bite them. Whilst I was residing at Tangier, a young Moor, who was witnessing the exploits of a snake-charmer, ridiculed his prowess as a mere delusion, and having been dared by the Eisowy to touch one of his serpents, the lad ventured into the mystic ring, was bitten by a leffa, and shortly afterwards expired.

Seedna Eiser is said to have lived about two centuries ago, and to have been a very learned man, and a preacher of the unity of God. It is related of this personage, that,

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whilst travelling through the Desert of Soos, he was followed by a great multitude, who thirsted for the precepts which dropped like precious jewels from the mouth of the sage, and as the multitude travelled afar, they hungered and clamoured to Seedna Eiser for bread. On this the sage's patience forsook him, and turning around to the multitude, he exclaimed in a voice of rebuke, "*Kool sim*,"—a common Arabic curse, which means, "Eat poison." The saint's followers, taking these words literally, treasured them up in their hearts, and having unbounded faith in their efficacy, they fed upon the reptiles of the desert, and were preserved from hunger and exhaustion; and from that time, their descendants, and all those who believe in Seedna Eiser's power, handle without fear or injury the most poisonous reptiles.—*Hay's Western Barbary*.

A PRAYING PHYSICIAN.

THE celebrated Dr. Duff, Calcutta, after stating some interesting facts relating to that eminent man, the late Dr. Abercrombie, of Edinburgh, says:—"Amid the crowd of tender recollections and hallowed associations which came rushing into my mind like a flood, on receiving the intelligence of his death, there was one *coincidence* of so singular a kind as greatly to heighten the general impression. It was this. It so happened that on Sabbath, the 17th of November, the very Sabbath when, of course unknown to me, this esteemed friend was actually lying a corpse in his own house at Edinburgh, I was called on to preach a public sermon in behalf of a fever-hospital for the thousands of destitute natives. In that discourse, after referring to the Saviour's example, I was led into a train of thought in which significant allusion was thus made to our then departed friend:—'What the Saviour did miraculously and instantaneously, may now, with his blessing, be gradually accomplished by mediate processes of an ordinary kind; and it were well if all Christian physicians kept more habitually in remembrance the great, but too much neglected truth, that while the application of the means is theirs, the entire fruit and success of their endeavours must belong to the Author of life. In our own native land, there is at the very head of the medical profession at least *one* saintly man, a father in our Israel, and a Prince in the realms of cultured intellect and high philosophy, of whom it is veritably related, *that he never proceeds to visit a patient without first committing the case in prayer to a gracious, and merciful, and covenant-keeping God*. And sure we are, that were his noble and Christ-like example more extensively imitated, the number of happy sick-beds, ay, and it may be, the greater frequency of effective recoveries, would be increased; for it is recorded by the pen of inspiration, and engraven as with a rod of iron on the rock for ever, that 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much' in the courts and palace of the Great King. Ah! little was it thought, when these words were uttered, that, at the very moment, the earthly tenement of 'the saintly man' was stretched out, pale and motionless, in the grasp of death, while his happy spirit had joined the throng that chant their hallelujahs before the throne!"

THE PATRIOTISM OF RELIGION.

IT has frequently been charged upon the Scripture as a defect, that it does not sufficiently inculcate patriotism, or a love to a particular country; a virtue celebrated among all nations of the globe; a virtue which so long secured Greece, and so highly exalted Rome; a virtue practised in former times, and professed in our own; a virtue of which we have nothing left, but "loaves and fishes." The charge is partly false and partly true; and so far as it is true it will be found, not a reproach, but an honour to the Gospel. If we look into the Old Testament, we shall find this sacred injunction, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee." Never was love more sincere and ardent than that which the Jews exercised towards their native land. Jerusalem was the centre of their happiness, the seat of all the endearments of life. To adorn it, they esteemed nothing too costly; to defend it, they cheerfully shed their blood. Its prosperity satisfied them; its welfare made them forget their sorrows. When they saw it destroyed by the hands of the Babylonians, they abandoned themselves to grief, and found life a burden; they "hung their harps upon the willows," "the voice of mirth was heard no more, and all the daughters of music were brought low." But even in its reduced state they retained the same affection, prizing its ruins above the superb palaces of Babylon; they "took pleasure in her stones, and favoured the dust thereof," each saying, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." And where does the New Testament enforce the wild idea that the whole world is to be our country, and mankind our fellow-citizens? Jesus Christ was a patriot; he loved his country, notwithstanding the ingratitude and cruelty of his countrymen. He first went "to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." As he drew near the devoted metropolis, "he wept over it." He commanded his Apostles "to preach repentance and remission of sins to all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." The Gospel does not destroy the useful feelings of nature, but corrects and sanctifies them; it inspires us with sentiments becoming our condition, and never forgets that we are creatures of limited faculties. But, after all, what is patriotism? Is it such a partial attachment to a particular

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country, as leads us to disregard the liberty and happiness of every other nation? Is it such an exclusive attachment as would lead us to oppress every other country, for the sake of our own, and destroy thousands who would not acquiesce in our opinion, avarice, and ambition? What was a Roman? A proud, unfeeling tyrant, who placed right in power, who triumphed remorselessly over undefended weakness, who gloried in proportion to the number of cities he had taken or destroyed. What was the patriotism of a Roman? A false virtue, the destruction of all justice and benevolence; and this false virtue has always been admired, because it conceals self-interest, under the mask of public spirit, and gives licence to inflict injuries, not only with impunity, but with applause. It is the glory of the Gospel to say nothing of such patriotism. It is the glory of the Gospel to set us above the prejudices which have so long and so unhappily kept men at variance, and teach us that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth; that men are not our enemies because they live at the other side of a channel, or a mountain; that they are not to be bought and sold as slaves, because the sun has jetted their complexions; that we are "debtors to Jews and Greeks;" and that, "as we have opportunity," without any exceptions, we are to "do good unto all men." Christianity commands us to love all the human race, and to regard as our neighbours the inhabitants of the remotest regions.—*Rev. William Jay.*

A HEATHEN MEDICAL OPERATION.

THE patients consisted of a young woman, who, upon examination, was found to have a slight fever, and a child in much the same state, neither of them being dangerously ill. But the doctors affirmed that they had been filled with skokoms; and as proof of the truth of their statement of the cases, they produced a small snail-shell, with a small string attached to it, and a small bunch of hair, wound up with a thread, and several other articles of the same nature, which they professed to have taken from the stomachs of the sick, and there were several to be dislodged before a cathartic could take any effect; but after these were removed, they said it would be good for Mr. Lee to give his medicine. They now made preparations for a trial of their skill in endeavouring to rout another of these evil genii or skokoms. One of the doctors out of the six or eight who constituted the grand council, all of whom appeared as wise as serpents, it would seem, had been the most successful in his attacks upon the stronghold of this combination of skokoms, so it was decided he should be the leader in another general onset; upon which he crawled near the young woman, (who was stretched upon a mat, with a female attendant at her head,) for the purpose of ascertaining the precise position of the enemy. Having determined this point, and made known all the particulars to his brethren of the faculty, he prepared himself for the tug of war. This he did by drawing his right arm through the hole in his blanket around the neck, so that his arm was now entirely disencumbered. He then threw his long hair up over his head, which entirely covered his face. Being now ready, he kneeled down, while all the other doctors, and men, women, and children, were arranged on either side, equipped with sticks and long poles which reached to the board roof. The kneeling doctor now commenced a wild and frightful song or chorus, in which all joined, keeping time with their sticks. He now commenced moving with well dissembled caution toward the patient, extending his hands toward her stomach, as an eagle would his talons, ready to seize his affrighted prey; and the nearer he approached the lodgment of the skokom, the more furious became the singers and thumpers; and when he reached the stomach at which he had been aiming, his distorted form and strained muscles evinced the appearance of perfect agony. The choir now bore down with might and main, and the practitioner plunged his two fists into the patient's stomach most unmercifully; and seizing one of the enemy by the neck or heels, or somewhere else, he appeared to find it very hot; but drawing back quickly, plunged his hands into a trough of cold water, which was standing hard by, and then seized the unyielding foe again; but as it had then assumed something of the nature of the eel, and slipped out of his hands, he quickly caught up some ashes, rubbed them on his fingers, then laid hold upon it for the third time, screaming and yelling in the most terrific manner, while the company plied their sticks, and singing, or rather screaming, pipes with redoubled energy. The battle now became doubtful; but after many manly efforts, victory turned upon the doctor's side, who, by one mighty effort, broke the hold of the skokom upon the patient, which now turned wholly upon the doctor, causing him to cry out for help. The company was now in perfect ecstasies, pounding as though life and death depended upon every stroke; and bellowing at the very top of their voices, "Ha ha yeh, ha ha yeh." Two of the faculty now caught the almost overpowered doctor around the waist, and bore him, screeching and writhing, away from the patient, amidst the thundering noise of the transported spectators and attendant physicians; but all of a sudden the victorious doctor cried, "Ho ho ho," and making an effort, as though he was catching at something toward the top of the lodge, exclaimed, "There, he has gone through the roof!" The music now ceased, every Indian and squaw appeared astonished, while the doctor explained the whole process in an elaborate

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speech. After witnessing several such feats, Mr. Lee commenced reproving them for their folly; but a venerable old doctor informed him that it would be best for him to depart before he found himself in trouble. So taking the old man's advice, we laid in a stock of fresh dried salmon, got our crew on board, and left the doctors to manage the remainder of the skokoms according to their ancient mode of practice. When will the wickedness of the wicked come to an end?—*New-York paper.*

THE PERILS OF A RETREATING ARMY.

I HAD the good fortune to travel from Brussels to Paris, with a young Irish officer and his wife, an Antwerp lady of only sixteen; of great beauty, and much innocence and *naïveté* of manners. The officer had been in the battle of Quatre-Bras, as well as of Waterloo; and to him I owe much of my minutest and most interesting information. An anecdote of his fair Belgian, which he justly took some pride in relating, will further serve to give an idea of the kind of scenes then occurring, the horrors and the dangers of which it is so difficult to describe. He was living in cantonments at Nivelles, having his wife with him. The unexpected advance of the French called him off on a moment's notice to Quatre-Bras; but he left with his wife, his servant, one horse, and the family baggage, which was packed upon a large ass. Retreat at the time was not anticipated; but being suddenly ordered on the Saturday morning, he contrived to get a message to his wife to make the best of her way, attended by the servant, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress, and made off with the horse which had been left for the use of the latter. With a firmness becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced on foot *her own* retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass, and carefully preserving the baggage. No violence was dared by any one to so innocent a pilgrim, but no one could afford to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the columns of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery. Her fatigue was great; it rained in water-spouts, and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got upon the great road from Charleroi to Brussels at Waterloo, when the army on the Saturday evening were taking up their line for the awful conflict. In so extensive a field, and among eighty thousand men, it was in vain to seek her husband; she knew the sight of her there would only have embarrassed and distressed him: she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all the Saturday night; the way choked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons, and horses; multitudes of native fugitives on the road, and flying into the great wood; and numbers of the wounded working their painful way, dropping at every step, and breathing their last. Many persons were actually killed by others, in the desperate efforts of the latter to remove impediments to their escape; and, to add to the horrors, the rain continued unabated, and the thunder and lightning still raged as if the heavens were torn to pieces. Full twelve miles further in the night this young woman marched, up to her knees in mud, her boots worn entirely off, so that she was barefooted; but still unhurt she continued to advance; and although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels in the morning in safety, and without the loss of an article.

In a few hours after her arrival, commenced the cannon's roar of the tremendous Sunday; exposed to which, for ten hours, she knew her husband to be; and after a day and night of agony, she was amply rewarded by finding herself in his arms, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse on the Monday. The officer told me the tale with tears in his eyes. It gave additional value to the foregoing anecdote, that I had it from the actors in the scene described. When I remarked that it was quite in the spirit of Elizabeth of Siberia, the lady exclaimed, "*Ah! ma mère dit la même chose!*" "My mother said the same."—*Simpson's Anecdotes of Waterloo.*

EDUCATION.

THE MORAL POWER OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THE history of Sunday-schools presents a remarkable instance of the providential adaptation of moral means to the various circumstances of society, and of their application precisely when and where required. The latter part of the last century saw the rise or developement of several branches of manufacturing industry in this country, which have since vastly extended, and now give employment to great numbers of the population. It saw also the rise of Sunday-schools. At the time when Arkwright was perfecting his spinning machinery, and James Watt was adapting the steam-engine for the various purposes to which it is now applied, Theophilus Lindsay in Yorkshire, David Simpson in Cheshire, and Robert Raikes in Glocester, were forming the first Sunday-schools. In 1779 the population of Lancashire was 350,000; in 1845 it is about 1,700,000. In 1779 the total number of persons employed in the cotton manufacture, in all its branches,

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was 60,000; and it is questionable whether there was, at that time, a single Sunday-scholar in the counties in which it was mainly located. In 1845 the number of persons so employed is nearly 2,000,000; and there are upwards of 400,000 Sunday-scholars in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire, or nearly one scholar to every fifth inhabitant. Few persons will deny the intimate connexion of these facts, or question the important reciprocal influence which the institutions of the factory system and of the Sunday-school have exerted. To say the manufactures referred to, and all the interests connected with them, are greatly indebted to Sunday-schools for their prosperity, would be a very inadequate acknowledgment of the benefits conferred. The practical details of those branches of industrial economy, in all their important, extensive, and complicated arrangements, could no more have been carried on, in the absence of the moral influence which these institutions have exerted, than they could have been carried on without a knowledge of the laws of mechanics, or the usages of commerce.

It is no disparagement to other and more sacred institutions, to affirm that they did not meet the exigencies of the case. The parties to be influenced were out of their reach. Some means were required to bring them within it; and to occupy, in co-operation with them, the sphere of usefulness which presented itself. A new state of society, distinctive in its character, and embracing vast numbers of the population, had, in fact, suddenly arisen, for the moral exigencies of which there was no adequate provision. To this state of society it was soon found that Sunday-schools were peculiarly adapted. In whatever locality the masses began to congregate, under the influence of the manufacturing system, there these institutions almost simultaneously arose, eagerly seizing the only opportunity which the week afforded, for the inculcation of scriptural truth, the cultivation of moral principles, and the formation of religious habits. The results are seen in the general propriety of conduct, and the spirit of sober, persevering, and industrious application, which characterize the population of the manufacturing districts, and without which, all their natural advantages would be comparatively valueless. Nor have the Christian public been slow to acknowledge the benefits thus conferred. Their sense of their value and importance is marked by the manner in which Sunday-schools have been supported; and it is now generally admitted, in reference to our manufacturing and educational institutions, that they are indebted, each to the other, if not for their existence, at least for their security, stability, and success.

But, important as are the social and national benefits conferred by Sunday-schools, both in the manufacturing and agricultural districts, it is their character as purely religious institutions that invests them with the highest interest, and entitles them to the most serious consideration. The moral influence which they have so beneficially exerted is owing to the religious principles on which they have been, on the whole, conducted. If even they could have existed as merely literary institutions, without religion, which is not possible, they would have been powerless for good with respect to the great bulk of the population. A few individuals, here and there, might have been more accomplished grammarians, or better arithmeticians; but society at large would have received no moral impress, and exhibited no moral improvement. Sunday-schools have been established, supported, and conducted, not on infidel, but on Christian principles; and the Bible, which is the basis of their operations, is also the source of their strength, and the main element of their prosperity.

But the question arises,—What is the exact relation in which these institutions ought to stand towards the Christian church, as it exists in its various branches? Are they to be treated independently of the latter; or are they to be formally united with them, as auxiliary and subsidiary institutions? They have been styled "nurseries for the church;" and as an important principle is involved in this designation, I propose to inquire briefly, whether it expresses their legitimate character; and, if so, how their design and object, as such, may be most effectually promoted.

In order to ascertain the proper character of Sunday-schools, we may ask, first, What was their original intention and object? The answer is obvious, Simply to supply the place of the Christian parent towards his children, in reference to the religious duties of the Lord's day. If every parent were able and willing rightly to instruct and train up his children at home, these institutions would not exist. But in the absence of those qualifications, the Christian public undertake, as is their duty, to supply the deficiency. What, then, are the religious duties of parents, who are able to perform them, towards their children on the Lord's day? Unquestionably to take them to the house of God, to give them religious instruction, and to pray with them. I apprehend that this is a correct definition of the duties of the Sunday-school. No one will contend that it is part of the parent's duty, on that day, to give his children secular instruction; or, that it is *not* part of his duty to take his family to a place of worship. Admit either, and what becomes of parental example and obligation in reference to the sanctity of the Sabbath? And what becomes of the scriptural injunction to "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it?" And if it would be thought wrong for a professedly pious man to employ several hours, regularly every Sabbath, in teaching his children mathematics, arithmetic, or the art of pen-

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manship, at home, should it not be thought equally wrong for a teacher to employ any part of that day in such, or any similar exercises, at the school? Or, if the conduct of a parent who neglected to train up his children in the habit of regular attendance at the house of God on the Lord's day, be deprecated, is not the conduct of the school which does not practise this duty equally open to censure? What it is the duty of the parent to do, in reference to religious instruction, it is the place of the Sunday-school teacher to do; and what it is wrong for the parent to omit, it is wrong for the teacher to omit also.

Further: as it is essential to the right discharge of his duties, that the parent should be a member of the Christian church; so it is necessary that the Sunday-school should be united with a branch of the visible church of Christ. The parent is not to take his family to various places of worship in succession, neither holding himself, nor instructing his family in, any fixed and settled church principles, and having no stated seat in the house of God. Such an one would have no claim on ministerial oversight or pastoral care; nor could he share in the peculiar advantages of church communion and Christian fellowship. So with the Sunday-school. The school which is not united with the visible church of Christ, and which does not form a part of, and belong to, some Christian congregation, can have no claim upon ministerial care or pastoral attention, and cannot hope to participate in the peculiar advantages of church fellowship and communion.

Every one is bound, prayerfully, and in the fear of God, to attach himself to that "congregation of faithful men" whose doctrines, discipline, and mode of worship are most in accordance with his own views of scriptural truth. Every parent is bound to see that his children are introduced, by baptism, into connexion with the visible church of Christ, by means of that ordinance, as administered in the church of which he is a member; and he is to instruct his children in the same principles as he has himself conscientiously adopted. The Sunday-school teacher is to act towards the children of others, in his own sphere, as he would to his own. Upon the parents rests the responsibility of sending their children to the school. Upon the school rests the responsibility of educating those children in scriptural habits and principles when they are there. And as the conductors, if fit to sustain the office, are attached, individually, to some society or congregation of God's people, so ought the scholars to be, individually; and so ought the school to be, collectively, and as an institution.—*Fernley on the Office of Sunday-Schools.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. ELIZABETH STONHILL,

Of Stewkley, in the Leighton-Buzzard Circuit.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH WILSON.

Mrs. Stonhill had often been heard to say, that from a child she had experienced the gentle influences of the Spirit of truth; and that had she been favoured with suitable instruction, she might have been at an early period a partaker of the truth as it is in Jesus. Destitute of such assistance, she advanced in life a slave to the gaieties of the world, by which the Holy Spirit was grieved, and her serious impressions evanescent. In the year 1797 she married, and about twelve months afterwards with her husband joined the Wesleyan society at Stewkley, then forming a part of the Bedford Circuit. The Rev. Messrs. Joseph Harper and Jacob Stanley were the Ministers; and by the latter Mrs. Stonhill was admitted to the communion of the people of God. From that period until her removal to a better world she never had to resist the temptation to leave that community, but, on the contrary, her attachment to that section of Christ's visible church became stronger and stronger. It was not long after she had cast in her lot with the people of God, that she was brought to possess the liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. She was the subject of much affliction and trial, although apparently cheerful and happy. She became the mother of a numerous family, which was the object of her prayerful solicitude; and often has she said that if she could witness all who then were living walking in the way to heaven, her greatest tie to earth would be loosed. The later years of her pilgrimage were more smooth, though she was seldom freed from acute bodily pain, which she endured with a spirit resigned to the will of God. The concluding portion of her life was spent in close communion with her Maker. She had stated times for private devotion, to which she attended with punctuality, and in which she found her spiritual strength renewed. When passing through the common ills of life, she found that nothing was too little or great to spread before the Lord, and that numerous were the answers to prayer which she received. About fifteen months previous to her decease, she met with an accident which threatened serious consequences. Returning from visiting a sick individual, she was attacked by a fierce and unruly cow, by which she was seriously injured. Paralysis subsequently followed, that prostrated her physical energies, and con-

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siderably affected her speech. From these effects she partially recovered. On the day of her death she walked in the open air; but returning to the house, she fell, and instantly expired. "How many fall as sudden, not as safe!" She died August 18th, 1841, aged sixty-eight years.

MEMOIR OF MATTHEW CUNNINGHAM,

Of Scartho, near Grimsby.

BY THE REV. JOHN NOWELL.

He was awakened to a sense of spiritual danger by a severe thunder-storm, in the year 1783. From that period he became an earnest seeker of salvation, which having found, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable. After he had been a private member of society a short time, he began to call sinners to repentance, and was successful; the Great Head of the church giving him fruit. Satisfied that God had called him to usefulness in his church, he solemnly purposed to lose no opportunity to promote the salvation of men; and it is stated by those who knew him best, though he filled the office of a Local Preacher fifty-three years, he was true to his engagements. He had to toil hard for the maintenance of his family; and often, after a day of severe labour, he has proceeded into the country to preach Christ and to pray with the people. His untiring diligence made him extensively known. On one occasion, when he was in great difficulty, resulting from want of employment, a gentleman, residing in Market-Raisen, engaged him as the personal attendant on an afflicted son, hoping that the devout deportment and faithful exhortations of Matthew might induce the invalid to seek faith in Christ. The end contemplated by the pious parent was happily accomplished, and the son died in peace. Not long after two daughters were called into the eternal world, who through the instrumentality of Matthew Cunningham witnessed a good confession. As long as health permitted, Matthew continued his useful exercises, characterized as they were by devout seriousness, evangelical simplicity, great plainness of speech, heart-searching appeals, and an unction, which gave to his exhortations peculiar interest. About three years previous to his decease he was severely afflicted; but the illness which terminated his mental career was short and severe. In reply to a question which I proposed, he replied, "All is right! I am on the Rock! I shall soon be with my Lord and Master." He died full of years, in great peace, and universally esteemed, December 23d, 1841. His hoary head was a crown of glory, found in the way of righteousness.

ANECDOTES.

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

On visiting one of the state prisons in the kingdom of —— in 1839, she found many hundred convicts working in chains, sorely burdened and oppressed. In union with her friend William Allen, she pressed the case, in the absence of the King, on the attention of the Queen and Crown Prince. Soon afterwards the Queen was seized with her mortal illness, but did not depart from this world without obtaining the kind promise of her royal consort, that Elizabeth Fry's recommendations respecting the prisons should be at once adopted. When the same prison was again visited by her in 1841, not a chain was to be seen on any of the criminals, they were working with comparative ease and freedom; not one of them, as the Governor declared, had made his escape; and great and general was the joy with which they received and welcomed their benefactress.

BISHOP BERKELEY.

Dr. Balguy refused a bishopric; Bishop Hurd refused the Primacy. When Bishop Berkeley of Cloyne was offered the translation from that see to Clogher, and was told by Lord Chesterfield that he might certainly raise one hundred thousand pounds by fines, he consulted Mrs. Berkeley, and then refused it. On the occasion the Bishop said to Mrs. B., "I desire to add one more to the list of churchmen who are evidently dead to ambition and avarice."

SABBATH-DESECRATION.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF CHEAP SUNDAY TRAINS.

The railway to which reference is made in the following communication is that between Newcastle and Carlisle. The Directors of this line have the unenviable notoriety of being among the first to begin this immoral system. The writer has, during the past month, visited the neighbourhoods of Newcastle and Carlisle. While there, he obtained most distressing accounts of the demoralizing effects produced by cheap Sunday trains. All along the line of railway, crowds of idlers and immoral persons are poured out upon the

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villages and hamlets; besides the injury done to Carlisle itself, by the immense numbers who visit that city on Sundays for pleasure. Connected with this open violation of the law of God, is the offence of trying to serve God and mammon. The writer saw large placards at every station, announcing the fact to the young and half-devout, as an inducement to tempt them, that the train would take them in time to attend *Divine service* in the cathedral, and after that there would be time to see the beautiful scenery around that city. Surely the friends of good order and of religion should discountenance in every possible way those railroads, the Directors of which are so eager to increase their gains, that they encourage the desecration of the Lord's day.

"I continue," writes another Home Missionary, "to meet with an encouraging degree of prosperity in my labours in this part of the Lord's vineyard. There are, indeed, several who professed to have experienced a change of heart, and to have given themselves to the service of God, who have been again entangled in the ensnaring temptations of the world. Several others who continued to maintain their steadfastness, and whose character and influence promised usefulness in connexion with our cause, have, in the providence of God, been called to leave this part of the country. There have also been influences felt which powerfully tend to counteract the means employed for the moral and spiritual good of the people. For example, Sunday travelling by the railway. For several months past there have been trains on the Sabbath-day at very reduced fares, which have received but too much encouragement from the unthinking part of the population. Such a practice has tended to fill the public-houses, far more than the places of worship; and, consequently, the demoralizing effect has been seen and lamented by every truly serious mind. With a view to guard our people from temptation, we have taken up the subject of the Sabbath-day for examination in the Bible-class, and for a series of weeks we have brought it under consideration in public, when the following topics were taken up:—The Lord's day as a divine institution; the perpetuity of its claims; the nature of the exercises which it requires; the good effects connected with its observance. I am happy to perceive that our people now seem generally to act as if prepared rather to submit to inconvenience, than give any encouragement to cheap trains on the Sabbath-day."—*From the Congregational Magazine.*

MISSIONARY FACTS.

FEEJEE.

From "United States Exploring Expedition."

I.—CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES.

THE Feejeans are extremely changeable in their disposition. They are fond of joking, indulge in laughter, and will at one moment appear to give themselves up to merriment, from which they in an instant pass to demon-like anger, which they evince by looks that cannot be misunderstood by those who are the subjects of it, and particularly if in the power of the enraged native. Their anger seldom finds vent in words, but has the character of sullenness. A Chief, when offended, seldom speaks a word, but puts sticks in the ground, to keep the cause of his anger continually in his recollection. The objects of it now understand that it is time to appease him by propitiatory offerings, if they would avoid the bad consequences. When they have been tendered to the satisfaction of the offended dignitary, he pulls out the sticks, as a signal that he is satisfied.

They are addicted to stealing, are treacherous in the extreme, and, with all their ferocity, cowards. The most universal trait in their character is their addiction to lying. They tell a falsehood in preference, when the truth would better answer their purpose; and in conversing with them, the truth can only be obtained by cautioning them not to talk like a Feejee man, or, in other words, not to tell any lies. Adroit lying is even regarded as an accomplishment, and one who is expert at it is sure of a comfortable subsistence and a friendly reception wherever he goes.

The inhabitants of these islands, in their heathen state, are truly wretches, in the strongest sense of the term, and degraded beyond the conception of civilized people. For the sake of decency, and to avoid shocking the moral sense of my readers, I have refrained from relating many things which happened under my own eyes. No one can visit these islands without feeling a poignant regret that so lovely a part of God's creation should be daily and hourly sullied by deeds of such unparalleled depravity as those to which I have alluded. The time will, I trust, ere long arrive, when the Missionaries, by their perseverance, courage, and devotedness, shall reclaim these islanders from their sensual and savage customs, and bring them within the fold of civilization.

II.—TESTIMONY TO THE MISSIONARIES.

IN the course of the narrative of our operations in the Feejee Islands, I have already shown some of the trials that the Missionaries have at times to undergo; but this is only a small part of their hardships. They, their wives, and children, are almost hourly liable to fall under the displeasure or caprice of these merciless savages. The natives, notwithstanding, seem desirous of

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having the Missionaries among them, partly from the feeling that it will be advantageous to them in their intercourse with the vessels that come from time to time to bring them supplies, and partly for the protection which, in their opinion, the Spirit or God of the Missionaries will afford to the *koro* where they reside.

Upon the whole, I think that the Missionaries are safe as to life. They require much nerve and temper to withstand the trials they are often subjected to. The Chiefs and others consider that they have a perfect right to enter the Missionaries' houses at all times, and not unfrequently their behaviour is rude and indecent. There is no situation in life that requires more moral and physical courage than that into which they are repeatedly thrown, often for the diabolical purpose of trying to excite and induce them to commit some act which might be taken advantage of to extort presents, or as a pretext to plunder them. The natives are extremely clever in devising schemes of annoyance, and will frequently take a vast deal of trouble and time to accomplish them. When detected, they have little idea of further concealment, and generally join in a laugh at being exposed.

I cannot speak too highly of the cheerfulness and resignation with which the members of the Mission and their families meet the trials they have to go through; nor can I withhold my surprise how any ladies or their husbands can endure a residence attended with such discomfort and dangers, cut off, as they are, from all communications with their friends and kindred. Truly, there is no poetry in such a life; and it requires all the enthusiasm that fervent religion calls forth, to endure the pains and perils to which they are subject.

They have had here but little encouragement. The Chiefs are averse to the new religion, because they do not choose to adopt, as they say, other gods at their time of life, and lest they should lose their authority over their people, whom they now govern through the medium of their gods or Priests. They refuse to allow any one of the natives under their rule to join the Mission, or to receive instruction. From my own observation, I am very well satisfied that the common people, if permitted, would readily seek the change that would insure anything like security from the tyrannical customs they are now suffering under. The opinion is becoming general, that where a Missionary resides, wars do not take place; and the moment will arrive, when the change in this group will be more rapid than that which has heretofore attended their exertions elsewhere. Although this may yet be at some distance, it must certainly ensue, whenever the intercourse with the whites shall have so much increased as to make it desirable for the Chiefs to acquire the art of writing, and they have formed a proper estimate of their own power. Should the King of one of the powerful districts be converted, his whole tribe will follow the royal example.

III.—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CHRISTIAN AND HEATHEN NATIVES.

One could not but perceive the great difference between the Tonguese and Feejees who passed the night on board. The former are generally Christians, or Missionaries' people: they were orderly and respectable; and before going to rest, quietly and devoutly met, and had their evening prayer; which, contrasted with the conduct of the others, had a very pleasing effect.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CONTINENTAL.

Dresden.—The following important intelligence has been communicated from this place. By the will of the recently deceased Peter Grachi, Confessor to the late King, a very considerable legacy is bequeathed to a branch of his order (Jesuits) resident in Köthen; and the report current some time ago, that the romantically situated castle of Wesenstein is destined to become a Jesuit College, is not without foundation. Among the papers of a freeman of this city, who died lately, has been found a printed prayer-book, entitled, "A Manual of Devotion for the Use of those Members of the Catholic Congregation in Dresden, who belong to the Brotherhood bearing the name of 'The Agony of Jesus on the Cross:' with permission of the Magistrates of Dresden. 1817." On the fly-leaf facing the title-page, stands the following attestation:—"On the 5th of February, 1843, ——— was enrolled into the meritorious brotherhood of the Agony of Jesus, in the Chapel Royal, Dresden. After his death this attest to be sent back there. Soli Deo gloria III." From another note in the middle of the book, it is evident that the brotherhood has existed since 1729. The discovery of the prayer-book has naturally caused a great and very unfavourable impression.—*Continental Echo.*

Dijon has lately been the scene of angry controversy. M. Pastor Pertuzon, at the request of a Roman Catholic family, undertook to perform the funeral obsequies of a young man, the Priest having refused to do so. For this act of mercy the Roman Clergy attacked M. Pertuzon in the *Spectateur*, a journal of that town, to which he replied by transmitting a letter from the deceased's uncle, who stated that it was at his request, and that only an hour before the funeral. The Curé Moreau

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has addressed a letter to the Minister of Public Worship complaining of the "irritation which this circumstance has produced in the public mind," and supplicating him to take the requisite measures to "prevent the recurrence of so deplorable a scandal." The truth is, that since the conversion of M. Trivier, the Protestant chapel has been filled every Sunday by a crowd of anxious listeners. This circumstance, added to the fact that M. Pertuzon delivered an appropriate address at the funeral, which was attentively listened to, proved too much for Romish patience.—*Ibid.*

FRANCE.

Effects of reading the Scriptures by a Colporteur.—One of our agents stopped before a house, the door of which was open, and saw a large number of persons assembled inside, who were busily engaged in conversation. "Would you like me to read something from the book which I am selling?" said he, in a gentle manner. Without giving them time to reply, he opened his Bible, and read with fervour several striking verses. "This book is called the word of God," exclaimed the mistress of the house: "I have for a long time been endeavouring to procure it: give it to me, give it to me: I will be the first to purchase a copy." They then began conversing about the Bible; and at last all those who were present requested to have a copy; some a Bible, others a New Testament: the number was so large that the Colporteur had not enough copies for them all, and was obliged to furnish them with the address of the inn where he was stopping; to which not only those persons who were present, but also others to whom they mentioned the circumstance, repaired in the evening, in order to provide themselves with the books of the Colporteur.

The false Accusation.—Two Colporteurs took up their quarters one evening at a tavern. At supper, as is their custom, they entered into conversation respecting their work, and addressed themselves to all the travellers who were present. As usual, they found several persons who listened to them with interest: the others derided them; and among these latter, one individual distinguished himself among them all. From derision he soon proceeded to irritation; and perceiving that the calmness and mildness of the Colporteurs gave them a great advantage over himself in the eyes of those who had at first laughed with him, he withdrew, harbouring a desire for vengeance in his heart. Through a singular coincidence this man found that he had to pass the night in the same chamber as the Colporteurs. These latter very quickly retired to rest, not without observing with surprise the walking backwards and forwards of their companion. They saw him place a small leathern bag in a cabinet, which he did with some noise. In the middle of the night one of them awoke; he sees the man go to the cabinet, and take out the bag, which he hid elsewhere. At day-break this individual gets up in a hurry, and makes preparations for his departure, opens the cabinet, turns it upside down, and begins calling out that he has been robbed. He makes so much noise that all the people in the house get up. On his explaining what is the matter, they go in search of the Mayor and the *gards champêtre*. Our two friends are prevented from going away; for, according to the opinion of all, if the money has been stolen, they are the only persons whom they can accuse of doing it. But these friends do not offer to stir: they fully explain who and what they are, and according to what religious principles their actions are guided. They profit by the large concourse of persons who surround them to speak of the Christian doctrine which is the rule of their conduct. Then, when they think that they have thus accomplished their work, they describe the place where the small leathern bag is concealed, and the evil-disposed man is put to shame. The most interesting portion of this narrative is, that at the conclusion of the Christian addresses of these Colporteurs, the greater part of those who had come thither, with the Mayor at their head, for a long time continued the conversation, and terminated it by purchasing Bibles and Testaments.—*Bible Society.*

TABLE-TALK.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

The celebrated Earl of Chatham performed an amount of business, even minute, which filled common improvers of time with utter astonishment. He knew not merely the great outlines of public business, the policy and intrigues of foreign courts, but his eye was on every part of the British dominions; and scarcely a man could move without his knowledge of the man and his object. A friend one day called on him when Premier of England, and found him down on his hands and knees, playing marbles with his little boy, and complaining bitterly that the rogue would not play fair; gaily adding, "that he must have been corrupted by the example of the French!" The friend wished to mention a suspicious-looking stranger, who, for sometime had taken up lodgings in London. Was he a spy, or merely a private gentlemen? Pitt went to his drawer, and took out some scores of small portraits, and, holding up one

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which he had selected, asked, "Is that the man?" "Yes, the very person." "O, I have had my eye upon him from the time he stepped on shore!" All this was accomplished by a rigid observance of time; never suffering a moment to pass without pressing it into service. No one will try to improve his time unless he first be impressed with the necessity. Remember that at the very best calculation we can have but a short time in which to learn all and do all that we accomplish in life."—*Todd's Student's Manual.*

PROPAGATION OF INFIDELITY.

A SHORT time since, an elderly man, reported to be respectably connected in Belfast, was observed, by the servant of a Clergyman of the Established Church, stealthily dropping documents of a blasphemous character, carefully wrapped up in brown paper, as he passed through Bridge-street. The distributor was given into the hands of a constable, and conveyed to the Police-office. When searched, a number of infidel papers were found in his possession. The practice of disseminating infidelity in this underhand manner has, of late, we are sorry to say, become not uncommon in Belfast. One of the documents was headed, "The Bible not a fit Book to be put into the Hands of a Child."—*Banner of Ulster.*

PRELATES OF OLDEN TIMES.

IN the earlier ages of the Church we meet with Bishops who sign their names with a + because they could not write; and yet any one would have expected more than usual qualifications in the heads of the Church, even so early as the seventh century. It appears, however, by Dr. White's "Bampton Lectures," that they not only could not write, but that they recorded their ignorance. "I, A. B., Bishop of ——, have subscribed by the hand of C. D., because I cannot write." And again: "Such a Bishop having said that *he could not write*, I, whose name is underwritten, have subscribed for him." This is from the Acts of the Council of Ephesus and Chalcedon. In the tenth century, as Mazeray observes, Bishops and Abbots, notwithstanding the repeated prohibitions of Princes and Councils, bore arms and went into the field; which custom at last became a law.—*Lambeth and the Vatican.*

RELICS.

THE "Journal des Débats," speaking of the purchase some time since made by Prince Albert, of the coat worn by Nelson when he received his death-wound at the battle of Trafalgar, for presentation to Greenwich Hospital, takes occasion to bring together a number of examples in illustration of the large sums paid under the relic-and-rarity-mania; particularly by the rich enthusiasts of our own island,—more especially, it seems, subject to that species of influenza. Some of the cases reported will require testimonials, not likely to be forthcoming, ere our readers will be inclined to admit these amongst the statistics of the passion.—The ivory chair which Gustavus Vasa received from the town of Lubeck, was sold, the "Journal des Débats" says, in 1823, for the sum of 58,000 florins; not far short of £6000! This is a startling anecdote to begin with; but such a one was absolutely necessary to prepare the mind for the reception of the following:—The coat worn by Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, at the battle of Pultawa, preserved by Colonel Rosen, who followed the adventurous Monarch to Bender, was sold, in 1825, at Edinburgh, for the sum of £22,000 sterling! This anecdote, the French paper itself thinks, should have confirmation. It makes the rest, however, easy of acceptance; though there are some even of these which might be a little difficult of digestion by a faculty less powerfully stimulated.—M. A. Lenoir, the founder of the French Museum, relates that, during the transport of the remains of Abelard and Heloise to the Petits Augustins, an Englishman offered him 100,000 francs (£4000) for one of the teeth of Heloise!—At that quotation of the price of bone, Lord Shaftesbury had a great bargain of the tooth of Sir Isaac Newton, for which he paid only £730, in 1816!—For want of an Englishman at Stockholm, in 1820, the head of Descartes, teeth and all, was absolutely *given away*, as the phrase is, at the sale of Dr. Sourmon's cabinet, for ninety-nine francs. —The following cases fall within the more mild and familiar examples of this affection, though it will be seen that the English examples continue to be far more striking than the foreign. Voltaire's cane was sold, in Paris, for 500 francs; (£20;) Rousseau's waistcoat for 949 francs, and his copper watch for 500; Kant's wig, in spite of all the promise contained in the apophthegm which suggests the seat of a Doctor's wisdom, brought only 200 francs; whereas the wig of Sterne fetched, in London, 200 guineas, 5250 francs! Luckily, the inference, against the philosophers, as to the relative value (according to collectors' measure) of the good things severally covered by the two latter articles, is escaped, by virtue of the differences in the developement of this passion established in the previous cases.—The hat worn by Napoleon at Eylau was, in 1835, carried off, by M. Lacroix, from thirty-two competitors, for the sum of 1920 francs, about £77; while Sir Francis Burdett paid £500 for the two pens used in the signature of the treaty of Amiens. —*Athenæum.*

FAITH AND WORKS.

"A GOOD tree," says Christ, "*cannot bring forth corrupt fruit.*" If a man hath indeed

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the faith of God's elect, he must bring forth, according to his measure, the fruits of that faith through Christ Jesus; or it is evident that he has not this faith, whatever may be his pretensions. True faith is as well the death of unrighteousness as of self-righteousness. Both of these are the Christian's aversion, and an abomination to the Lord. True holiness of heart and life, not wishing to be seen of men, or, as Witsius has it, *vix vicinis notus*, is the Christian's element, the spiritual air of his spiritual life; forcible, yet by others perhaps not well understood, if at all observed by them. The Christian is modest, unassuming, quiet, peaceable; detesting broils as inconsistent with the love of his Saviour, and the comfortable enjoyment of his presence, without a measure of which he cannot be happy; resigned to the will of God, as to that which is the wisest and the best for him both here and hereafter. Lord, help me, a weak and sinful worm, in thy strength, thus to live and thus to die! made thine own through mercy, and kept thine own for ever!—*Serle's Secret Thoughts of a Christian.*

BOOKS.

"Bookes are the rivers of Paradise watering the earth; the dew of Hermon, making the vallies fertile; the ark preserving the manna pot, and Moses's tables; the monuments of ancient labours; the baskets keeping the deposited reliques of time so as nothing is lost; a magazine of piety and arts. A souldier without arms may be valiant, but not victorious; an artisan without his instruments may be skilful, but not famous; Archimedes is known by his sphaere and cylinder; a Preacher without books may have some zeale, but little knowledge to guide it. St. Paul himself, although so inspired, found as much want of his bookes, as of his cloake in winter. To ayme at learning without books is, with Danaides, to draw water in a sive."—*R. Willan's Funeral Sermon for Paul Bayning, of Sudbury, Suffolk, page* 40, 1630.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Arnold, Eliza,	Bareheath,	Dorchester,	38	Aug. 15th, 1845.
Bancroft, William,	Goldenthal,	Macclesfield,	58	July 22d, 1845.
Barnard, John R., jun.,	Great Ellingham,	New-Buckenham,	70	Sept. 26th, 1845.
Barton, Mrs. Ann,	Wigan-farm,	Huntingdon,	77	Sept. 15th, 1845.
Bennett, Mrs. Sarah,		Birmingham W.,	75	July 14th, 1845.
Bennett, Miss Eliza,	Marston,	Bedford,	19	Sept. 24th, 1845.
Berryman, Mr. John,	Ballymilligan,	Magherafelt,	81	Aug. 5th, 1845.
Bishop, Miss Mary,	Lympsham,	Banwell,	32	Sept. 7th, 1845.
Brigstoke, Mr. Job,	St. Clear,	Carmarthen,	63	Aug. 2d, 1845.
Britten, Mrs. M. F.,	Hanham,	Kingswood,	31	July 1st, 1845.
Budrey, Mr. John,		New-Buckenham,	33	Oct. 4th, 1845.
Bullivant, Mr.,		Melton-Mowbray,	79	Sept. 2d, 1845.
Bush, Mr. Elijah,		Midsomer-Norton,	86	Oct. 17th, 1845.
Chapman, Mrs.,	Holme,	Manchester 4th,	28	Aug. 18th, 1845.
Chilton, Mrs. Ann,	Ludgershall,	Watlington,	60	Aug. 9th, 1845.
Cozens, Mrs. Ann,		Canterbury,	76	July 17th, 1845.
Curnock, Mrs.,		Bristol,	17	Aug. 2d, 1845.
Eagland, Mrs.,	Blandford,	Shaftesbury,	79	Aug. 23d, 1845.
Farrington, Miss,		Biggleswade,	28	Oct. 10th, 1845.
Gaynor, Mr. John,	Ballingarry,	Cloughjordan,	50	Sept. 7th, 1845.
Grainger, Richard,	Farsley,	Bradford East,	77	Aug. 10th, 1845.
Haigh, Mr. Thomas,		Selby,	35	July 15th, 1845.
Harding, Miss E.,		Dursley,	30	Aug. 14th, 1845.
Judd, Mr. William,	Great-Gransden,	St. Neot's,	74	Aug. 28th, 1845.
Labourn, Mr. R.,	Battlesden-Farm,	Dunstable,		Aug. 21st, 1845.
Loughton, Mrs. Dinah,	Wokingham,	Reading,	87	Aug. 28th, 1845.
Oliver, Mrs.,	Bollington,	Macclesfield,	59	July 24th, 1845.
Page, Mrs. Ann,		Birmingham E.,	49	Aug. 12th, 1845.
Philips, Mrs. Henrietta,		Ripon,	66	Sept. 1st, 1845.
Sanders, Mrs.,	Tunbridge-Wells,	Sevenoaks,	32	Aug. 15th, 1845.
Smart, Mrs.,		Montrose,	61	July 9th, 1845.
Snowden, Mary,	Upleatham,	Stokesley,	64	Oct. 10th, 1845.
Wild, Mrs.,		Wrexham,	63	Aug. 11th, 1845.
Wilson, Mrs. Mary,	Downham,	Clitheroe,	54	Oct. 2d, 1845.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FEBRUARY, 1846.

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

To the Editor of "The Christian Miscellany."

We have often been surprised to find persons of the Baptist persuasion, who were zealous in their efforts to convince those around them of the scriptural character of their peculiar and accredited opinions, taking what appeared to be at least an unwarrantable position; namely, that our Redeemer received Christian baptism: we are also told, that as Christ was baptized *in* Jordan, we ought to follow his steps, who "fulfilled all righteousness," by going into the water. We propose, therefore, to institute an inquiry into the character of that baptism to which the Saviour submitted; thinking, that the correctness of the assumption may with facility be disproved.

The baptism of our Saviour did not partake of the character of John's baptism. John baptized his converts "unto repentance;" that is, after they had repented, and in testimony of that fact. Consequently, if our Lord's baptism partook of the nature of that of John, inasmuch as the latter witnessed to the repentance of the candidate, he must have previously repented of sin, which would be blasphemy to assert. John required of the candidate faith in the Messiah. "John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him which should come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus." (Acts xix. 4.) If, therefore, Christ were baptized with John's baptism, he must have believed in a Messiah to come, and to this faith John must have exhorted him. But the absurdity and heresy of such a doctrine need not be mentioned. The ultimate design of John's baptism was to "prepare the way of the Lord;" that is, to prepare the hearts of the people for the reception of the Messiah, in all his gracious offices. This was the great aim of all his labours. But was our Saviour baptized with this intent? Could the proper import of John's baptism apply to the Saviour in any form? But it is idle to push these arguments. If any will labour to support the hypothesis we are opposing, it is, perhaps, trifling with time and with reason to oppose him.

The ministry of the Baptist was of a kind peculiar to itself. As a Prophet, he not only spoke of the immediate appearing of Christ, but pointed him out to his disciples; and his baptism was, in fact, the token of initiation into a new dispensation, immediately between that of Moses and fully-revealed Christianity. It was a declaration of repentance and renunciation of sin, and it was a profession of faith in the immediate revelation of the Messiah, and of

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trust in him to take away sin; for to him, as the Redeemer, John directed his converts: "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." With baptism or washing, as emblems of the putting away of sin, the Jews were familiar; and proselytes from Gentilism to the religion of Judaism were baptized as well as circumcised, in token of the same thing, and the renunciation of their old religion. All Israelites, therefore, who in truth, and with a right understanding of the case, submitted to John's baptism, so far renounced Judaism in its primitive form as a ground of hope, as to expect the remission of the sins they repented of and confessed, no longer from their accustomed sacrifices, but immediately from the Messiah: "Behold," said John, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Lightfoot has shown, from the Rabbinical writings, that the Jews themselves have held, and still hold, that repentance should precede the coming of the Messiah. The circumstance of our Lord's submission to John's baptism does not affect this view of its nature and design. That it was not necessary for Christ as a sign of repentance, and passing into a new dispensation, and better hopes of salvation, is clear from John objecting to administer the peculiar rite of his ministry to Christ until urged by his authority; and also from the ground on which our Lord puts his own act, which he makes not an act of repentance, but of fulfilling "all righteousness," that is, perfectly obeying the will of the Father in every appointment laid upon him; and, finally, from the baptism of John, as administered to Christ, rising into an entirely different and higher order from his ordinary one; for our Lord was then baptized with the Holy Ghost, which it was no part of John's baptism to communicate. All these circumstances prove that John was, in the case of our Lord, employed in a ministry quite distinct from the common one; and that one, if not the chief, end of the baptism of Christ, was to attest his Messiahship fully to John, by making him the witness of the sign which God had previously appointed: "Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on him, the same is he that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God." (John i. 33, 34.)* Further light is thrown upon this act by the phrase rendered, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." *It becometh*, it is *fitting* and *proper*, that mutual testimony might be given by Jesus and John to each other's mission, and a connexion established between the forerunner and Him whose herald he was, so that the person to whom John gave testimony as Messiah could not be mistaken. The notion that Christ was baptized with reference to the entrance of the Levitical Priests into their office by anointing and baptism, does not seem to be well-founded, since their baptism was a mere ablution, which was constantly repeated during their ministry.

The baptism of Christ did not partake of the nature of Christian baptism. The latter was not instituted until after the resurrection of our Saviour, (Matt. xxviii.,) nor have we any account of its being administered until subsequently to the day of Pentecost. If, therefore, Christ received Christian baptism, the event must have taken place about three years previous to the actual institution of that ordinance! Christian baptism is administered in the name of the sacred Trinity; thereby implying the faith of the candidate in the existence of, and his dedication to the service of, three Persons in one God. If Christ had been baptized in this profession, it would have been trifling with sacred things. There is a manifest propriety in our being baptized in

* Rev. Richard Watson.

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the name of Christ the Son, in token of our devotion to his service; but there is absurdity in the idea of Christ being baptized in his own name, in profession of his devotedness to his own cause and person. Yet we must suppose this, if we conclude that Christ was baptized with a Christian baptism!

The import of Christian baptism is totally inapplicable to the person and character of Christ. Baptism is both a *sign* and a *seal*. As a sign it is a visible emblem of our inward washing and regeneration by the Holy Ghost, which, from the nature of the case, presupposes defilement by sin. Remove the idea of antecedent pollution by sin, and you annihilate the grand intent of baptism as a sign. It went further, and was the sign of sanctification, or the taking away the pollution of sin, "the superfluity of naughtiness," as well as the pardon of actual offences; and this was the significant representation of a regenerate mind, and a renewed life. This will appear from the following portions of divine truth, which represent what circumcision signified in the olden dispensation, and what baptism indicated in the new; for the latter was to all intents and purposes the substitute of the former. "For he is not a Jew which is one outwardly in the flesh; but he is a Jew which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God." (Romans ii. 28, 29.) "And the Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart, and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live." (Deut. xxx. 6.) "Circumcise yourselves to the Lord." (Jer. iv. 4.)

Christian baptism is also a seal, or a confirming sign. By the institution of circumcision, a pledge was constantly given by the Almighty to bestow the spiritual blessings of which the rite was the sign,—pardon and sanctification through faith in the future seed of Abraham; peculiar relation to him as his people, and the heavenly inheritance. Of these blessings baptism is also the pledge, along with that of the higher dispensation of the Holy Spirit, which it specially represents. In baptism there is on the part of God a visible assurance of his faithfulness to his covenant stipulations; and it is also that act by which we make ourselves parties to the covenant, and thus "set to our seal that God is true." In this respect it binds us; as, in the other, God also mercifully binds himself for the stronger assurance of our faith. We pledge ourselves to trust wholly in Christ for pardon and salvation, and to obey his laws: "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." In this institution also we undergo a mystical death unto sin, a mystical separation from the world, which St. Paul calls being "buried with Christ in or by baptism;" and a mystical resurrection to newness of life, through Christ's resurrection from the dead. Thus in circumcision, an obligation of faith in the promises made to Abraham, and an obligation to holiness of life, and to the observance of the divine laws, were contracted; and Moses, therefore, in a passage above-quoted, argues from that peculiar relation of the Israelites to God produced by outward circumcision, to the duty of circumcising the heart: "The Lord had a delight in thy fathers to love them, and he chose their seed after them, even you above all people. Circumcise therefore your heart." (Deut. x. 15, 16.) Baptism is the sign and seal of the covenant of grace under its perfected dispensation; it is the grand initiatory act by which we enter into this covenant in order to claim all its spiritual blessings, and to take upon ourselves all its obligations; it was appointed by Jesus Christ in a manner which plainly put it in the place of circumcision; it is now the means by which men become Abraham's spiritual children, and heirs with him of the promise, which was the office of circumcision, until "the Seed," the Messiah, should come; baptism is, therefore,

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expressly called by St. Paul "the circumcision of Christ," or "Christian circumcision," in a sense which can only imply that baptism has now taken the place of the Abrahamic rite.*

Such being the import of Christian baptism, no individual, who takes a proper view of the subject, can make it applicable to the Saviour of mankind. None, in the exercise of his reasoning faculties, could assume a position so untenable and absurd. Nevertheless some persons there are who maintain that our Lord received a Christian baptism. They cannot surely intend by this, that baptism in the case of our Redeemer imported the same that it does in believers; that it was emblematical of the inward washing of the Holy Ghost, and implied previous defilement; and that it was with him, as with us, the seal and sign of the covenant of grace. In the exercise of Christian charity we cannot entertain the idea, that those who advance the strange doctrine in question, have imbibed such grovelling and heretical notions of the Lord Jesus! Or, do they imagine that the outward form of baptism was used in the case of the Saviour, while the *import* of the ordinance was in reference to him set aside? This would indeed shield them from the impiety of the preceding conclusions, but would involve them in the absurdity of supposing that, in the case of Christ, a hypocritical, a mock baptism was used; a baptism destitute of all meaning and personal application to the candidate, or which was endued with a significance altogether extraordinary, concerning which the Bible has given us no account.

It has been alleged that our Saviour was baptized in order to furnish his followers with an example. Hence young converts are exhorted to go forward in baptism, following the example of Christ; while they who are of the Baptist faith are often heard to express their anxiety to imitate the example of the Saviour, and be immersed. Hence the phrase, "going down to the banks of Jordan," is understood, in the technology of the Baptist faith, to mean being immersed, in accordance with the example of Christ. An effort is made to associate the baptism of our Lord with our duty of baptism, and particularly with the alleged duty of being *dipped*, so as to sanction the latter by the former. This mode of reasoning has had powerful effects. The pious sensibilities of the young disciple are deeply moved by every appeal to the example of Christ. Always anxious, while prompted only by the ardour of his first love, to tread in the very print of His steps who is set forth in the Gospel as our great Exemplar of moral conduct, he is the more willing to imbibe, without investigation, the dogma in question. In the whole circle of this controversy, we are not aware that the Baptists have wielded a more successful argument, *ad captandum vulgum*, than this appeal to the example of Christ. But we demand proof of this assumed fact. Where is it written in the Scriptures that our Saviour was baptized for the purpose of setting his followers an example? Such a declaration cannot be found. But that our Saviour was not baptized with a view to furnish his followers with an example, may be proved from the following considerations:—

The example would be essentially defective in one of its most prominent features. Christ was *thirty* years of age when he was baptized. Does the deferring of the administration of this ordinance until that age comport with the early piety of Jesus? Would it be walking in all the commandments and ordinances of God blameless, for pious youth to defer baptism (after the example of the Saviour) until thirty years of age? Some would rather make the blessed Redeemer to furnish an example of *procrastination* than otherwise. Besides St. Luke says, "Now when all the people were baptized, it came to

* Rev. Richard Watson.

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pass that Jesus also being baptized," &c. (Luke iii. 21.) The other Evangelists relate the *baptism of the people* as taking place previously to that of Christ. Does this appear like an example? A strange example indeed, when ALL THE PEOPLE had been beforehand with our Lord in the same matter! Why was not our Saviour baptized in youth, to have furnished an example for the young? Why did he wait until thousands had gone before him in the discharge of this duty?

With your permission, Mr. Editor, at some future period the subject shall be resumed. PHILALETHES.

THE THIEF UPON THE CROSS.

WHAT a singular instance of human misery, and of divine mercy, the case of the thief upon the cross exhibits! We have here a man in a state of dreadful extremity, such as even this valley of tears exhibits not every day: a man floating on the confines of two worlds, in all the agony of bodily torture, pursued with all the remorse of an accusing conscience, telling him that he suffered justly, that he was receiving the due reward of his deeds; a man alarmed with the overwhelming apprehensions of instant judgment, and a miserable eternity; the hand of the executioner is lifted up to strike the blow which is to extinguish hope for ever, and, terminating bodily pain for a season, to let loose upon the soul the worm that dieth not. Awful interval! but not given up to the blackness of absolute despair. All is not lost; for the sinking eye can supplicate, and the faltering lips pronounce a request, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

Who is this that calls Jesus "Lord," now that he is despised and rejected of men? now that his disciples have forsaken him and fled; now when they that see him laugh him to scorn; now that his strength is dried up like a potsherd, and his tongue cleaveth to his jaws, and he is sinking into the dust of the earth? Who is he that ascribeth to him a kingdom at this hour and power of darkness, when earth has renounced him, and the rays of heaven are intercepted, and hell triumphs? Who is he that prays to One who has resigned the power of saving himself? O man, great is thy faith! against hope thou believest in hope; and thy hope shall not make thee ashamed. And who is He that from yonder triumphant ignominy disposes of heavenly thrones; who opens and shuts at his pleasure the everlasting doors of the invisible world; who plucks the trembling creature as a brand out of the burning, and transports the prisoner of hope into the paradise of God? "He on whom help is laid, the Lord, mighty to save, even to the uttermost, them that come unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." From the sweetest, mildest, and meekest condition of human life, to the most dreadful extreme of depravation and criminality, the Gospel becomes "all things to all men:" the instructer of babes, the consolation and joy of old age, the refuge of the miserable.

Young man, put yourself under the tuition of this divine Instructer. This amiable period of your existence is passing away, the blossom begins to fall from the tree, the bud passes into the flower, and the flower into fruit, which gradually swells and colours into maturity. But if the bud be blighted, the spring will have no beauty, the summer no promise, autumn no fulness, winter no provision. An hour lost or mispent in the morning makes a hurried, confused day, and an unpleasant or remorseless evening. Behold Jesus, at the age of twelve years, about his Father's business. Learn of him to listen and inquire.

What shall be done for the aged man? The heart sinks at the idea of old

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age destitute of the consolations of religion, deserted of God, descending into the grave with little or no hope. The expiring thief cried for mercy, and obtained it. With a broken and contrite heart he prayed, "Lord, remember mé;" and he was heard, and accompanied his Saviour from the agony of the cross to the paradise of God.—*Dr. Hunter.*

"See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man."

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

The persecutions in Staffordshire form a remarkable trait in the history of Mr. Wesley, who has related some of the circumstances in his Journal for 1746. It must argue a considerable degree of malevolence in the informed part of the community, to countenance and support persecution: for the rabble would soon have desisted, had they not, directly or indirectly, received support from their superiors; many of whom descended from that propriety of character which they ought to have sustained, and instigated the lower orders not only to insult, but to injure, an innocent and unoffending people, whose only crime was professing faith in Jesus, and worshipping God according to their consciences. Persecution is an evil which ought to be without a name in a country professedly Christian. It is a violation of the law of God, and every just law of man. It was begun and carried on by the pride and passion of the more powerful, from the time of the merciless Cain, to the solemn burning of heretics. No pretence, however plausible, should induce men to injure each other for any real or supposed differences in religion: it dissolves that natural and social union of our nature, and makes us worse than savage beasts.—*Life of the Rev. Joseph Cownley.*

PRAYER ANSWERED.

In the year 1787, the Rev. John Wesley, Dr. Coke, and the Rev. Joseph Bradford visited the Norman Isles, where Adam Clarke was then successfully labouring as a Methodist Preacher. When the time allotted to their visit had expired, Mr. Clarke obtained Mr. Wesley's permission to accompany them to England. They sailed from Guernsey, Feb. 6th, with a fine, fair wind; but in a short time it became contrary, and blew into a tight breeze. Mr. Wesley was sitting reading in the cabin, and hearing the noise and bustle which were occasioned by *putting about* the vessel, to stand on her different tacks, he put his head above deck and inquired what was the matter. Being told that the wind was become contrary, and the ship was obliged to tack, he said, "*Then let us go to prayer.*" His own company, who were upon deck, went down, and, at his request, Dr. Coke, Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Clarke went to prayer. Mr. Wesley then broke out into fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong *faith* than of mere *desire*. Mr. Clarke afterwards wrote down the prayer. It now lies before me. The following is a copy:—

"Lord, thou hast all power; thou doest whatsoever thou willest, in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in all deep places. Thou sittest above the water-floods, and reignest King for ever. I am thy servant; thou knowest the work thou hast given me to do, and the engagements under which I now stand. Command *these winds*, and *this sea*, that they may obey thee, and take me to the haven whither I would be. And this we beg of

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thee for Jesus Christ's sake. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all, evermore. Amen."

He then arose, sat down on the locker, resumed his reading, but made no observation. Mr. Clarke went upon deck, and, to his surprise, found the vessel standing in her right course, with a steady breeze, which slacked not, till, carrying them at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, they anchored safely in Mount's Bay, near Penzance, Cornwall, and arrived in Bristol at the time appointed.

SAMUEL DUNN.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Dec. 13th, 1845.

THEOLOGY.

THE PRISON OF THE SOUL.

A SERMON.

"Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name."—Psalm cxlii. 7.

This Psalm is said to contain a prayer of David when he was in a cave. The Psalmist was twice in great peril in caves. (1,) At the cave of Adullam, when he fled from Achish, King of Gath: (1 Sam. xxii.:) and (2,) when he was in the cave of Engedi, where he had taken refuge from the pursuit of Saul; and the latter, not knowing that David was in, had gone into it on some necessary occasion. (1 Sam. xxiv.) If the inscription can be trusted, the cave of Engedi is the most likely of the two, for the scene laid here. Be that as it may, even the inscription of the Psalm will serve to show to what straits, difficulties, and dangers, good men have been subjected in former ages! St. Paul informs us that the Old Testament saints were exposed to trials at once complicated and severe. (Heb. xi. 33—38.) How grateful ought we to be, that we can sit under our own vine and fig-tree, and enjoy the sweets of personal and domestic tranquillity, unmolested by the persecuting hand of those who hate us! This Psalm also reminds us, that prayer is a never-failing refuge in time of trouble. David, although hid in a cave amidst the gloomy recesses of a wilderness, could not calculate on safety, without the guardian care of Almighty God; and therefore we read, "I cried unto the Lord with my voice: with my voice," &c. (Ver. 1, &c.) But while David was solicitous for his personal safety, he did not forget his soul; and aware that He who could rescue him from the difficulties which at present surrounded him, was also able to emancipate his soul from spiritual difficulty and danger, he addressed to the Most High the prayer which is the subject of our discourse, "Bring my soul out of prison," &c.

We propose to consider,

I. The state of the soul under the figure of an imprisonment.

II. The measures which should be adopted for its deliverance.

III. The gratitude which the Deliverer has a right to expect.

I. The moral condition of the soul is represented in the Scripture in a variety of ways: as blind, fallen, asleep, and in danger of tremendous and awful punishment. Few figures have been employed by the inspired writers more significant than that of a prison. This is not peculiar to the text. (Psalm cxlvi. 7; Zech. ix. 11, 12; Isaiah lxi. 1.) Sinners are thus represented to remind us,

1. *Of the guilt in which they are involved.* A prisoner is supposed to be guilty of some crime or misdemeanour against the laws of his country; and if not actually guilty, he is charged with the offence. All the world is guilty before God. (Rom. iii. 19.) They are not merely charged with crime, but their consciences tell them that their offences are numerous and aggravated. They have sinned in word, thought, and action. (Isai. liii. 6; Rom. iii. 10—18, 23; 1 John i. 10.)

2. *Of the bondage in which they are held.* Prisoners have not liberty, they are under restraint, their feet and hands are often secured by chains and fetters. How great is the thraldom of sinners! how terrible their captivity! They are tied and bound by the chain of their sins! What slaves to their passions! How intolerably proud are they! What consummate arrogance and vanity are displayed! How given to wrath! The least provocation rouses their ire, and they exhibit the fury of a madman or a fiend. And how covetous! The world has a complete ascendancy, so that they appear rooted in sin.

3. *Of the power by which they are controlled.* Prisoners are confined by force.

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Sinners are under the influence of the powers of darkness, who work with inconceivable energy in the souls of the unregenerate. "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace," &c. (Luke xi. 21, 22.) The ungodly "fall into the snare of the devil." (1 Tim. iii. 7.) Who can conceive the power and authority which Satan is suffered to exercise over the world of the impenitent and the wicked.

4. *Of the privations which they endure.* The fare of the prisoner is proverbially hard. Not merely to the luxuries, but even to the common necessaries, of life they are often strangers. The coarsest food, and frequently of the worst description, is set before them. May not this remind us to what miserable shifts sinners are reduced? How they starve their immortal souls! The Prophet represented them as "feeding on ashes." (Isai. xliv. 20.) The prodigal "would fain have filled his belly with the husks the swine did eat." (Luke xv. 16.) And what is most to be deplored, sinners prefer this state of things. How many have been starved in prison!

5. *Of the gloom by which they are surrounded.* How dark and melancholy are the recesses of a prison! The cheerful light of day is almost entirely excluded. The clank of chains is heard. Misery moans, sickness pines, and want prevails. How illustrative is this of the state of the ungodly; of sinners shut up in the prison of sin! Their understandings are darkened, being blinded by the god of this world; "destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace have they not known." (Rom. iii. 16, 17.) "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." (Isai. lvii. 20, 21.) The recollection of the past fills them with remorse, and the anticipations of the future, with consternation; while the prevalence of unholy dispositions renders them restless and wretched. Some have been happy in a prison. There Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises to God, with their feet made fast in the stocks, after having been striped only a few hours before. In the prison of sin happiness was never found: there may be seen mirth and gaiety, amusement and frolic; but all these are not a whit better than the melancholy joyousness of the madman, who fancies that his prison is a palace, his chains an ensign of office, and his wretched associates ministers of

the companions with whom they will dwell. Who are generally the inmates of a prison? The worthless, the vicious, and the vile; murderers, thieves, and assassins, whose crimes have found them out, and who are in a state of confinement, like wild beasts, that they may do no further mischief. Are the companions of the ungodly any better? With whom do they associate? "Like loves like." Sinners love sinners; fraternize with them, accompany them in the ways of error, and strengthen each other in iniquity.

7. *Of the fearful end to which they are doomed.* Prisons are often preludes to punishment. The wretched culprit after a tedious confinement is brought forth to end his days on the fatal scaffold. And what will be the end of them that obey not the Gospel of God? Death, eternal death, everlasting punishment: after having been imprisoned a few years in the prison of sin here, death will drag their wretched souls from the body, and consign them to the bitter pains of eternal death, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!

II. THE MEASURES WHICH SHOULD BE ADOPTED FOR ITS DELIVERANCE.

1. *To show those who are in prison the nature of their captivity.* It is a melancholy fact that many are in bondage and know it not. They fancy that they enjoy full liberty, wrap themselves in the cloak of imaginary security, and "when they say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape." (1 Thess. v. 3.) When our Lord informed the Jews that if they knew the truth, "the truth would make them free;" they immediately replied, "We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man." (John viii. 32, 33.) In order that we may become acquainted with our real character and situation, we should, with a docile and humble spirit, read the Bible, which gives the most plain, circumstantial, and heart-searching descriptions of the fallen and miserable condition of man; how deeply he has fallen from God, and to what danger he is exposed. When we peruse these humiliating accounts, we must not imagine that they describe some race of beings with whom we have no connexion; but rather let us acknowledge they belong to us: we are exposed to this punishment; we are fallen, condemned, and in danger of eternal death. Listen, then, to the word of exhortation. Hear the preaching of divine truth at every opportunity; hear it attentively and with self-

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application; suffer it to come home to your conscience, that, as a nail, it may be fastened in a sure place: reflect upon it seriously, and with prayer, even when you have retired from the sanctuary. Do not be "like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." (James i. 23, 24.)

2. *To convince their hearts of the misery of their situation.* It is confessedly one thing to *see*, and another thing to *feel*. There may exist a *seeing eye*, but not a *feeling heart*. Light may be found in the understanding, when there is no contrition of soul. Unless the heart be deeply affected with a sense of its miserable condition, no effort will be made for its emancipation. Use means therefore that your hearts may be thus affected. Ponder upon your present condition. Nothing of a permanent character can be effected in religion without consideration. "Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." (Isai. i. 3.) "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" (Deut. xxxii. 29.) "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies." (Psalm cxix. 59.) "Consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." (Psalm l. 22.) "Consider what I say; and the Lord give thee understanding in all things." (2 Tim. ii. 7.) If you wish your hearts to be affected, consider your circumstances; reflect on your moral condition. Compare yourselves with what the word of God declares you ought to be, with what you might have been; and consider what you must be in order to be prepared for heaven. To this end seek the aid of the Spirit of God. "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born." (Zech. xii. 10.) The Holy Spirit can produce in your minds such deep conviction of sin as to produce "a broken and a contrite heart," which God "will not despise." (Psalm li. 17.)

3. *To emancipate the captive, and rescue him from bondage.* Sin is the moral prison of the soul, from which God alone can set us free. He only can break "the chain of our sins," and deliver us from its guilt and power by the justification of our persons, and from its pollution by the sanctification of our nature. "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." (Isai. xliii. 25.) In order to experience this deliverance,—

(1.) *Pray for it*, under the strong assurance that God only can deliver, and that vain is the help of man. The walls of our prison-house are so strong, that the Most High alone can demolish them; your chains are riveted so fast and close, that He only can dissever. Pray, therefore, under the full conviction, that if you are not speedily delivered from your present state of bondage, the prison of hell will be your place of confinement for ever.

(2.) *Pray for it earnestly.* It is the fervent prayer that availeth much. Cry mightily to God: it is on a subject of vast, nay, of infinite, importance. How would the drowning man call for help?

(3.) *Pray for it importunately.* Cease not to pray, until deliverance arrive. With David, say, "Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud." (Psal. lv. 17.) Witness the case of the importunate widow. (Luke xviii. 1, &c.) Remember, also, the situation and conduct of the blind man who sat by the way-side begging; (Luke xviii. 35—43;) and be not faithless, but believing: therefore,

(4.) *Pray for it believingly.* Faith works wonders. "All things are possible to him that believeth." (Mark ix. 23.) Nothing can withstand the prayer of faith.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, It shall be done!"

When a soul is happily rescued from thraldom, a sense of this deliverance is graciously and immediately vouchsafed; the Almighty, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, gives a "knowledge of salvation unto his people by the remission of their sins." (Luke i. 77.) "For they have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but they have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby they cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with their spirit, that they are the children of God;" (Rom. viii. 15, 16;) and then do they exclaim,—

"Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee."

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III. THE GRATITUDE WHICH THE DELIVERER HAS A RIGHT TO EXPECT,—"That I may praise thy name."

1. *Deliverance from the prison of sin lays the foundation for ardent gratitude to Almighty God.* We ought to be grateful for our temporal mercies. The food we eat, the raiment we wear, and the health we enjoy, call loudly for expressions of unfeigned gratitude. But the "unspeakable gift" of God's beloved Son, the communication of the Holy Spirit, and the offers of mercy made to us in the Gospel, more especially require them. And, above all, to be made partakers of the grace of God in a deliverance from the guilt and power of sin, should inspire the heart to adopt the sentiment of the Psalmist, and to exclaim, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people." (Psal. cxvi. 12—14.) Sin is a tremendous evil. No words can adequately describe its malignant nature, as unfolded in the good of which it deprives us, and the curse and punishment to which it exposes us. How has sin desolated the world, and wasted the church of God! How great the blessing which saves us from it!

2. *Deliverance from sin attunes the heart to gratitude.* Cause of gratitude, and the disposition to exercise it, do not at all times accompany each other. There is not one among us who has not reason to be grateful. But, alas! how often we hear the murmur of discontent when we ought to be listening to the songs of praise! When the soul is brought out of prison, how powerful is the disposition to praise God, and how intensely do we feel an inward desire to serve him!

3. *Praise to God was the object which David contemplated in the deliverance which was wrought.* The royal Psalmist sought emancipation from bondage that he might have an additional motive for praising God. He did not say, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may enjoy myself, live at my ease, and gratify my carnal appetites;" but, "That I may praise thee." This the Most High has a right to claim, and there is nothing that sincere souls delight to render to God so much as praise. "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me." (Psal. l. 23.)

From the whole we learn,—

1. *The miserable situation of a fallen soul shut up in the prison of sin.* Bound, fettered, and immured in darkness, gloom, and guilt! How strange that any rational and intelligent creature can be content with being in this condition! We have heard of prisons so dreadful that we should shudder with horror at the idea of being confined therein;—of Inquisitions, Bastiles, and dark, dismal dungeons, in which individuals have been doomed to perpetual captivity; but even in them the soul may be free.

"But there is yet a liberty unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which Monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away:
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
'Tis liberty of heart derived from heaven.
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
And seal'd with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanction'd sure,
By the' unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God."

This was the liberty which David panted to enjoy, when he uttered the words of the text. How wretched is the soul who never tasted this liberty!

2. *None but the Most High can deliver.* Vows and resolutions are vain, unless God come to your help. Look, therefore, to him. He says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." He will not cast you out. His promises bind him to the exercise of compassion. He is "slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."

3. *Let those who are delivered offer the sacrifice of praise.* This they are bound to do, not only with the lips, but in their lives. Say, with the Psalmist, "I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart." (Psal. cxix. 32.) Strive to follow his example.

R. T.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE PSALMS.*

"MANY of the Psalms are commemorative of the miraculous interpositions of God in behalf of the chosen people; for, indeed, the history of the Jews is a fundamental part of revealed religion. Many were, probably, composed upon the occasion of remarkable passages in David's life, his

* "A Metrical Version of the Hebrew Psalter: with explanatory Notes." London: Ward and Co. Small 4to.

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dangers, his afflictions, his deliverances. But of those which relate to the public history of the natural Israel, there are few in which the fortunes of the mystical Israel, the Christian church, are not adumbrated; and of those which allude to the life of David, there are none of which the Son of David is not the principal and immediate subject. David's complaints against his enemies are Messiah's complaints, first, of the unbelieving Jews, then of the Heathen persecutors, and of the apostate faction in the latter ages. David's afflictions are Messiah's sufferings. David's penitential supplications are thé supplications of Messiah in agony, under the burden of the imputed guilt of man. David's songs of triumph and thanksgiving are Messiah's songs of triumph and thanksgiving, for his victory over sin, and death, and hell. In a word, there is not a page in this book of Psalms in which the pious reader will not find his Saviour, if he reads with a view of finding him; and it was but a just encomium of it that came from the pen of one of the early Fathers, that it is a complete system of divinity, for the use and edification of the common people of the Christian church."

These sentiments respecting the Book of Psalms are strongly confirmed by the use made of it by our Lord, and by the inspired writers of the New Testament. "All things," said our Saviour to his disciples, "must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, *and in the Psalms*, concerning me." (Luke xxiv. 44.) It may be doubted whether in the Gospels themselves, the sufferings of our Lord are described in so touching a manner as in the Book of Psalms. In the former, the Evangelists describe these sufferings in their own simple and striking language; but in the latter, our Lord himself appears before us, and describes them in his own words:—

"They pierce my hands and my feet,
(I can count all my bones,)
They look, they gaze upon me,
They part my garments among them,
And for my vest they cast lots."
(Psal. xxii. 16—18.)
FRENCH AND SKINNER'S *Version.*

We hear him, in the hour of his deepest agony, exclaiming, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Psal. xxii. 1;) and, when "pouring out his soul unto death," we hear him exclaim, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." (Psal. xxxi. 5.) No portion of the word of God is better calculated to assist believers in calling to remembrance the dying love of Christ, than those Psalms which describe his sufferings and death. The Evangelists and the Prophet Isaiah furnish us with an affecting narrative; David, with a lively drama.

The use made of the Psalter by the inspired writers of the New Testament, especially by that profound reasoner, St. Paul, affords strong additional evidence in favour of that spiritual interpretation of the Psalms for which Bishop Horsley and other Divines contend. All the fundamental truths of the Gospel are proved by quotations from this book. Does the Apostle write to establish the doctrine of the universal depravity of mankind? He quotes the language of David, "There is none righteous, no, not one: there is none that understandeth: there is none that seeketh after God," &c. (Compare Rom. iii. 10—12, with Psal. xiv.) Does he wish to establish the great doctrine of justification by faith alone? He again refers to the language of the Psalmist, "Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man to whom God imputeth righteousness without works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." (Compare Rom. iv. 6—8 with Psal. xxxii. 1, 2.) Does he desire that Christians may "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called?" He directs them to contemplate their risen and exalted Saviour, seated at the right hand of God, and "having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost;" and he does this by adopting the language of the inspired poet, "When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." (Compare Eph. iv. 1—10 with Psal. lxviii. 18.) Does he urge them to follow the self-denying example of Christ? He reminds them that "He pleased not himself, as it is written," in the Psalms, "The reproaches of them that reproached thee have fallen on me." (Compare Rom. xv. 3 with Psal. lxix. 9.) From the Psalms the Apostle proves the true Deity of Christ. (Compare Heb. i. 8—12 with Psal. xlv. 6, 7, and cii. 25—27.) He establishes his relation to the Father, "as the only-begotten Son of God," by quoting the words of Psal. ii., "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee:" (see Heb. i. 5:) and he proves his real manhood by applying to him the statements contained in Psal. viii., and also by quoting the words of Psal. xxii. as the language

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Immanuel,—"I will declare thy name unto *my brethren;* in the midst of the church will I sing praise unto thee." (See Heb. ii. 11, 12.) From the same prophetic book, he proves the voluntary character of Christ's atonement, and its all-sufficiency. (Compare Heb. x. 5—10. with Psal. xl. 6—8.) He argues for the truth of the essential doctrine of our Lord's resurrection, by quoting the words of David, "Thou shalt not suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." (Compare Acts xiii. 35—37 with Psal. xvi. 10, 11.) And he insists on his divine appointment to "an unchangeable priesthood," and his ability to "save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him," by quoting the words of the royal Prophet, "Thou art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec." (Compare Heb. vii. with Psal. cx.) When he would exhort believers to hold fast the beginning of their confidence and rejoicing of hope firm unto the end, that so they may secure "the rest" which God has promised, the Apostle again refers to the Psalms, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts," lest they should share the fate of those concerning whom God sware in his wrath, "They shall not enter into my rest." (Compare Heb. iii., iv., with Psal. xcv.) Thus we find that, from the commencement to the close of the Christian's course, "all things that pertain to life and godliness" may be found in this inestimable portion of God's holy word.

But, not only as a body of divinity is the Psalter valuable, it contains the language of prayer and praise, expressed in "the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth." In these words the church, from the earliest ages, has offered "the sacrifice of praise to God." Hence the importance of metrical versions of the Psalms; and hence the many efforts which have been made to accomplish this very difficult task. By those who have laboured to serve their fellow-Christians in this respect, two different methods have been adopted. Some have aimed at a literal version, adhering, as closely as possible, to the sacred text. Others have thought it necessary to adapt the Psalms to Christian worship; and, in so doing, have departed widely from the language, and even from the sentiments, of their inspired authors.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE COAT OF TREVES.

EVERY one has heard of the glorious Reformation which begun in Germany in the days of Luther, and stretched far and wide till it reached England. Of late years, Germany has sadly fallen back again into Popery and infidelity. But another reformation has begun in Germany, and is spreading even more rapidly than that which was commenced by Luther. It is very delightful to hear of the Heathen turning to the worship of the true God, and scarcely less pleasant to hear of the members of the corrupt church of Rome returning to the pure faith of the Gospel.

In 1844 the towers of the Cathedral of Treves were standing unfinished because there was no money to finish them. In order to get money for the purpose, Bishop Arnoldi of Treves proposed a general pilgrimage to the holy coat in the treasury-chest of Treves, and which was said to be the seamless coat worn by our Lord Jesus before his crucifixion.

The Popish story of the coat is this. That after the soldiers had cast lots for it, it was preserved by miracle till the time of the Roman Emperor Constantine in the fourth century; that his mother, the Empress Helena, found it in Palestine, and on her return to Europe presented it to the church of Treves. A curious picture of her finding it, copied from a very old book printed in 1480, has recently been published.

After this, the coat was said to have lain hid in some corner of the cathedral for several hundred years more, and in 1196, was discovered by the Archbishop of Treves. He wanted money to repair the cathedral, and exhibited it to all who chose to bring an offering in return for the sight. In 1514, Pope Leo X. promised complete forgiveness of sins to all who should make a pilgrimage to Treves to worship the coat once in seven years. Luther was then living, and he indignantly protested against it. In 1655, the coat was displayed with great pomp to a vast concourse of people. In 1810 it was once more exhibited, and 200,000 pilgrims flocked to see it. And finally in 1844, for the space of six weeks, above 500,000 pilgrims flocked to behold it.

The way in which the exhibition was made was such as to strike the minds of the ignorant multitude. "There were processions of Bishops and Canons in their gorgeous vestments. Priests in strange attire heading their pilgrim-flocks, banners and crucifixes, lighted tapers and fragrant incense, solemn music and chanted litanies, the thronging peasantry in their picturesque dresses, the trains of youthful maidens clad in white and

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adorned with flowers and medals; while the aged and infirm, who expected the cure of their diseases by a believing sight of the holy garment, lingered in the rear. The streets and highways were crowded with fairs, shows, and booths; displaying pictures of the coat, charms and amulets, rosaries and medals."

The 18th of August, being the festival of St. Helena, was chosen as the first day of exhibition. The gaily decorated steamers of the Moselle were thronged with pilgrims from all parts of Germany, and even from France, Belgium, and Holland. They landed amidst the firing of guns and the pealing of bells; the trains of pilgrims, preceded by bands of music, flags, and banners, and headed by their Priests, walking onwards in procession. The cathedral was richly decorated, and the altar splendidly lighted. High mass was celebrated by Bishop Arnoldi, and he made an oration on the coat. It was then held up before the altar in a rich gold frame with a glass front, that all might behold it. The pilgrims all threw themselves prostrate before it, and worshipped it, singing a hymn beginning with the words, "Holy Coat, pray for us;" many crying out, "O Holy Coat, we pray to thee," &c. Then they all rose and hastened towards the coat. The Priests on each side took the rosaries, medals, and amulets of the pilgrims, touched the robe with them, and then returned them. The pilgrims thought that anything which had touched the coat, would be a charm to shield them from the devil and from every other evil. Then they all put some money into the basons placed in front of the case, received the Priest's blessing, and went out at the opposite door to make room for more worshippers, being fully assured that all their sins would be forgiven.

Now those who have closely examined this coat have discovered a seam in it, and have also found idolatrous figures woven in it, so that it could not possibly have been the coat which Jesus wore. Besides which, there have been several other coats in different places, all claiming to be the very robe of Jesus. In 1514, Leo X. pronounced the coat of Treves to be *the* coat; while in August, 1843, the present Pope says the same thing of another at Argenteuil. The coat at Treves has been exhibited a few times only, and each time for the purpose of getting money from the ignorant multitude.—*Juvenile Missionary Keepsake.*

TRACES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

I.—THOMAS A BECKET.

THOMAS A BECKET was the son of a citizen of London, and of a Syrian woman. He was educated in the schools of London, and in early life was known to King Henry only as a clever, active young man, who loved pleasure, and was useful in business, and whom it would be wise to attach to his service.

When the high office of Archbishop of Canterbury became vacant, Henry thought he could not do better than bestow it on Becket; for in him he thought to find one who would make the Clergy more manageable, and would be more eager to oblige his master than to consult the interests of the Church.

But Henry did not know Becket. No sooner was he made Archbishop, than he left off all his gay and splendid habits; he seemed to have left off also all disposition to please his royal master, and to desire nothing but to promote the power of the Church; while he took unwearied pains to please the people; washing the feet of the poor, and ministering to the sick.

One of his Clergy having committed a very shocking crime, the King insisted upon his being tried by the civil Magistrate; but Becket stiffly opposed this trial, as contrary to the usages of the Church.

The King then, greatly annoyed, called a council of the nobility and Clergy, and begged their assistance in reforming these laws, and passing some ordinances which should render Clergymen liable to be tried for wrong-doing in the same manner as laymen.

And after some consideration, these proposed laws were subscribed to by the Bishops and nobles; Becket himself at length agreeing to follow the example of the rest.

But in this compliance he was either rash or insincere; for the Pope of Rome having disapproved of these laws, Becket immediately recanted; and putting on his episcopal robes, and bearing the crosier in his hand, he went to the King's palace, and marching straight into the room where Henry and his Barons were assembled, he protested against the new laws, and revoked his late assent to them.

This conduct astonished and irritated the King, who now bitterly repented having placed Becket in so high a position: and yet further was he irritated when, a few days afterwards, news came that Becket had crossed the water on a mission to the Pope, and when this was followed by a sentence of excommunication against his chief Ministers, and all whom Becket considered as particularly his enemies.

It would take much time to relate all that passed from this period between the King and Becket. Both were wrong, and both in some points were right. The King gradually became more and more exasperated against Becket. Becket himself could not, or did not choose to yield in the least to the King, but rather seemed to take pride in thwarting him.

They were, however, at length outwardly reconciled, and had a meeting, at which the King forgave the Archbishop, and the Archbishop gave his blessing to the King; and Becket, after this, went over again to England.

But the manner in which he carried himself on his return provoked Henry exce

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ingly. Instead of quietly retiring to discharge the duties of a Christian Bishop in his diocess, Becket made a journey through Kent, with all the splendour and state of a Sovereign, and proceeding towards London, he there excommunicated the Bishops of London and Salisbury, and suspended the Archbishop of York.

He also excommunicated one man for having spoken against him, and another for having cut off the tail of one of his horses.

While this passed, King Henry was in Normandy; and when he heard of Becket's behaviour, and when the Bishops whom Becket had denounced came over from England to complain of their ill treatment, the King's anger passed all prudent bounds, and he hastily exclaimed, "Have I then no true friends among the cowards who eat my bread? not one who will rid me of this turbulent Priest?"

His words were heard; and though no one dared to make answer, there were those in his presence who inferred that the King would be glad Becket were murdered.

There is no reason at all to believe that Henry had any such idea, though he was doubtless bewildered at the difficulty of dealing with this man: his words only expressed his wish that any one would devise a way by which he could conquer Becket's obstinacy.

Four, however, of the King's Knights, catching at his words, hastened to Canterbury, with the full purpose of murdering the Archbishop.

And they executed this bad purpose but too soon. The appearance of these men in Canterbury occasioned immediate remark, and the Archbishop was advised to keep close within doors.

But he refused, and prepared as usual to attend vespers at the cathedral. He was ascending the steps of the choir, when the four Knights, with twelve companions, all armed, burst into the church, exclaiming loudly, "Where is the Archbishop? where is the traitor?"

"Here is the Archbishop," answered Becket, looking loftily on them; "but he is no traitor." At that moment the Knights fell upon him, and knocking him down with repeated blows, he expired at the foot of St. Bennet's altar.

Thus died Thomas à Becket; and his death, besides being an act of murder and sacrilege, was productive of very unhappy consequences to both the King and the people. The Clergy threw all the blame of Becket's death upon Henry; and the people, believing them, were thenceforth less inclined to think favourably of their King than before.

The next act was to rank Becket with the saints and martyrs, and to build a sumptuous shrine in Canterbury cathedral to his memory: here wonderful cures were said to be wrought; even dead men, we are told, were brought to life by touching the sacred tomb.

And for three or four hundred years afterwards troops of pilgrims constantly resorted to the tomb of St. Thomas, kneeling, and making confession of their sins, and appealing to him for help, as if he was their intercessor with God.

Richer people brought with them gifts, which they offered up at the shrine, and which amounted to a very large sum in the course of a year; in one year to as much as eight hundred and thirty-two pounds, and in another to nine hundred and fifty-four.

The shrine of Thomas à Becket is still standing in his cathedral; but the time for pilgrims to kneel and pray and offer gifts there, is gone by; and those who now visit the place may well be thankful that it is so: they have the clear language of the Bible to guide them, and they know that "there is but one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

And no Monks stand about the shrine now, persuading the people to believe in the miracles performed there; but the beautiful building remains, and every one who goes may still lift up his heart in silence to God, and pray to be cured of his infirmities: and where is he who does not believe that those prayers, if offered in faith, will be heard?—*England and its People.*

PROVERBS.

"He set in order many proverbs."

[The proverbial wisdom of the populace instructs, perhaps, more fully than a thousand rules. Instruction through sayings and proverbs is of great antiquity; and still, it may be, affords an effectual means to move upon the minds of the lowest classes of the people; because little is required of the reasoning faculties; and the moral lessons which they contain are easily remembered and readily applied.]

Truth will prevail, Though it creeps like a snail.

Good may be done by the *bad;* but the good alone can *be* good.

Maxims are as necessary for the weak, as rules for the beginner.

Neatness begets order.

A stitch in time saves nine.

Frolic and fun, Much mischief have done.

Tempers are best known in sports and journeys.

Jesting breeds many quarrels.

As you use your parents, your children will use you.

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The best sweetener of the bitters of life, is a sweet temper.

By cruelty to poor beasts children learn,
The knife against their parents' throats to turn.

Early years well spent, Make old age content.

The comfort of life, Is to live without strife.

If you are angry, ere you scold,
Drink a glass of water cold.

The best horse needs breaking,
And the best child needs teaching.

Learning is wealth to the poor, honour to the rich, and comfort to old age.

The saying of "A short life and a merry one," Has ruin'd and hung many a one.

Time is the stuff life is made of, as they say; Then squandering time, is squandering life away.

Lost time is never found again.

Let children be brought up in industry, and when they are old they will never know poverty.

Though hunger may often *look into* the cottage of the industrious, it will seldom be able to *enter*.

An idle habit comes without calling.

One mild answer quenches more fire than two buckets of water.

Life is made up of little things.

An ounce of prudence is worth a pound of wit.

He only is a wit, who can amuse his friends without offending any one.

Readiness to oblige gives a grace to every favour.

Friendship is the cordial of life.

A parent's good name is an inheritance.

Children should be kept in order, rather by the fear of offending, than by the fear of punishment.

True good breeding is nothing more than the practice of the common principles of humanity and good nature, extended to all the concerns of common life.

We are sent into this world as soldiers to battle; we too often reserve our virtue for great occasions, and our fortitude for great trials; and we forget that few are called to be heroes and martyrs: let us act uprightly, and with kindness in the station in which we are placed, and be thankful that God has not imposed on us a greater task.

POETRY.

ON JUSTICE.

BY GEORGE BRADBURN. *

A JUST judge of justice is justly judged just,
When judging with justice, he gives judgment just.
If judging unjustly, his judgment's unjust,
With justice that judge should be judged as unjust;
And justly be judged for his judgment unjust.
For soon will the Judge of all judges, so just,
Judge him when he judges the just and unjust.
That judge will then own, nor will think it unjust,
That he justly is judged for his judgment unjust.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

PALE, weary watcher by Bethesda's pool,
From dewy morn to silent, glowing eve;
While round thee play the freshening breezes cool,
Why wilt thou grieve?

Listen! and thou shalt hear the' unearthly tread
Of heaven's bright herald passing swiftly by,
O'er the calm pool his healing wing to spread:
Why wilt thou die?

At his approach, once more the troubled wave
Leaps gushing into life, its torpor gone:
Once more call'd forth its boasted power to save,
Which else had none!

Ah! then his spirit feels a deeper grief,
When o'er the rippling surface healing flows;
His wasted limbs experience no relief;
No help he knows!

Healing, and strength, and cure for all his woe,
May linger round that sacred fountain's brim;
Yet all unable he one step to go:
No cure for him!

No friend is watching there, whose anxious love
For him prompt access to the pool can win;
Soon as the angel did the waters move,
Others stepp'd in!

O ye! who idly pass unheeding by,
Knew ye the sickening pang of hope delay'd,
Your listless steps would eagerly press nigh,
And give him aid.

Ah! wretched lot, of gnawing want to die,
While smiling plenty mocks us all around;
Or, shipwreck'd, watch, as we all helpless lie,
Others home-bound!

* The last of the Rev. Samuel Bradburn's six sons. He died at Manchester in 1801, aged eighteen.

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Yet sadder far, to him who reads aright
The story of our being's end and aim,
The spirit darken'd 'mid surrounding light
By sin and shame!

To see the' impervious clouds of prejudice,
Round which the sunbeams pour their light in vain;
The dead soul, fetter'd by the films of vice,
Knows not its chain.

Then if *thy* spirit freedom, knowledge drink,
Bathed in that living fount which maketh pure,
O! aid thy brother, ere he helpless sink,
To work his cure!

Hopeless, and helpless, vainly did HE turn
For help or pity to the busy throng;
Yet found them both in ONE, whose heart did burn
With love, how strong!

POPERY.

PROJECTS AND ACTINGS OF THE PAPISTS.

(*From the "Protestant Advocate."*)

I. ENGLAND.

Popish Chapel and Nunnery in Hackney.—A commodious piece of ground, in the triangle and close adjacent to King Edward's-road, at Hackney, has been purchased and taken possession of by Dr. Griffiths, Titular Bishop of Olena, and other trustees, whereon to erect a Popish chapel and nunnery. The discipline of the latter will much resemble that of the Sisters of Charity.

Liverpool.—Mr. Pugin, the noted artist for restoring ancient architecture in this country, has, by authority, submitted plans for a Popish cathedral, upon a grand scale, to be erected at Liverpool. Its length is to be 400 feet, with two lofty towers, and a steeple of great height. It will stand upon two and a half acres of land. The cost will exceed £100,000. Subscriptions of £500 to £2,000 each, are already spoken of.

Leicester.—It is rumoured in Leicester that the Roman Catholics are about to purchase the Three Crowns Inn, and in its place to erect a magnificent cathedral, similar to that lately built at Nottingham. They are now erecting a very large school at Ratcliffe. near the Syston station; and on Charnwood Forest is a monastery, inhabited by about thirty Monks. The latter possess a farm of about 250 acres, which they themselves cultivate, and to the poor of the neighbourhood they are exceedingly charitable.—*Lincoln Mercury.*

Penryn, Cornwall.—A large house and extensive gardens have been purchased at Penryn, in Falmouth, for a convent; and Priest Buggenows is at present in Belgium, for the purpose of bringing over "Sisters of Our Lady" from Narvur. A school will shortly be opened at the convent.

II.—FRANCE.

A French Priest's Reasons for quitting the Church of Rome.

LETTER OF M. CHARDIVOINE TO HIS BISHOP.

To M. Clement Villecourt, Bishop of Rochelle.

MY LORD,—Your letter, on which I have reflected much, has decided me to do what my conscience has for a long time enjoined: it breaks the last ties which have hitherto bound me to the Romish Church, and, triumphing over my too long hesitancy, determines me at last to embrace the evangelical faith. It is sufficient to inform you that I separate from the Church of Rome, because in its doctrines, as well as in its practice, it is decidedly opposed to the word of God. These convictions which I now manifest, are not the result of a sudden impulse. I have good reason to believe that you have foreseen them, my Lord, and that they are the principal, if not the only cause, of the determination which you have taken with respect to me. Your letter, which I abstain from characterizing, reproaches me in a manner which I do not deserve, and imputes to me sentiments to which, thanks be to God, I am a stranger. But what has most afflicted me, is the want of charity which it reveals, when on the part of a Bishop it was natural to expect paternal counsel. I am not surprised at it; for the Lord foretold that his disciples should be disowned, hated, and persecuted for his name's sake. On the contrary, I see in this a greater motive to perseverance in the path into which I have been conducted by comparing the teaching of the Romish Church with the teaching of Scripture. At another time I may make you acquainted, in greater detail, with the result of the examination which I have made. Suffice it at present to mention a few of the numerous errors of the Church of Rome.

You teach that the Priest, in saying mass, causes the body, blood, soul, and divinity of Jesus Christ to descend on the altar; whilst it is written, (Heb. ix. 28,) "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear, the second time, without sin unto salvation." "But now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." (Heb. ix. 26.)

You teach, also, that the mass is an unbloody sacrifice; whilst it is written, that "without shedding of blood is no remission." (Heb. ix. 22.)

You teach that the Virgin Mary is the Queen of heaven, the mediatrix between heaven and earth, and the refuge of sinners

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whilst it is written, "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus;" (1 Tim. ii. 5;) "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." (1 John ii. 1.)

You teach that there is a purgatory, in which souls go to expiate their sins; whilst it is written, that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

You teach that good works justify us before God; whilst it is written, "By the deeds of the law there shall no man be justified in his sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin." (Rom. iii. 20.) "We conclude that a man is justified by faith, without the deeds of the law." (Rom. iii. 28.)

Such is a brief statement of the motives which have induced me to leave Rome for the Gospel. My desire being to follow the true light, which is Jesus Christ; it is to him only that I wish to go; for he is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Whatever may be the motives which malevolence may impute to me, it will not be less certain that I leave a situation of ease for one having persecution, outrage, and misery in perspective. My faith will not be shaken by it: I fear them less who can kill the body, than He who can kill the soul. I shall have, my Lord, to sustain a ruder shock than that of your curses: it will come from an old man, from a father of eighty, who does not understand why his son should abandon a comfortable position to attach himself to a faith which is so often styled heretical. O! this last shock is the most painful to me: it makes me forget all others. But here again I ought to remember, that he who for the love of Jesus does not leave his house, his children, his brethren, his sisters, or his father and mother, is not worthy of Him. (Matt. x. 37, 38.) Assuredly it is a most hard and cruel separation; but conscience and conviction must not be bartered. God sees the heart: it is he who searcheth and judgeth.

I have the honour to be, my Lord, with profound respect, your very humble servant,

CHARDAVOINE,
Late Desservant of Migron.

Migron, July 1st, 1845.

—*Continental Echo.*

III.—CANADA.

Veneration of Relics.—We perceive that Treves is not the only place in the world where the Papists are reviving the superstitions connected with the veneration of relics.

We learn from Montreal papers, that on the 23d of May last, at the cathedral in that city, the solemn translation took place on the relics of St. Zotique, which had some little time previous been received from Rome. Who this martyr was, or where she suffered, or how her relics have been preserved and identified to the present day, we are not informed. Nor does it appear that these bones have any such power as the bones of Elisha had, though the simple Catholic is made to believe that 2 Kings xiii. 21 is a full warrant for believing that the bones of God's saints may work surprising miracles. But we learn that the "precious remains" of St. Zotique, enclosed in glass bottles, and encased in a wax effigy of the saint, in "astonishing perfection," are now deposited on an altar in the cathedral of Montreal, for the "veneration of believers," having been translated in the presence of an immense crowd who had assembled to witness the ceremony. —*Continental Echo.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CAMEL AND THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

THE proper meaning to be given to our Saviour's words (Matthew xix. 24, &c.) has always caused much discussion among translators and commentators on the Scriptures. The difficulty felt has caused many explanations; and we are told that the expression, "It is easier for a camel," or an elephant, "to pass through the eye of a needle," is proverbial in the East to denote an extreme degree of improbability. Mr. Harmer (see notes to Mant's Bible) says that the doorways in the East are made extremely low, sometimes not more than three or four feet high, to prevent the plundering Arabs from riding into the inner court; still they teach their camels to make their way, though difficult, through these doorways. This circumstance, he presumes, gave rise to the proverbial expression. These explanations come sufficiently near the mark to enable us clearly to understand this passage; but Lord Nugent, in his recent and very interesting publication, "Lands Classical and Sacred," has given an application of the words, which at once proves the fitness of the expression for the object our Saviour had in view. Lord Nugent describes himself (vol. i., p. 326) as about to walk out of Hebron through the large gate, when his companions, seeing a train of camels approaching, desired him to go through "the eye of the needle," in other words, the small side-gate. This his Lordship conceives to be a common expression, and explanatory of our Saviour's words; for he adds, "The sumpter camel cannot pass through, unless with great difficulty, and stripped of his load, his trappings, and his merchandise."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

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THE CRANE AND THE SWALLOW.

JER. viii. 7. "The crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming."—The migration and periodical flight of birds, instinctive as they must certainly be considered, are yet peculiarly demonstrative of the providential superintendence of the Creator. The natural history of the crane furnishes striking evidence of this assertion. Immediately after landing, we were surprised and delighted with a flight of birds, which we discerned at first like a thick dark speck in the heavens, which gradually enlarged as it approached, and discovered at length the array and order of their flight. They wheeled along their airy movements in the form of a semicircle, enclosing within itself numbers of smaller circles; the component parts of which were constantly shifting their relative positions, advancing to the front as if by a sudden impulse; then falling back to the rear, alternately occupying and giving place to others. The lively competition was constantly maintained; each of them every instant passing or passed by his fellow. All was grace and harmony, not one discordant movement throughout the whole array; everything appeared as if regulated by a preconcerted plan, in which every member understood and performed his part with freedom and precision, alike the subordinates and the superiors. They were too high in the air for us to hear any noise from the steerage of their wings, or to know what species of birds they were; but we judged them to be cranes. They held on their steady flight from north to south, following the course of the river as far as the eye could accompany them.—*Richardson's Travels.*

THE SINEW WHICH SHRANK.

GEN. xxxii. 32. "Therefore the children of Israel eat not of the sinew which shrank, which is upon the hollow of the thigh, unto this day."—We found the Choctaw before the door, watching the gambols of fifty or sixty of his horses, which were frolicking before him; and of more than two hundred very fine cattle, which, at sunset, were coming up, as usual, of their own accord, from different parts of the surrounding forest, where they have a boundless and luxuriant range. The whole scene reminded me strongly of pastoral and patriarchal times. He had chosen this situation, he said, for its retirement, (in some directions, he had no neighbours for fifty or a hundred miles,) and because it afforded him excellent pasturage and water for his cattle. He added, that occupation would give him and his family a title to it as long as they chose. He told me that they had an obscure story, somewhat resembling that of Jacob wrestling with an angel; and that the full-blooded Indians always separate the sinew which shrank, and that it is never seen in the venison exposed for sale. He did not know what they did with it. His elder brother, whom I afterwards met, told me that they eat it as a rarity. But I have also heard, though on less respectable authority, that they refrain from it, like the ancient Jews. A gentleman, who had lived on the Indian frontier, or in the nation, for ten or fifteen years, told me that he had often been surprised that the Indians always detached this sinew, but it had never occurred to him to inquire the reason.—*Hodgson's Journal.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

A MAN OVERBOARD!*

THE pleasure of our passage was much marred by the loss of a man overboard. When within a few hundred miles of the Azores, we were overtaken by a succession of severe squalls. Forming almost instantaneously on the horizon, they moved down like phantoms on the ship. For a few moments after one struck us, we would be buried in foam and spray, and then heavily rolling on a heavy sea. We, however, prepared ourselves, and soon got everything snug. The light sails were all in; the jibs, top-gallants, and spanker, furled close; the main-sail clewed up, and we were crashing along under close-reefed top-sails alone, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks, and went over backwards into the waves. In a moment, that most terrific of all cries at sea, "A man overboard! A man overboard!" flew like lightning over the ship. I sprung upon the quarter-deck just as the poor fellow with his "fearful human face," riding the top of a billow, fled past. In an instant all was commotion: plank after plank was cast over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and the boat lowered. The first Mate, a bold fiery fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter-deck, and in a voice so sharp and stern, I seem to hear it yet, shouted, "In men! in men!" But the poor sailors hung back, the sea was too wild. The second Mate sprang to the side of the first; and the men, ashamed to leave both their officers alone, followed. "Cut away the lashings," exclaimed the officer: the knife glanced around the ropes, the boat fell to the water, rose on a huge wave far over the deck, and drifted rapidly astern. I thought it could not live a moment in such a sea; but the officer who held the helm was a skilful seaman. Twice in his life he had been wrecked; and for a moment I forgot the

* Letters from Italy. By J. T. Headley. London. 8vo. 1845.

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danger in admiration of his cool self-possession. He stood erect, the helm in his hand, his flashing eye embracing the whole peril in a single glance, and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea that otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them till nearly two miles astern, when they lay-to to look for the lost sailor. Just then I turned my eye to the southern horizon and saw a squall blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered, rushing down upon us. The Captain also saw it, and was terribly excited. He afterwards told me that in all his sea-life he never was more so. He called for a flag, and, springing into the shrouds, waved it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal and pulled for the ship. But it was slow work; for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave. It was now growing dark; and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it. It would either go down at once, or drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could. I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon between the black water and the blacker heavens, was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track. Between it and us, appeared at intervals that little boat, like a black speck on the crest of the billows, and then sunk away apparently engulfed for ever. One moment the squall would seem to gain upon it beyond all power of escape, and then delay its progress. As I stood and watched them both, and yet could not tell which would reach us first, the excitement amounted to perfect agony. Seconds seemed lengthened into hours. I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew now settling the question of life and death to themselves and perhaps to us, who would be left almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm. The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode it like a duck. Every time she sunk away, she carried my heart down with her; and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes in horror: the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud, literally covered with foam and spray. The Captain knew, as he said afterwards, that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew. He called for his trumpet, and springing up the ratlines, shouted out over the roar of the blast and waves, "*Pull away, my brave bullies, the squall is coming; give way, my hearties:*" and the bold fellows *did* "*give way*" with a will. I could see their ashen oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the life-like boat sprung to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on the leap. On she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on; but the gallant little boat conquered. O, how my heart leaped when she at length shot round the stern, and rising on a wave far above our lee quarter, shook the water from her drenched head as if in delight to find her shelter again! The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right good will on a rope, as on the one that brought that boat up the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared over the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport. As they stepped on deck not a question was asked, no report given, but, "*Forward men, forward men,*" broke from the Captain's lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast, and we were again bounding on our way. If that squall had pursued the course of all the former ones, we should have lost our crew; but when nearest the boat (and it seemed to me the foam was breaking not a hundred rods off) the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swung round close to our bows. The poor sailor was gone: he came not back again. It was his birth-day, (he was twenty-five years old,) and, alas! it was his death-day. Whether, a bold swimmer, he saw at a distance his companions hunting hopelessly for him, and finally, with his heart growing cold with despair, beheld them turn back to the ship, and the ship itself toss its spars away from him for ever, or whether the sea soon took him under, we know not. We saw him no more, and a gloom fell on the whole ship. There were but few of us in all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and dark night: death had been among us, and had left us with sad and serious hearts. And I walked to the stern, and looking back on the foam and tumult of the vessel's wake, in which the poor sailor had disappeared, I instinctively murmured the mariner's hymn, closing with the prayer, "O sailor boy, sailor boy! peace to thy soul!" At length the wind lulled, the cloud broke away, and a large space of blue sky and bright stars appeared overhead; the dark storm-cloud hung along the distant horizon, over which the lightning still played, while the distant thunder broke at intervals over the deep. The black ocean moaned on in its heavy sobbings, the drenched and staggering ship rolled heavily on its restless bosom, and the great night encompassed all. This was solitude so deep and awful, that my heart seemed to throb audibly in my bosom. My eye ached with the effort to pierce the surrounding darkness, and find something to relieve the loneliness of the scene. At length the rising moon showed its bright disc over a cloud, tinging its black edge with silver, and pouring a sea of light on a sea of darkness, till the waves gleamed and sparkled as if just awakened to life and hope. The moon never looked so lovely before: it seemed to have come out in the heavens on purpose to bless and to cheer us.

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ORIGIN OF PAINE'S "AGE OF REASON."

A WRITER in the "Christian Intelligencer" of New-York, relates the following account of this infidel production, which he received from the lips of the author. The work itself contains internal testimony that Paine had a very slight acquaintance with those Scriptures which he virulently and with vulgarity assailed.

"I will explain the origin of the 'Age of Reason' to you. You may remember that in consequence of my vote against the execution of Louis XVI., with some other circumstances that were opposed to the proceedings of the French rulers during the reign of terror, I was first suspected of disaffection to Marat, Robespierre, and their accomplices, and finally arrested and cast into prison." (I think Mr. Paine said, *La Conciergerie.*) "While in the dungeon, and constantly expecting, like the others, without a moment's warning, to be transferred to the guillotine, it was suggested to me that if I would make it known that I was a devout worshipper of the Goddess of Reason, and utterly rejected everything Christian, I might escape the decapitation to which I fancied myself doomed. A tacit pledge was given by a friend, that if my life was spared, I should write a work adverse to Christianity expressly to be disseminated in Britain, to weaken the power of Pitt and his administration. By the death of Robespierre, I was liberated from prison; and to obtain the favour of the oligarchs, and regain my former position, I determined to compose the work entitled the 'Age of Reason.' Great difficulty was interposed; for a copy of the Bible could not be found. I had not seen or read a word for a long period before. At length a Testament was procured; probably," (Paine added,) "also, afterwards a Bible: and by the help of some quotations from other sources, I composed the 'Age of Reason,' which produced the effect designed; for the proscription of the work by the British Government rendered the French rulers propitious towards me. Since that period I have never concerned myself about any religion, and it was only your sentiments that made me advert to it; as I hold no conversation upon that subject, except with some companions, to ridicule the hypocritical fanatics and their priestcraft."

THE MANDARIN AND THE ENGLISH LADY.

THE degraded position of females in China is well known. Nothing astonishes the Chinamen who visit our merchants at Hong-Kong so much as the deference which is paid by our countrymen to the ladies, and the position which the latter are permitted to hold in society. The very servants express their disgust at seeing our ladies permitted to sit at table with their lords, and wonder how men can so far forget their dignity. A young English merchant recently took his youthful wife with him to Hong-Kong, where the couple were visited by a wealthy Mandarin. The latter regarded the lady attentively, and seemed to dwell with delight on her movements. When she at length left the apartment, he said to the husband, in his imperfect English, "What you give for that *wifey* (wife) of yours?" "O," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visiter, "2,000 dollars." This our merchant thought would appear to the Chinese rather a high figure; but he was mistaken. "Well," said the Mandarin, taking out his book with an air of business, "S'pose you give her to me, I give you 5,000 dollars." It is difficult to say whether the young merchant was more amazed or amused; but the grave air of the Chinaman convinced him that he was in earnest, and he was compelled therefore to refuse the offer, with as much placidity as he could assume. The Mandarin was, however, pressing, and went as high as 7,000 dollars. The merchant, who had no previous notion of the value of the commodity which he had taken out with him, was compelled at length to declare that Englishmen never sold their wives after they once came into their possession; an assertion which the Chinaman was slow to believe. The merchant afterwards had a hearty laugh with his young wife, when he told her that he had just discovered her full value, as the Mandarin had offered him 7,000 dollars for her.—*Liverpool Albion.*

NOTICES OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

SUCCESS OF THE CRUISERS.

THE *Sierra-Leone Watchman* of the 30th of August, supplies us with an unusual quantity of information respecting the slave-trade.

On the one hand it appears that the British cruisers have met with unprecedented success. A summary view of this matter is given in the following passage:—

"Commencing from the period when the strength of the squadron was augmented by the addition of steam power, (being also the date of Commodore Jones's arrival,) viz., in April, 1844, up to the last month, (June,) so short a period as fourteen months, no fewer than between sixty and seventy vessels of various sizes have been captured by Her Majesty's cruisers, for being engaged in the slave-trade. Out of this number, though sent to different Courts of Mixed Commission for adjudication, not one has escaped condemn-

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ation, either for being equipped for the slave-trade, or for having slaves on board at the time of capture: in the latter case, upwards of five thousand slaves have been rescued, and emancipated by the Courts established in this colony."

On the other hand, however, we learn, that the Mixed Commission Court had, in consequence, no doubt, of the expiration of the treaty with Brazil, declined to take cognizance of any more cases of vessels under the Brazilian flag; so that several captured slavers had been restored, and the flag of Brazil was also had recourse to for the protection of others. In addition to this, the paper contains some melancholy accounts, both of the extent to which the traffic is carried on in the Bight of Benin, from whence it was thought to have been expelled, and of the atrocities and calamities of which it is the source. The following extracts detail the particulars;—

FIRE AT THE TOWN OF LAGOS, AND A DREADFUL SLAUGHTER OF FIVE THOUSAND HUMAN BEINGS.

"From information by Lieut. Gray, R.N., Prize Officer of the *Africana*, we learn that a very large number of slaves have been shipped from the Bight of Benin, from those notorious slave-ports Lagos and Wydah, during the last three months. A very large brig, under Brazilian colours, sailed from Wydah in June, with eight hundred slaves. The *Carlotta*, a Sardinian brig, which sailed under Brazilian colours, having been sold a few days before sailing, had upwards of six hundred slaves on board. An American schooner, formerly called the *Seaford*, was also transferred to the Brazilian flag, and sailed from thence with upwards of three hundred slaves, about the middle of July. A brig, name unknown, sailed from Lagos in the early part of July, with upwards of six hundred slaves: showing no less a number than two thousand three hundred slaves which have been known to have been shipped during the last three months from those two places alone.

"Lieut. Gray also reports, that the town of Lagos has been completely destroyed. It appears that a Chief, who was banished from Lagos by the King about three years ago, returned in July with a force of ten thousand men, by water, (several of the canoes held one hundred men each,) and drove out the reigning King and his people, and he now holds possession of the rivers and town of Onee. It is said that upwards of five thousand persons were killed. Lieut. Gray states that for several nights the horizon was for miles illuminated, from the glare caused by the burning of towns: the firing of the parties was distinctly heard on board of Her Majesty's steamer *Hydra*."

DREADFUL MORTALITY IN A SLAVE-SHIP.

"On Tuesday night, the 19th of August, the brigantine *Africana*, in charge of Lieut. Gray, and Assistant-Surgeon J. Barr, Esq., arrived here, having been captured by Commander Young of Her Majesty's sloop *Hydra*, in the Bight of Benin, July 31st. At the time of capture, this vessel had about five hundred and eighty-nine slaves on board, of which number twenty-eight died on the passage up. On the first night of her arrival in this harbour (Tuesday night) thirty died! They were strangled during the night. It appears that there were two distinct tribes on board this vessel, and that during the night they quarrelled amongst themselves, beat each other with billets of wood, and throttled each other. It was a shocking sight to see so many dead bodies lying on the deck. On Wednesday night only one died, and during Thursday night three others died. Five hundred and twenty-four slaves were landed on Thursday the 21st, and conducted to the Liberated African yard. An eye-witness informs us that the poor creatures were so thirsty that they drank the water out of the ends of old canoes, which were hauled up on the beach, surrounding them like so many hounds after a hard chase, each pushing the other for a drop of water. On reaching the African yard they were supplied with water, which they drank out of mess-tins with avidity. There was no slave-deck on board of this vessel, and several of the poor creatures got jammed between the casks, and were severely bruised. These casks formed their beds to lie upon."

In this melancholy case there can be no doubt that the struggle was one, not of jealousy, but for fresh air and life. Such details as these cannot but supply fresh arguments against the system of armed suppression.

THE AFRICAN STATION.

THE following is an extract from a letter written by an officer on board the squadron on the west coast of Africa:—

"*Her Majesty's Ship* ——,
West Coast, Africa, July 26, 1845.

"Here we are, on the most miserable station in the wide world, nigger-hunting: attempting an impossibility, the suppression of the slave-trade. You may make treaties in London, and send the whole combined squadrons of England and France to this coast, and then you will not have gained your object. So long as a slave, worth only a few dollars here, fetches £80 or £100 in America, men and means will be found to evade the strictest blockade. The French ships trouble themselves so little about the affair, that they have never yet been known to take a prize. The absurdity of blockading a coast two thousand miles in extent must be obvious to the meanest capacity. Even if successful, you must be prepared to continue the force for ever and a day, or your labour is lost; for the moment the ships are removed, the

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business recommences. The market is the true centre to aim at: put an end to that, and the supplies will not be required. The loss of life and demoralizing effect to our service are very great, the climate and service being of that nature to prevent the proper exercise of discipline, and ships are anything but men-of-war; and many officers acquire habits neither beneficial to themselves nor ornamental to the navy. The best method of suppressing the trade we may leave to speculative theorists; but the naked fact of our exertions in the favour of the African slave having increased his miseries to an awful extent, with an immense sacrifice of life, is uncontradicted by the best-informed advocates of the slave-measures: I mean men of practical information employed on the coast. I will cite one or two instances within my own knowledge. At the spot we are now blockading, about three thousand slaves have been collected by the agents for exportation; but the difficulties to get them away have been so great, that few have been known to be shipped for twelve months. Provisions have been exhausted; and dreadful expedients, if report be true, have been resorted to for means of subsistence. Among others, and the least revolting, is driving them into the woods every morning, like herds of swine, to pick berries. Again, the slavers are obliged to make the most of any the slightest opportunity that offers. Frequently the heavy surf on the open coast beach prohibits the passage of ships' boats, and sometimes also the native canoes: when this occurs, and the slaver is anxious to run his cargo, the unfortunate men are dragged through the surf to the boats anchored outside, by lines attached to their persons. Men, women, and children, are served in this way: you may imagine what numbers must be drowned in such an operation. Prior to interference, they could not afford to trifle with their lives in this way: as the supply equalled the demand, prices were low, and it was an object with the slaver to preserve all his cargo: the loss of a few slaves carried off the cream of his profits. Now a few survivors will give a handsome return. Some of the vessels, apparently not much larger than our coasting-vessels, have been taken with hundreds on board. Seeing is believing; but nothing less could have convinced me it was possible to stow so many in the space: the slave-deck where they are packed is not three feet high, sometimes it is merely a space between the beams and the water-casks. When a full vessel is taken, we are obliged to make use of the slaver's crew to pack them away. At sunset this is done in the most clever manner, by the Spaniards making them all lie on the same side and fitting them in one by one, the projecting part of the body filling up by a corresponding hollow. Our men are not sufficiently skilful to do this. I am told long practice is required. As a set off to this we sometimes catch a few lucky Negroes, and liberate them at Sierra-Leone; but you may see by the Parliamentary returns that the per centage is very small. The station is now and has been considered healthy, although the few ships we have as yet communicated with, have afforded a dead-list of nine officers since our arrival, and men, no doubt, in proportion."

A SLAVE-AUCTION.

THIS is a city of strange sights. One can witness many scenes here which are not to be witnessed in our Green Mountain State. In the street which forms the division-line between the first and third municipality, slaves, attired in their best, are daily exposed to private sale. The "chain-gang," as it is called, may be seen, day after day, labouring in some part of the city. One very hot day I saw this gang, at work with their spades, excavating ditches in one of the streets of the city. There were about fifteen males and five females, all at work, except the driver, with long-handle spades. Each of the men wore a long iron chain on one of his legs, fastened round the ankle, above the knee, and to the waist. The women were not loaded with chains. One of the "gang," a large stout man, gave directions as to the manner of doing the work, and his commands appeared to be implicitly obeyed. Near by, sat or lounged a white man, who I supposed was the overseer of the whole. This gang are kept in prison at night, and are employed by the city during the day. They are slaves who had run away from their masters, or for some other *crime*, had been taken up and confined. To-day I have attended an auction of slaves at Bank's Arcade, near the middle of the city, and the centre of business. Twenty slaves are advertised for sale, in the public papers; of which, however, only six, I think, were "struck off." These, three men and three women, were sold at prices from ninety to four hundred and eighty dollars. Several of those who were for sale, were sent from South Carolina, mostly from Charleston; but as nothing but the title of property in these was guaranteed, no one bid upon them, and they remained unsold. In regard to the rest, the title to property in them was not only warranted, but age, character, qualities, condition, and accomplishments were proclaimed. One of the men was very much emaciated and sickly-looking: he was sold for ninety dollars: age, I think, forty, or thereabouts. Another was a young man, who had been brought up to the cigar-making business, and brought four hundred and eighty dollars. He was a bright, intelligent, good-looking young man, and was a runaway from his master. He was represented as having always sustained a good character till he ran from his owner. His only fault was, it seems, a desire to be free. Another, also a young man, was offered for sale by the Union

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Bank of New-Orleans, having been taken for debt. He was represented as an excellent man, a man of unexceptionable character, and, as evidence of it, as I suppose, he was said by the auctioneer to have a perfectly smooth back; that is, he had never been whipped. Three women were also sold: two of them were quite young, and the other about thirty. Their characters, qualities, and condition, were all made known. The youngest was sold for four hundred and fifty dollars. The next, whose peculiar condition was publicly cried, brought a little less; and the other, having a weakness in her back, her only defect, was sold for less still. Two women, with infants in their arms, were brought upon the stand, and offered for sale; but as they were from Charleston, and nothing said about their character or qualifications, no bid was made for them, and they were ordered off.

The auction was held in a large public room, at the back part of which there were accommodations for eating and drinking; which operations were going on, I believe, at the time of the sale. There was a large crowd of men standing around, some there as purchasers, and some, like myself, as spectators. A stand or platform, three or four feet high, was erected on one side of the room, on which sat a clerk, who noted down the particulars of the sale, and on which stood the auctioneer and the slave who was to be sold. The auctioneer was a middle-aged man, well dressed, and had the outward appearance of what is generally termed a *gentleman*. He did not think it necessary, however, to refrain from the use of profane language. Perhaps he considered it the mark of a gentleman. He cried the slaves, proclaimed their good qualities, age, defects, &c., with the same nonchalance and indifference that an auctioneer in Vermont would describe a horse, or a pair of oxen, which he was about to sell to the highest bidder. The slaves showed various emotions, more or less intense. Those who were sent from Charleston for sale wore very sad countenances. One of the young men who was sold, I perceived, eyed his purchaser very closely. Some of them did not appear to care much about being sold; others looked exceedingly dejected. The crowd looked on very calmly as the sale proceeded. When the unfortunate man who was sold for ninety dollars was struck off, one who was standing by my side very coolly remarked, "That man would be worth more than that to me." The whole scene was to me heart-sickening beyond description. I will not undertake to describe the thoughts and feelings which it excited in my mind; for it would be impossible. And all this in a Christian land! — *Vermont Phœnix.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. MARGARET NOBLE,

Of Blyth, Northumberland.

BY THE REV. RICHARD TABRAHAM.

Mrs. Margaret Noble, whose maiden name was Warwick, was born July 15th, 1795, of poor, but industrious parents. Not blest with an early religious training, she grew up destitute of the knowledge of divine things. When spending a week at home from service, she accompanied her widowed mother, who had recently joined the Methodist society, to hear a Wesleyan Local Preacher at Cumwhinton, in the Carlisle Circuit. His text was Isai. xii. 1,—"And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me." She felt she was not the character named in the Scripture, and returned home under a sense of guilt and condemnation. Her affectionate mother taught her the way of salvation. She returned to service with an assured interest in the frequent and importunate prayers of her parent, and a firm resolution, on her part, to seek the blessings of the Gospel. Nor did she seek in vain. The next day, while at work in the field, in great distress, and urging the publican's plea, "God be merciful to me a sinner," the Lord spoke peace to her soul. Her tongue was loosened, and her joyous heart praised the Lord whose anger was "turned away," and whose gracious consolation was imparted to her adopted and renewed spirit. This spiritual change was soon apparent to those who, being strangers to vital godliness, reproached her as a Methodist, and persecuted her for righteousness' sake. Though deprived of the privilege of public and social worship, she gave herself to prayer, held fast her confidence in God, and doubted not but that He whom she served would, after he had tried her, open her way to a more favourable situation. He graciously led her by the "right way" to the family of a Local Preacher. Here she united herself with the Wesleyan church, and enjoyed all those spiritual privileges which are provided for this favoured communion. Having found a rich pasture for her soul, and having no sympathy with those who are "given to change," she continued with this worthy family till that Providence which she had now taken for her constant heritage, guided her to her own household. As she had taken the important step of matrimony at a womanly age, with much consideration and prayer, with a man of God, and in relation to eternity, the new and growing trials of domestic life were not a

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temptation to retard her progress in the path to heaven, but a call to increased diligence and activity. In this new relation she was a pattern of good. Her industry and economy were constant and steady. She looked well to her household, and saved all she could by making and mending. Her hands could not be idle. Hence she not only could "*make both ends meet, but tie also,*" and have a trifle left to aid the cause she loved, and to comfort the hearts of those who were even poorer than herself. Few women have evinced more practical acquaintance with the proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine," than Mrs. Noble. Her quiet, serious, and notable family are in a high degree the pleasing fruit of her attention, not to the unprofitable news and fashion of the day, but to the momentous duties of *cottage* and *religious* life; and they rise and "call her blessed." Being justified by faith, and retaining the witness of her adoption till the close of life, though her experience varied, and she frequently mourned that in some things she offended, and in every thing came short, she enjoyed peace with God, and rejoiced in hope of glory. She rejoiced evermore, prayed without ceasing, and in everything gave thanks. Her affliction was long and painful, but refining; and, under the guidance of unerring Wisdom, it accomplished the end for which it was sent. She feared lest domestic attachment should make submission to the divine will difficult, and extreme suffering issue in impatience: she therefore entreated her husband and others to pray for her. She was heard in that she feared: the grace of God was sufficient. When the medical attendant intimated there was no hope of recovery, she calmly resigned herself to the will of God, saying, "Praise God: I shall soon be at my journey's end: to die is gain." She found the repeated visits of her Ministers a blessing to her soul: she highly appreciated this intercourse, and referred to them as seasons of spiritual delight. The last time the family and others knelt around her bed, and made prayer to God, the presence of Jehovah was felt, and every heart was affected. It was a solemn scene. The final moment was at hand. Some one observed, "Thy heart and thy flesh fail: what is the Lord to thee now?" With broken accents she replied, "The Lord is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." Life was gradually ceasing, and in a short time she fell asleep in Jesus, June 29th, 1844, aged forty-nine.

ANECDOTES.

THE LATE DUKE OF NORFOLK

HAD in his service a female, a Methodist. One of the superior servants complained to the Duke that this woman was too religious, and that she lost too much time in going to the chapel. The Duke asked where she went to; and was answered, "To Bury." "What! a *woman* walk four miles to a place of worship? It is too far. I desire that in future the boy may drive her every Sunday in the gig. She is right in worshipping the Almighty where and how she thinks best."

THE FRENCH WOMAN OF REDRUTH.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." (Eccles. xi. 1.)

A FRENCH woman, who obtained her livelihood from selling a few pincushions and some other little fancy articles of her own manufacture, called upon a Christian lady, who discovered that she was miserably ignorant of the great truths of revelation, and before she left her, begged her acceptance of a French Bible, finding she was unable to read English. She heard nothing more of the Bible or its owner until a few months ago, when she received the following letter, which cannot fail to be deeply interesting to every friend of humanity and religion, as well as a source of encouragement to all who are identified with the Bible Society, to go onward in scattering abroad the word of life, which "*shall* prosper in the thing whereunto it is sent:"—

"MADAM,—The poor French woman who, in God's good providence, met with a lady at Redruth many years ago, desires now to write and tell that dear lady of the mercy it was to her soul to have had that French Bible given her. At that time I was glad to have anything to read; for I had no book of any sort: little did I think that *there* was the bread of my soul. I have found there the blessing of God, both for my soul and body. It has been a great comfort to me. Many hours I have sat and cried, and prayed and rejoiced. By that blessed book I shall escape the gate of hell, and find the strait and narrow path which leads us to that heavenly abode. I love the Psalms: indeed, I love all the riches I find there. It was a fortune. I was astonished at every word I was reading. I find there that Jesus promises his presence with his people in health or illness. All his rich promises I love, and desire to follow him all the days of my life; for his promises are like himself—they are love.

"I cannot express in English all the words I desire to say; but I shall never thank you enough for this great and good gift. I would not part with it. All the money in this town

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would never buy off that gift from my hands. I love God, and I love my Bible. I live now in Southampton. Here I have been three years. In my travelling way I took no notice of the Bible; but when I settled I found myself one day in great sorrow: I was crying like a child with great distress. I had not the sense nor the knowledge to cry to God; and when I opened the Bible, I saw all sorts of beautiful promises, and read till my heart felt quite comfort. The next day I went out with my little basket, and I took sixpence; and I said at once, 'That blessed God has been my friend to-day:' so I read, and asked the blessed Spirit to give me understanding; and so he did. He helps me now, not only to trust him, but to love him better than anything in the world. I pray to God to give comfort to your soul, that the Lord may be the comfort of all your family.

"I am learning to read English, and get on very fast. I sit with my husband every evening, and he helps me to the hard words, and we get on very fast in making it out: then on Sunday after I go to an adult school, and I enjoy my book very much. I love to talk with God as I walk by the way; and when I go out empty, he answers my prayers, and blesses me with all that I want; blessings for my soul and blessings for my body. I am very happy, and often cry: it is often for joy. I cry sore for my sins; but Jesus bears my burden. His comforts are great, whoever may have even a little taste of it. Nothing in all the world is to be compared to the love of God. I must now say, God bless you always."

BISHOP ANDREWS.

"My Lords, cannot I take my subjects' money, when I want it, without the formality of Parliament?" said James the First to the Bishops of Durham and Winchester. The former readily answered, like a true courtier, "Forbid it, Sire, but you should: you are the breath of our nostrils." Whereupon the King turned to my Lord of Winchester, "Well, and what say you?" "Sire, I have no skill in Parliamentary matters." The King replied, "No put offs, my Lord: answer me." "Then Sire," said honest Andrews of Winchester, "I think it is lawful for you to take my brother of Durham's money; for he offers it."

MICHAEL STIFELIUS,

A Lutheran Minister of Wertemburg, foretold that the world would be at an end on the 3d of October, 1533, at ten in the morning. It appears that he made this singular discovery by a calculation of the square numbers; or, as others say, by the numeral letters of a passage in Scripture, that is, collecting it from these words:—VJDebVnt InqVeM transfIXerVnt; "They shall look upon him whom they have pierced;" the numeral letters of which contain the number of 1533. Is it not a melancholy circumstance that the mind of man should be the victim of such gross illusions? and that these illusions should find supporters among the professedly wise and good?

JOHN HOWARD AT PRAGUE.

On reaching the convent, he found the holy fathers at dinner, round a table, which, though it was meager-day with them, was sumptuously furnished with all the delicacies the season could afford, of which he was very politely invited to partake. This, however, he not only declined to do, but accompanied his refusal with a pretty severe lecture to the elder Monks; in which he told them, that he thought they had retired from the world to live a life of abstemiousness and prayer; but he found their monastery a house of revelling and drunkenness. He added, moreover, that he was going to Rome, and he would take care that the Pope should be made acquainted with the impropriety of their conduct. Alarmed at this threat, four of five of these holy Friars found their way the next morning to the hotel at which their visiter had taken up his abode, to beg pardon for the offence they had given him by their unseemly mode of living, and to entreat that he would not say anything of what had passed at the Papal See. To this request our countryman replied, that he should make no promise upon the subject; but would merely say, that if he heard that the offence was not repeated, he might probably be silent on what was past. With this sort of half-assurance, the Monks were compelled to be satisfied; but before they took leave of the heretical reprover of their vices, they gave him a solemn promise that no such violation of their rules should again be permitted, and that they would keep a constant watch over the younger members of their community, to guard them against similar excesses; and here the conference ended.—*Church of England Magazine.*

MISSIONARY FACTS.

LICENTIOUS DEPRAVITY IN THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDS.

The triumph of the Gospel in Polynesia, has been more conspicuous in regard to that leading virtue which is the pledge and safeguard of domestic comfort, the foundation of all regular society, and the source of all the endearing relationships of life. No one can read the descriptions of the early voyagers without a mixture of compassion and disgust, at the licentious scenes introduced into their narratives; and though the writers in general may not have been disposed to darken beyond necessity the shades of the picture, some of

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them, were constrained to declare the "excesses were incredible." To the first Missionaries, accordingly, no bar seemed so insuperable as the loose notions which everywhere prevailed in regard to the requisition of the seventh commandment. The effect was the same on the minds of the early converts themselves, and clouded their anticipations as to the success of the new religion. "You may," said one of the more intelligent among them, "induce the people to discontinue murdering their infants, offering human sacrifices, and practising demon-worship; you may induce them to burn their idols, embrace your faith, attend your prayers, learn your books, and possibly even refrain from drunkenness and theft; but the preservation of female virtue, union in marriage according to Christian precepts, and conjugal fidelity, will never be obtained." On this important point, however, where reformation was the most hopeless, success has been the most complete. No sooner was the authority of the Redeemer recognised, even through the somewhat obscure medium in which his character and offices were conveyed, than the more offensive of the abominations disappeared; the virtue of chastity was inculcated and maintained; Christian marriage was instituted, and the inviolable obligations of the bond piously acknowledged. This change, it is added, has been, under the divine blessing, effected entirely by the exertions of Christian Missionaries, not only without any external assistance, but in the face of the determined opposition of many, from whom they might have expected both countenance and aid.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. 33, Polynesia.*

IDOLATRY OF MADAGASCAR.

The people obtain their idols as property belonging to the family, and passing from one generation to another; or they purchase them from some person supposed to be famous for the success of those who purchase their gods from him: he makes and constitutes them, and the cost is a matter of bargain between the buyer and the seller. A married couple went, some few years since, to a person of this description, living about fifteen miles from the capital, and wished to purchase an idol. He had none to sell, but desired them to come the next day. They went: he was still without any, but promised to have one by the evening. They remained till evening. The man went to a neighbouring forest, selected his tree, cut down a large bough, brought it home, and prepared his idol, leaving the smaller branches littered about near his fire-place. In the evening he invited our married friends to take their meal of rice with him, and they saw him put some of the selfsame branches in the fire to boil the rice. They returned home, having paid about two dollars for their new god. Shortly afterwards a young man, a Christian, called at their house, and happened to read to the wife the graphic description of idolatry in the 44th chapter of Isaiah, "With part thereof he roasteth, he maketh a fire, warmeth himself, and the residue thereof he maketh a god," &c. She was astonished: it reminded her of what had just occurred, helped to convince her of the truth of the sacred volume, awakened deep attention, and led to the abandonment of the idol. She continued a learner, became a true disciple, and is now well known as Rafaravavy.—*Church of England Magazine.*

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF AVEA,

A NATIVE HEATHEN CHIEF OF TONGA.

In a preceding letter I have written a short account of one of the oldest and best of Christians in the islands; and in eleven days after his death I attended the funeral of one of the oldest and staunchest Heathens in these seas, if not in the whole world,—Vaea, the head Chief of the Houma fortress. His death seems to have been unexpected both by himself and friends. When he was taken ill, he was carried to one of their spirit-houses, and there he died; but said nothing about a future state. The day of interment being fixed, I went; but first waited upon Tamataani, who was to succeed the deceased in the Chieftainship, and expressed my sympathy with them in the loss of their father and Chief; for which he thanked me, and expressed himself as being highly pleased that the Missionary had visited them in the time of their great afflictions; and, knowing that their burying-places were very much venerated by them, and that it was not lawful for any one to tread upon them, no, nor even to approach near to them, I asked if I might be permitted to see the vault; to which he replied, that I was at liberty to go into any part; which privilege I embraced, and watched the proceedings of their heathen funeral. At the entrance of the grave-yard there stood a house called the *tolia*, (that is, "the house of the sick and dying,") into which they carry the sick who are near death; for in case they should die in their own dwelling-house, it is then sacred for a time, and no one will live in it. This house was hung round with black native cloth: here the old Chief was laid, and covered over with one of the finest of mats. In this house were sitting a number of persons of both sexes, whose hands are sacred, and whose food is put into their mouths by others, for the space of two or three months. Having conversed with some of them, I proceeded to the place of interment; and, on ascending to the top of the mound, I came to the open vault or sarcophagus, in whose dark, cold embrace a young child had been sleeping for a number of years; yet, still unsatisfied, it seemed to utter a cry, "Give, give." The vault is formed of six large stones, about sixteen inches thick, two for the sides and two for the ends, one for the top and one for the bottom. The vault is about seven

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feet long, four feet wide, and four or five feet deep. The stones are of a very soft sort, like cakes of sand baked together; and they give strong indications that, ere long, they will be sand again.

One among the preparatory steps for interment was, that about two hundred females prepared each of them a basket, plaited of the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree; and, going to the sea-side, filled the baskets with sand; when, laying it upon their backs, they proceeded to the fortress, one taking the lead, and the rest following in a row, forming a long line, singing one of their heathenish funeral-songs, until they came to the vault. Then one single row encompassed the vault; after which a second row, and then a third, and so on, until all were come up, singing all the time. When the last had arrived, the leader gave them a certain note, in which they all joined; and whilst the note was upon the lip, all gradually and most uniformly fell to the ground, and each let her basket of sand drop instantly from her shoulder. This done, they all suddenly jumped up, and dispersed in different directions. After much feasting, the old Chief was borne by six persons to the house appointed for all living, the bones of eight other persons having been previously put in with him, after waiting some years outside the vault for his arrival. These, together with the one which was in the vault, made ten in all, without coffins or any partitions, excepting a mat, or a little native cloth, in which each body was wrapped; and thus were they huddled together.

The next thing which engaged my attention was three young children who were brought to the grave-yard, each presenting a little finger, which had just been cut off by their father, Tamataane. The youngest of them was about five years of age, and the next about seven, the eldest about nine. I conversed with the children, and asked them several questions whilst the blood was streaming from their fingers. Their father said, that that was all they did now to their children; for they had given over strangling. Besides this, a number of grown-up people cut off their fingers with a shell, a slow and painful process indeed; and this they did for themselves, not one for another. Others were beating themselves with clubs and stones, slashing themselves with knives, cleaving their skulls with hatchets and axes, stabbing their arms and legs full of spears, so as to form a *fale tao*, or "a house of spears," the spears being put into the arms and legs in such a way as to meet at the top, like the rafters of a house; and hence the name *fale tao*. It is said that one man had five spears in each arm, and ten in each leg. These and many other things they did as tokens of love to the old Chief: meanwhile, wooden drums were beating, guns firing, people running, jumping, and shouting hideously in every part of the fort, as if hell itself was let loose.

Such were some of the scenes connected with the funeral of Vaea. Christ and his Gospel had been offered to him repeatedly; but he rejected the offer of mercy. He attained to a great age, remembered Captain Cook very well, and used to like to talk about him.

Perhaps you are aware that it is the custom of the Heathen to go to the very spot where a person breathes out his soul at death, in order to get the departed spirit; and spreading a piece of native cloth on the fifth night after his or her death, they sit down and watch for the first thing that comes upon it, and that they say is the spirit,—an ant, fly, or butterfly; and as soon as they see it, they fold it up in the cloth with the greatest care, as if it were a first-rate gem; and, making all speed, crying and beating themselves as they go, lay the cloth upon the grave. This the wives of Vaea did: hence, on a subsequent visit, I asked one of them in what form the spirit came; and she gravely told me, that it came in the form of a small red butterfly; when I embraced the opportunity of showing them their error in this matter.

When at the burying-place, I was accosted by the Chief from the Bea, who is of the Romish party. He asked me what I had come for: I told him that I had come to see the Chief buried, as I had great respect for him, having had many interviews with him since I came to Tonga. He said, "Is it not your preaching-day in this part?" I said, "No; I have come for nothing but to the funeral." At this he seemed astonished, and in a short time sent for the Priests to come; but I suppose they did not, as I heard nothing of them, though I was there until dark.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Religious Movement in Charente Inferieure.—The Rev. F. Martin, Pastor of the Reformed Church, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, has communicated to us the following extracts from the correspondence of his brethren in France:—

"Aug. 3d, 1845. The movement daily gains in extent, and also in depth. A new impulse has just been given to it by the conversion of a Priest named Chardavoine. An account of this interesting event has been published in a small pamphlet for the benefit of this same Priest, who wishes to proceed to Montauban to study for the evangelical ministry. It appears that nearly four years since, he had

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some religious intercourse with M. Pastor Boudet, of Cognac. M. Boudet having been called to the parish of Migron, to bury a young man who had died in the evangelical faith, Chardavoine, now converted, became opposed to his being buried in the Romanist cemetery. The long conversation which he had with Pastor Boudet was blessed to his soul; and the good seed of the divine word which was sown on that occasion was equally blessed to the whole country around."

"Sept. 6th, 1845.—I have just returned from a journey of evangelization through the places in which the religious movement manifests itself. I had for companions M. Henry Leharpe, and M. de St. Georges, deputies from the Evangelical Society of Geneva. I am convinced that the work is extending and deepening. In several localities the number of souls converted to God has increased, and I think we should immediately send labourers at least for colportage and schools, amongst the people of these villages, who were lately, I will not say Roman Catholics, but infidels, or indifferent to every religious creed. The Bishop of Rochelle has lately published a pamphlet in reply to several other publications relating to what is passing in that part of his diocess in which the Gospel is preached. The news of the conversion of M. Chardavoine determined him to take this step. In his pamphlet the Bishop does all he can to defame the converted Priest. The latter is about to publish his justification: thus the struggle becomes greater and greater. May the Lord give efficacy to his word, and may he be glorified more and more in his children!"

"Sept. 29th, 1845.—The religious awakening continues, glory be to God! but the impossibility of setting to work a sufficient number of properly qualified workmen, hinders it from extending, and reduces us to the sad necessity of replying to the people who cry to us, 'Come amongst us!'—'We cannot.'"

"M. Chardavoine made his official recantation on the 13th of July last, in the church of Cognac. He has been unworthily calumniated by the Bishop of Rochelle. This has engaged him in a controversy. He has just published two tracts: 'A Priest against his Bishop;' and, 'On Liberty of Conscience.' May the Lord give us a due consideration of the important events amongst which he allows us to live!"—*Continental Echo.*

TURKEY.

Prohibition of the Bible by the Patriarch of Constantinople.—Mr. Dwight, the American Missionary at Constantinople, speaking of the obstacles with which the Gospel has to contend in the East, communicates the following circular addressed by the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople to his Bishops. This letter is dated July 9th, 1844, being about two months subsequent to the famous Encyclical Letter of the Pope, which appeared the very same year. The coincidence between the two documents does not appear to have been quite accidental. Among other passages in the Patriarch's letter, appears the subjoined, which we translate from the *Reformation of the Nineteenth Century*, published at Geneva:—

"In the days of your most holy ancestors, as well as in your own, the Church has never ceased to prescribe and to commend Your Holiness to watch with the greatest care, lest in the bosom of your diocess any of the Christians confided to your care should buy, sell, or read irreligious books, which corrupt the political, religious, and moral character of the people. We doubt not, that, obeying your ecclesiastical superiors, you will fulfil your episcopal duties, and that you will watch with the utmost vigilance that the Christians under your inspection be not perverted, politically, religiously, and morally. It is particularly with regard to a recent event, namely, the translation from the Hebrew (in 1840) of the Old Testament, that we wish to recall to Your Holiness what the Church has ordered at various times on this point, and to command you to persevere invariably in the same vigilance, and to be well on your guard, that the Old Testament which has lately been translated, not being recognised by the Church, be neither bought, sold, nor read in your diocess, *any more than any other irreligious and rebellious books.* You ought to hinder Christians of your diocess from selling, buying, or reading *these bad books*, in order that their political, religious, and moral opinions be not corrupted. By your counsels and instructions you should strengthen them in their civil and religious duties, to the end that God and the Government may be pleased, as well as your holy mother the Church of Christ."

"By this circular," adds Mr. Dwight, "it appears that the reading and distribution of these books is not only considered as constituting an act of hostility to the Church, but also as an act of rebellion against the Turkish Government. It is thus that they mingle religious with political questions. But what is most remarkable here, is, that the only book particularly noticed in the circular is the Old Testament, which the British and Foreign Bible Society has translated into modern Greek. It is, then, the Bible, (translated into a language which the people can understand,) that, of all books emanating from the press, is considered the most fearful; and they declare it irreligious, rebellious, and immoral! Behold, then, the opinion of the Patriarch of the Greeks, and of the generality of that Church which, if we believe her own declaration, is the only true Church, out of which there is no salvation."—*Continental Echo.*

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JEWS DESIRE THE BIBLE.

From the Rev. D. Edwards.

"*Ratisbon, October 18th, 1845.*

"ACCORDING to your request, I seize the first leisure to state in writing the facts which I gave you *viva voce* the day I applied to you for Bibles.

"The Jews in Jassy (Moldavia) number about twenty thousand, being supposed to form a third of the population of the city (seventy-five thousand). Amidst many discouragements arising from the ignorance and rudeness for which they are notorious, we, the Missionaries, have always had a ground of comfort in the readiness with which almost universally the word of God was received. The desire of obtaining a copy of the Old Testament has induced many, especially of the young, to visit us, who feared it was a profanation to enter our gates. At first we gave it gratuitously; but for the last two years we have only done this in very urgent cases. Setting a price upon it did not diminish the demand: we found the Jews quite ready to give the price we fixed, about four shillings a copy. When I left Jassy, we had not a single copy remaining of the Old Testament in Hebrew; and the Jews used to ask us in a most affecting way, perseveringly, week after week, when more were likely to be had. Even the New Testament was very generally taken, although not, of course, so run after as the Old: and we had abundant proof that it was very commonly read, and, I believe, seldom abused. The fruits of this diffusion of the word of God, in connexion with our unworthy labours among the Jews of Jassy, are already, God be praised! beginning to appear. One of our converts writes to me that our house is daily visited by the Jews in greater numbers than had formerly come within a considerable period; adding, in his broken English, that even those Jews who know nothing of us nor of our doctrines, are defensors for the New Testament. He tells us of one who had got a New Testament and gone into the street with it. Another Jew snatched it from him, and upon his remonstrance gave him a small gold coin to get another with, which he brought to our house to purchase another copy, calling it the holy little book. 'All the books of the Jews,' said he, 'are false, shameful fables; but this little book can be from none but the holy Lord God. There I see my corrupted ways by nature, and lost state. The words of this book, and especially of the 5th chapter of Matthew, have shaken my heart and broken my bones. There, also, I see the way which leads me to eternal life.' I quote from memory, but I think I have very nearly given his words. We have everything to hope if men, whether Jews or Gentiles, take to the reading of the unadulterated word of God. From the throne of his majesty in his word, God will sooner or later speak to their consciences, and commend himself to them with irresistible power.

"I write this in great haste from my journal, according to promise; but will be happy to communicate to you such cases as it may please God to bring to my knowledge, illustrative of the same truth."

TABLE-TALK.

BUNYAN'S CONTEMPORARIES.

THERE were along with John Bunyan great men, and men of great piety, both in the Established Church and out of it. He was born in the village of Elstow, in the year 1628, thirty years after the death of Spenser, twelve years after the death of Shakspeare, when Milton was in his twentieth year, and three years before the birth of Dryden. Bunyan's life and times were also Baxter's, Baxter being but thirteen years the oldest. Bunyan died in 1688, Milton in 1674, Baxter in 1691. Owen was another contemporary, 1616-1683. John Howe was another, born in 1630; Philip Henry was another, born 1631; the sweet poet George Herbert should be named as another; Matthew Poole was another, born in 1623; Thomas Goodwin was another, born in 1600; Lord Chief Justice Hale was another, born in 1609. Cudworth was born in 1617; Henry More was born in 1614, and died in 1687, a year before the death of Bunyan; Archbishop Ussher and Bishop Hall both of them died in 1656. Taking these names together, you have a striking picture of the great richness of the age, both in piety and genius; an ascending series of great minds and good men from every rank and party.— *Cheever's Lectures.*

DAVID HUME AND HIS MOTHER.

IT seems that Hume received a religious education from his mother, and early in life was the subject of strong and hopeful religious impressions, but as he approached to manhood they were effaced, and confirmed infidelity succeeded. Maternal partiality, however alarmed at first, came to look with less and less pain on this declaration, and filial love and reverence seemed to have been absorbed in the pride of philosophical scepticism; for Hume now applied himself with unwearied, and unhappily with successful, efforts, to sap the foundation of his mother's faith. Having succeeded in this dreadful work, he went abroad into foreign countries; and, as he was returning, an express met him in London, with a letter from his mother,

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informing him that she was in a deep decline, and could not long survive. She said she found herself without any support in her distress; that he had taken away that source of comfort upon which, in all cases of affliction, she used to rely; and that now she found her mind sinking into despair, she did not doubt that her son would afford her some substitute for her religion; and she conjured him to hasten home, or at least to send her a letter containing such consolations as philosophy can afford to a dying mortal. Hume was overwhelmed with anguish on receiving this letter, and hastened to Scotland; but before he arrived, his mother had expired.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE DIARY OF A FANATIC.

"SUDBURY, Suffolk. Peter's Parish. Jan. the 9th, 1643. We brake down a Picture of God the Father, 2 Crucifix's, and Pictures of Christ, about an hundred in all; and gave order to take down a Cross off the Steeple; and diverse Angels, 20 at least, on the Roof of the Church.—Sudbury, Gregory Parish. Jan. the 9th. We brake down 10 mighty great Angels in Glass, in all, 80. *Allhallows.* Jan. the 9th. We brake about 20 superstitious Pictures; and took up 30 brazen superstitious Inscriptions, *ora pro nobis* and *pray for the soul*, &c.—Suffolk, at Haverl. Jan. the 6th, 1643. We broke down about an hundred superstitious Pictures; and seven Fryars hugging a Nunn; and the Picture of God and Christ; and diverse others very superstitious; and 200 had been broken down before I came. We took away two Popish Inscriptions with *ora pro nobis*; and we beat down a great stoneing Cross on the top of the Church.—At Clare. Jan. the 6th. We brake down 1000 Pictures superstitious; I brake down 200; 3 of God the Father, and 3 of Christ, and the Holy Lamb, and 3 of the Holy Ghost like a Dove with Wings; and the 12 Apostles were carved in Wood, on the top of the Roof, which we gave order to take down; and 20 Cherubims to be taken down; and the Sun and Moon in the East Window, by the King's arms, to be taken down.—Feb. the 3d. Wenham Magna. There was nothing to reform.—Ufford, Aug. 31st. * * * In the Chancel, we brake down an Angel; 3 *orate pro anima*, in the Glass; and the Trinity in a Triangle; and 12 Cherubims on the Roof of the Chancel; and nigh a 100 Jesus-Maria, in Capital Letters; and the Steps to be levelled. And we brake down the Organ Cases, and gave them to the Poor.——In the Church there was on the Roof, above a 100 Jesus, and Mary, in great Capital Letters; and a Crosier Staff to be broke down, in Glass; and above 20 Stars on the Roof. There is a glorious Cover over the Font, like a Pope's Triple Crown, with a Pelican on the Top, picking its Breast, all gilt over with Gold."—*The Journal of William Dowsing, of Stratford.*

LADIES' HEAD-DRESS OF 1782.

AT no period of the world was anything more absurd in head-dress worn than at this time. The body of the towering erection was formed of tow, over which the hair was turned, and false hair added in great curls, bobs, and ties, powdered to profusion, then hung all over with vulgarly large rows of pearls or glass-beads, fit only to decorate a chandelier; flowers as obtrusive were stuck above this heap of finery, which was surmounted by broad silken bands and great ostrich feathers, until the head-dress of a lady added three feet to her stature, and the male sex, to use the words of the *Spectator*, "became suddenly dwarfed beside her." To effect this, much time and trouble were wasted, and great personal annoyance was suffered; heads when properly dressed "kept for three weeks," as the barbers quietly phrased it: that they would not really "keep" longer may be seen by the many recipes they gave for the destruction of insects which bred in the flour and pomatum so liberally bestowed upon them. The description of "opening a lady's head" after three weeks' dressing, given in the magazines of this period, it would be imagined, would have taught the ladies common sense; but fashion could reconcile even the disgust that must have been felt by all. Constant headaches and illnesses were the result of this fancied ornamental decoration, and physicians and moralists told their most alarming stories of its effects upon the health: but all was unheeded. —*The Art Union.*

THE GOATHERD AND HIS FAITH.

UPON the shoulder of the goatherd was a beast, which he told me was a lontra, or otter, which he had lately caught in the neighbouring brook; it had a string round its neck, which was attached to his arm. At his left side was a bag, from the top of which peered the heads of two or three singular looking animals, and at his right was squatted the sullen cub of a wolf, which he was endeavouring to tame; his whole appearance was to the last degree savage and wild. After a little conversation, such as those who meet on the road frequently hold, I asked him if he could read; but he made me no answer. I then inquired if he knew anything of God or Jesus Christ: he looked me fixedly in the face for a moment, and then turned his countenance towards the sun, which was beginning to sink in the west, nodded to it, and then again looked fixedly upon me. I believe that I understood the mute reply; which probably was, that it was God who made that glorious light which illumines and gladdens all creation: and gratified with that belief, I left him, and hastened after my companions, who were by this time a considerable way in advance.—*Bible in Spain.*

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REMARKABLE DAYS.

I.—SHROVE-TUESDAY.

THIS day is called "Fasten's E'en" and Pancake Tuesday. *Shrove* is the preterite of *shrive*, an antiquated word, which signifies to hear or make confession. On this day it was usual for the people to *confess*, that they might be the better prepared for the observation of the ensuing season of penitence, and for receiving the sacrament at Easter. It was afterwards converted into a day of idle sports and amusements; and within these few years, in many parts of England, its anniversary was distinguished by riot and drunkenness, by bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and such other diversions as were calculated to promote cruelty, inhumanity, and everything the most opposite to the virtues which it was the intention of the Church to teach and encourage.

The custom of frying *pancakes* on this day is still retained in many families throughout the kingdom; but we think the practice not likely to last another century. In the north, the Monday preceding Shrove Tuesday is called *Collop Monday*; eggs and collops (slices of bacon) composing an usual dish at dinner on this day.

At Newcastle-upon-Tyne (says Mr. Brand) the great bell of St. Nicholas's church is tolled at twelve o'clock at noon on Shrove Tuesday: shops are immediately shut up, offices closed, and all kind of business ceases; a sort of little carnival ensuing for the remainder of the day.

The Popish *Carnival* commences from Twelfth-day, and holds till Lent. At Venice, during the carnival time, Saint Mark's Place is the grand scene of riot and folly, where mountebanks and various other impostors are allowed to erect their stages, and to practise on the credulity of the crowds who assemble round them. Feasts, balls, operas, masquerades, &c., &c., are given in this season. The word *carnival*, of the Italian *carnavale*, is derived by *Du Cange* from *carn-a-val*, because the flesh is then put into the pot in order to make amends for the season of the absence ensuing. Others trace the word to the Latin *carni vale*, "farewell to flesh."—*Time's Telescope*, 1814.

II.—ASH WEDNESDAY.

FORMERLY Lent began on the Sunday after *Quinquagesima*, that is, our first Sunday in Lent, and ended at Easter, containing in all forty-two days; and subtracting the six Sundays, which are not fasts, there remained only thirty-six fasting-days, the tenth part of three hundred and sixty, the number of days in the ancient year, then considered as a tithe of the year consecrated to God's service. To these thirty-six fasting days, however, of the old Lent, Gregory added four days more, to render it equal to the time of our Saviour's fasting, causing it to begin on Ash Wednesday, three days after *Quinquagesima*; and thus it has remained ever since. Lent is not of apostolic institution, nor was it known in the earlier ages of the Christian church.

This day was formerly called *caput dejunii*, "the head of the fast," and *Dies Cinerum*, or Ash Wednesday. The latter appellation is derived from the following custom in the discipline of the ancient church:—On the first day of Lent the penitents were to present themselves before the Bishop, clothed in sackcloth, with naked feet, and eyes fixed upon the ground, in the presence of the principal part of the Clergy belonging to his diocess, who were to be judges of the sincerity of their repentance. When these were introduced in procession into the church, the Bishop and the Clergy repeated the seven penitential psalms. Then rising from prayers, they threw ashes upon them, and covered their heads with sackcloth; declaring to them, with deep sighs, that as Adam was thrown out of paradise, so they must be driven from the church. The Bishop now commanded the proper officers to turn them out of the church-doors; and all the Clergy followed, repeating that curse upon Adam, "In the sweat of thy brows shalt thou eat thy bread." This penance was renewed on the Sunday following, when the sacrament was administered. The Protestant Church substitutes for this severe discipline the service called the "Commination; or, a Denunciation of God's Anger and Judgments against Sinners;" a service which was formerly read on such other days in Lent as the Ordinary should think proper, but at present it is performed on Ash Wednesday only.

In this season they who lived in populous cities, or in the vicinity of the greater churches, held religious assemblies, and had sermons preached every day. The most ancient manner of observing Lent was to refrain from all food till the evening: for the change of diet, as of flesh for fish, was not, by the ancients, accounted a fast. Their only refreshment was a moderate supper, and they partook indifferently of animal or other food. In subsequent ages, the use of flesh and wine was generally prohibited. Some abstained from all creatures which once had life; some from all fish; others ate fowls as well as fish; others abstained from eggs, milk, and fruit, and ate only pulse, roots, or bread; others abstained even from these; and again others indulged themselves with the addition of a little salt and water to their bread. Frequenting places of public amusement, the use of the bath, and various pleasures, at other times accounted innocent, were forbidden during Lent.

Many surprising instances of *extraordinary fasts* are recorded by the early Ecclesiastics. St. Gregory Nazianzen assures us that, in his time, several *solitaires* spent twenty days and

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nights together without food; and that he personally knew one, in his own diocess, who practised this rigorous fast. Eusebius, a celebrated Abbot in Syria, used commonly to abstain from all food for three or four days together; and when a youthful Monk ate but once a week. Equally strange instances of *habitual abstinence* are also related. Paul, the first hermit, lived in a palm-tree for thirty years, his food and clothes being given to him: the former was composed of raw herbs and pulse; yet he attained the age of one hundred and thirteen years. At the early age of fifteen, St. Hilarion abstained entirely from bread, and, for six years, his daily diet was limited to fifteen figs. For the next three years he ate lentils steeped in cold water; and from his twenty-fourth to his twenty-seventh year, lived on bread, salt, and water. From this time till he attained his thirtieth year, he confined himself to wild herbs and roots; and during the five succeeding years his daily allowance was six ounces of barley bread and a small quantity of boiled herbs; to which he afterwards added, by way of luxury, a little oil: and thus he lived till he was sixty-three years old. He then retrenched his bread, and drank a liquid not much better than water, his whole meal never exceeding five ounces. Hilarion attained the age of eighty years; although he never ate till sunset, or made any difference in his fasts on account of his health. It were easy to multiply these examples, there being a fearful array of ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism, which should inspire gratitude in all that we live in better days.—*Ibid.*

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Allen, Mrs. Sarah,	Crowland,	Peterborough,	93	Aug. 15th, 1845.
Atkin, Mrs.,		First Manchester,	36	Sept. 30th, 1845.
Austen, Mrs. Ann,	Bennington,	Bishop Stortford,	81	Sept. 8th, 1845.
Baker, Rev. John,	Wesleyan Minister,	Brighton,		Nov. 17th, 1845.
Bale, Mrs.,	Halberton,	Tiverton,	65	Oct. 25th, 1845.
Beck, Mrs.,		Walsall,	31	Oct. 2d, 1845.
Brittan, Benjamin,		Walsall,	43	Oct. 17th, 1845.
Burgess, Rev. John,	Wesleyan Minister,	Lynn,	46	Nov. 10th, 1845.
Chapman, Miss M. C.,	Kersley Cottage,	Bolton,	22	Nov. 5th, 1845.
Chastel de Boinville, Madame,		Paris,	28	Nov. 2d, 1845.
Constable, Rev. William,	Wesleyan Minister, Douglas,	Isle of Man,	57	Nov. 9th, 1845.
Cookson, Mr. William,	Sale,	Altrincham,	62	Oct. 25th, 1845.
Errington, Mrs. M.,	Halefield-House,	Appleby,	72	Oct. 12th, 1845.
Evans, Mr. John V.,		Croydon,	54	Aug. 26th, 1845.
Exell, Mr. Samuel,		Dursley,	63	Nov. 16th, 1845.
French, Mr. William,		Taunton,	48	Oct. 25th, 1845.
Graham, Rev. Thomas,	Wesleyan Minister,	Wainfleet,	67	Oct. 11th, 1845.
Haine, Mrs.,	Pelton,	Shepton-Mallet,	67	Sept. 28th, 1845.
Hardwick, Miss Sarah,		Bourne,	24	Oct. 6th, 1845.
Hetherington, Hannah,	Ayton,	Scarborough,	61	July 25th, 1845.
Higgs, Mrs.,		Lambeth,	75	Nov. 13th, 1845.
Jowers, Mr. John,	Bocking,	Chelmsford,		Nov. 9th, 1845.
Ogle, Mr. Andrew,		Preston,	81	Aug. 7th, 1845.
Pape, Mrs.,	Chipstead,	Windsor,	40	Oct. 2d, 1845.
Radcliffe, M Thomas,	Ballaugh,	Ramsay,	68	Oct. 13th, 1845.
Robson, Mr.,	Raskelt,	Easingwold,		Nov. 7th, 1845.
Scott, Mrs. Margaret,		Newcastle-on-Tyne,	76	March 6th, 1845
Sellick, Miss,		Tiverton,	38	Nov. 11th, 1845.
Staton, Miss Elizabeth,		Sowerby-Bridge,	27	Oct. 19th, 1845.
Stockton, Mr. S.,	Astley,	Leigh,	30	Oct. 27th, 1845.
Strong, Mrs. Jane,		Tiverton,	78	Nov. 6th, 1845.
Taylor, Rev. Joseph,	Wesleyan Minister,	Bury,		Nov. 19th, 1845.
Taylor, Mr. Thomas,	Bolton,	Bolton,	74	Oct. 15th, 1845.
Tear, Mr. James,	Jurby,	Ramsay,	74	Sept. 25th, 1845.
Walker, Mrs.,		Leeds,	75	Nov. 21st, 1845.
Williams, John Rees,	Camden-Town,	Second London,	84	Sept. 28th, 1845.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

MARCH, 1846.

THE VALUE OF THE FRIENDSHIP OF GOD.

"Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee."
Psalm lxiii. 3.

One of the most impressive moral spectacles which this world can present, is that of a soul happy in communion with God, and exhibiting, to all around, the cheerful activity, or the calm resignation, which this communion induces and sustains. It is truly instructive and encouraging to contemplate the human mind enlightened with Divine truth,—seeking all its supplies from God,—receiving from him large communications of peace and strength, and then breathing back to him those spiritual desires, and holy joys, which His own grace has produced within it. And it is instructive to follow such a mind through all the changes of its earthly history; to view it in prosperity and in adversity, in health and in sickness, in the period of manly energy and vigour, and when the langnor of approaching death comes over the physical frame, and to observe how its filial communion with God animates it to benevolent effort, and composes it to meekness and patience when the hour of sorrow comes.

The circumstances of David, when he composed the sixty-third psalm, were peculiarly trying, and calculated to awaken deep anxiety in his breast. He was an exile and a wanderer; cut off from the comforts of home, and the privileges of the sanctuary of God; and pursued, wherever he went, by the fierce and unrelenting jealousy of Saul. Yet even in these circumstances, he gives utterance to his confidence in God, and his holy delights in him; he speaks of the pleasure which he derived from communion with the Most High, and the joyous hopes which animated his breast; and he expresses his earnest desire again to visit the house of the Lord, and to gaze upon those developments of the Divine character and government which the solemn worship and the constantly recurring sacrifices of the tabernacle afforded. "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is; to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee, while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name. My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips: when I remember thee upon

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my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches. Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice. My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me." (Ver. 1—8.)

The particular subject on which we propose to dwell, and which is very forcibly suggested by the whole of this beautiful psalm, is the value of the friendship of God. Let us advert to some considerations which may illustrate it.

1. The friendship of God is connected with the richest communications of peace and spiritual comfort.

The very consciousness that we are reconciled to the Most High, that we have in the Eternal One, only a Father and a Friend, sheds over the mind a sacred tranquillity, which infinitely excels the excitement and tumult of worldly joy. Nor is this all: our reconciliation to God is but the commencement of a state in which we can realize a new order of pleasures,—pleasures suited to the nature of the human spirit, and without which it seeks in vain for peace and satisfaction. The knowledge of God supplies to the devout mind topics on which it loves to dwell, and which call forth into active exercise its purest and best emotions; while the imitation of the Divine character, in its diffusive and condescending goodness, gives to the mind the lofty pleasures of benevolent feeling and action. And then there are communications of spiritual comfort, adapted to all the varying circumstances of this life of trial. God manifests himself to the humble and devout mind; and by his own immediate operation, calms the troubled spirit to sacred peace, and raises it to cheerful hope. There are joys and consolations of which the world knows nothing; but which are deep, abundant, and enduring. "My soul," says the Psalmist, "shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips: when I remember thee upon thy bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches." The consolations of piety can cheer the gloom of night, when sleep flies from our eyelids, and the long and tedious hours are passed in languishing and exhaustion. And the joys of piety brighten our days of health, prosperity, and gladness. The friendship of God gives additional sweetness to those pleasures of the mind and of the heart which sometimes flow from domestic and social intercourse; while our devotional regard to him purifies and refines earthly joy.

2. The friendship of God involves the assurance of succour, in seasons of perplexity and danger.

In the midst of the perils which surrounded him, David reflected on the past interpositions of Divine power and goodness, and commended himself afresh, with confidence and joyous hope, to the care and protection of God. "Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice." There is a special providence, exercised by God over his devout and obedient people; nor can any of the evils of life overtake them without his permission. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." The resources of Him in whom we trust, are absolutely boundless; his power, his knowledge, his wisdom, are without limit, and his ever-wakeful eye marks the interests of all who trust in him. And to him may we in prayer commend ourselves when dangers threaten and the dark cloud of calamity seems ready to burst upon us. "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil." Often in the time of his people's extremity has he interposed to succour and defend them, to shelter them from the rage of the oppressor, or to vindicate their integrity and truth.

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3. There is a third consideration, intimately allied to that on which we have just dwelt; namely, that the friendship of God assures us, that all the occurrences of life, however varied and perplexing, shall contribute to our ultimate welfare.

Though God frequently interposes to save his people from the dangers which threaten them, he has not promised to them exemption from worldly afflictions, bereavements, and sorrows. And yet he has promised to direct their paths, to order all the circumstances of their earthly life, and to make "all things work together for their good." He is "a God" to his people; and with that lofty and far-seeing wisdom which only the mind of God can possess, and the arrangements of which, though in reality most harmonious and appropriate, often seem perplexed and even contradictory to the feeble mind of man, he guides the steps of those who seek his friendship, and obey his precepts. Afflictions themselves are parts of that wise and gracious discipline, through which he leads us. They are evidences, not of his anger, but his love;—that love which seeks to raise us to a richer maturity of every Christian grace, to enable us more impressively to exhibit the beauty of holiness to others, and thus to augment our eternal happiness and glory. If, then, God is our covenant-God, a cheering light is shed over our path; and all the occurrences of life, however diversified, and whatever alternations of joy and sorrow they may involve, form one consistent whole, one course of moral discipline and training, ordered by infinite wisdom and goodness, and directed to our eternal purity, and happiness, and triumph.

4. The friendship of God will be the portion of the human spirit, when the scenes of mortality are over.

In bringing us from a state of estrangement and hostility, to one of reconciliation and love, the Most High designs more than our present peace, and purity, and joy: he has respect to our eternal union with himself, in that world which he has constituted the seat of his glory, and the throne of his universal dominion. His moral workings on the human spirit tend to a permanent result. If, indeed, we become unwatchful, and begin to trifle with sin, and to take pleasure in unrighteousness, he will withdraw from us the light of his countenance, and leave us under the power of the sins which we have chosen; but this affects not the precious and consolatory truths,—that God is not indifferent to the stability of his people,—that he directs all things to promote their establishment in holiness,—and that he designs, in all his operations on their minds, to prepare them to enjoy his presence, and to show forth his glory in heaven. Thus the communications of peace, and holiness, and love, which are realized on earth, are the earnest of eternal blessedness,—the foretaste of the sacred pleasures which are enjoyed in the very presence of God. And throughout eternity, the friendship of God will be itself the source of richest satisfaction to the human spirit. It is not the mere absence of external suffering, nor the presence of every thing around that is glorious, and suited to the very dwelling-place of God, that constitutes the true and proper happiness of heaven: it is the enjoyment of God himself,—the filial communion of redeemed man, now perfectly "conformed to the image of the Son," with the Triune Deity. We are "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ."

And now we can appreciate the declaration of the Psalmist, "Because thy lovingkindness *is better than life*, my lips shall praise thee." Life is transient and uncertain; but the friendship of God extends beyond the grave, and will, throughout eternity, be the source of purest joy. And, indeed, what is life, however long it may be continued, if we are destitute of the Divine favour? Too often the life of man presents to us a mournful intermixture of

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weakness, and pain, and sorrow, with the comforts and pleasures which still belong to earth; and what can give to it a peaceful and happy character, amidst the changes of outward circumstances, but the assurance of the friendship of God? And even if we could separate from life everything that might prove an alloy to our enjoyment, if we could secure uninterrupted health, and vigour, and prosperity, this, without the friendship of God, would fail to constitute us happy, or to allay the thirst of our spirits for some higher and nobler good.

"Should I from thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting bliss afford;
My joy, the sense of pardoning love;
My guard, the presence of my Lord."

I cannot close this paper without directing the attention of the reader to an exquisitely beautiful paraphrase of the psalm on which my remarks have been founded. That paraphrase occurs in the Collection of Hymns, which the consecrated genius of the Wesleys has bequeathed to the Methodist societies, and to the universal Church of Christ. Several of the hymns found in that Collection, and in the Supplement, more recently published, seem to have been suggested by the psalm in question; but there is one which stands pre-eminent, and which is almost unrivalled for its elevated devotional feeling, its rich evangelical sentiment, its simple elegance of language, and the accurate and beautiful manner in which, without any apparent effort, the poet has interwoven the thoughts and expressions of the Psalmist, in his own sacred ode:—

"O God, my God, my all thou art!
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power, display.

"For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

"In a dry land, behold, I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord;
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

"More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

"In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away:
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

"Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my ravish'd heart o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory, that no period knows.

"Thy name, O God, upon my bed
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought;
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.

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"In all I do I feel thine aid;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bidd'st my heart be glad
Beneath the shadow of thy wing!

"My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee:
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free;
For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail."

Bury, Lancashire. HENRY W. WILLIAMS.

HOSPITALITY REWARDED.

THE following anecdote was related by Dr. Coke himself, to his brother-in-law, and was told to Captain B., while on his passage on board the Ariadne. In endeavouring to cross a river in America, Dr. Coke missed the ford, and got into deep water: he and his horse were carried down the stream, and were in considerable danger; he caught hold of a bough, and with some difficulty got upon dry land; his horse was carried down the stream. After drying his clothes in the sun, he set out on foot, and at length met a man who directed him to the nearest village, telling him to inquire for a Mrs. —, from whom, he had no doubt, he would receive the kindest treatment. Dr. Coke found the good lady's house, and received all the kindness and attention she could show him: messengers were sent after his horse, which was recovered, and brought back. The next morning he took leave of his kind hostess, and proceeded on his journey. After a lapse of five years, Dr. Coke happened to be in America again. As he was on his way to one of the Provincial Conferences, in company with about thirty other persons, a young man requested the favour of being allowed to converse with him: he assented with Christian politeness. The young man asked him if he recollected being in such a part of America about five years ago: he replied in the affirmative. "And do you recollect, Sir, in attempting to cross the river, being nearly drowned?" "I remember it quite well." "And do you recollect going to the house of a widow lady in such a village?" "I remember it well," said the Doctor; "and never shall I forget the kindness which she showed me." "And do you remember, when you departed, leaving a tract at that lady's house?" "I do not recollect that," said he; "but it is very possible I might do so." "Yes, Sir," said the young man, "you did leave there a tract, which that lady read, and the Lord blessed the reading of it to the conversion of her soul; it was also the means of the conversion of several of her children and neighbours; and there is now, in that village, a little flourishing society." The tears of Dr. Coke showed something of the feelings of his heart. The young man resumed, "I have not, Sir, quite told you all. I am one of that lady's children, and owe my conversion to God, to the gracious influence with which he accompanied the reading of that tract to my mind; and I am now on my way to Conference, to be proposed as a Preacher."—*Meth. New. Con. Mag.*

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THEOLOGY.

SERMON.

THE GOD OF JACOB, A HELP.

"Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help."—Psalm cxlvi. 5.

THE frailty of man, is a subject which must necessarily be familiar to the minds of all: we see it in the decrepitude of the aged; we hear it in the groans of the afflicted; we read of it in the history of our species; and we feel it, not only in the infirmities of our flesh, but in the disposition of our nature to court foreign aid, and to depend on succours beyond ourselves. But although the helplessness of man furnishes an incontestable proof of his dependence, yet nothing is more erroneous and deplorable than the choice which he makes of objects for his trust. Some choose gold and silver for their confidence; others make lies their refuge; but the mass of mankind rely upon man, and make flesh their arm. This is the subject to which the Psalmist refers, in connexion with our text, where he says, "Put not your trust in Princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help." (Ver. 3.)

Let us, in considering the import of this interesting passage, notice,

I. A CHARACTER DESCRIBED: "He that hath the God of Jacob for his help," &c.

II. A TRUTH STATED: "Happy is he."

I. In portraying the character, we remark:

1. *The appellation by which the Deity is distinguished.* "The God of Jacob." This form of speech is not unusual in the sacred writings. The Most High designates himself "The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." (Exod. iii. 6.) The Creator of the universe was *the object of Jacob's choice.* Man is evidently a devotional being: he cannot long exist without something on which he may fix his attention, repose confidence, and to which he may attach his warmest affections. Thus, there are gods many, and lords many. Jacob happily chose the Great Eternal for his God. "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace: then shall the Lord be my God." (Gen. xxviii. 20.)

He was the object of his prayers. When Jacob was returning to his own country, the night overtook him, "and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day." (Gen. xxxii. 24.) This mysterious stranger is called a man, because he probably assumed a human form; but he said, "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." (Ver. 28, 30.)

He was the object of his confidence. When Jacob was commanded by God to leave his place of residence, and to go to Bethel, and dwell there, he did not hesitate through unbelief, but immediately addressed himself to the performance of the injunction, knowing that the Almighty, in whom he trusted, was well able to deliver him from all evil and danger; for "God appeared unto him again when he came out of Padan-aram, and blessed him." (Gen. xxxv. 9.)

2. *In describing the character in the text, it is assumed by the Psalmist, that men stand in need of assistance: for if we could accomplish all that is required of us, without the divine influence, there could be no happiness in having the God of Jacob for our help.* The frailty of our flesh is but faintly emblematical of the far more deplorable weakness of our spirits, in the execution of that which is good. How feeble is the understanding in the apprehension of divine truth! We cannot discern the things belonging to the Spirit of God. We know the world, we can obey its maxims, and are always ready to follow its dictates; but in reference to those things of God, which belong to our peace, we have no knowledge; and even when we are brought in some degree to listen to the truths of the Gospel, and to see our duty, how weak are our resolutions and purposes in pursuit of what is good and right! "The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." (Rom. vii. 19.) Every Christian should be a true servant of God, fully devoted to prayer, to watch-

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fulness, to self-denial, to benevolence, and thus live to the glory of his Maker, and for the good of his fellow-creatures. Who then is able to do this without divine aid?

As Christians, it is necessary to exercise self-denial: we must abandon our old practices, be ready to part with our darling idols, to shake off our habits of self-indulgence, and to renounce our easily besetting sins. As Christians, we have to run the race that is set before us; and so to run that we may obtain. We have to fight the good fight of faith; and in order to win the victory, we must subdue every adverse power. Can we expect to accomplish all this without the help of God?

We may safely assume from the words of the text, *that God can help us.*

Nothing is more clearly revealed in the word of divine truth, than the omnipotence of God. He can enlighten the understanding, and direct the will: he can strengthen the memory, and inform the mind; by his power alone is the heart renewed, and made a fit habitation for his blessed Spirit.

We may also infer, *that some do not avail themselves of the help which God is ready to bestow.* "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help." If all possessed this help, all would be happy: but as this is not the case, we conclude that the reason why so many thousands are living in misery and wretchedness, is, that they reject the counsel of God against themselves, and are enemies to him by wicked works.

There are several marks by which the character of him who has the God of Jacob for his help, may be known.

First: *He sees and feels his own deep necessity for divine aid.* Once he thought highly of himself, was vain in his own imagination, fancied that he could do that which was required of him, and had all the pride of a self-righteous Pharisee.

But now, God having opened his eyes, he abhors himself, and repents as in dust and ashes: he acknowledges that of himself he can do no good thing; that he is guilty, and unable to raise himself from the state of extreme misery in which he is involved; that he is tied and bound by the chain of his sins, and that he can by no means release himself. Being convinced of his utter inability to do anything by which he may escape this bitter bondage, *he cries unto God for that help which he so greatly needs.* This is the second distinguishing mark of the sincerity of the Christian character. Many feel their wretchedness, but they make no application to the only true source of comfort and happiness. They make no effort to regain the favour of their offended Judge. But he who has the God of Jacob for his help, has applied to him, called upon his name, confessed his own unworthiness and entire helplessness: he makes his appeal with earnest supplication and prayer, urging the promises of God, and relying on the great atonement and meritorious intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ.

3. *He receives communications from God.* The Holy Ghost is given to him. Once he was darkness, but now he is light in the Lord, and he has new perceptions of spiritual objects. He sees the deformity of sin, and the excellency of holiness. He beholds the Saviour in all his beauty, and is ever meditating on the glories of heaven. He has a new train of feelings. The aversion that he once had to holiness, is now transferred to sin, and he loves and desires that which he formerly despised. Most of all does he feel the help of God in his religious duties and ordinances, which aforetime were irksome to him, the Sabbath was a weariness to him, and he attended the house of God from custom rather than duty. Now, he exclaims with the Psalmist, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." (Psalm lxxxiv. 1, 10.)

II. "HAPPY IS HE." It is a difficult thing to describe the nature of happiness, because there are so many counterfeits, and so little of the reality is to be found in the world. Many confound it with pleasure, eating and drinking, mirth, frolic, and dissipation: but these are destitute even of satisfaction, and are very far removed from true happiness. Some imagine that it is found in a cessation from toil; and nothing is more common than the idea that those who are free from the fatigue of manual labour, must be happy: while others associate it with grandeur and magnificence. These, however, may all exist with or without happiness: we shall therefore mention four things which are requisite and essential to this most desirable state.

1. *To be happy, a man must be free from the accusations of guilt.* He must

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be uneasy and restless, whose sins are continually staring him in the face; and many painful exercises of mind must agitate him, who knows that one day his "sin will find him out." But he of whom the text speaks, feels by happy experience, that his sins are blotted out, and that having fled for refuge to Jesus, the only hope set before him in the Gospel, he is no longer under condemnation. God lifts upon him the light of his countenance, and he can always rejoice in his adorable Saviour.

2. *To be happy, a man must have the control of himself.* Happiness can never dwell in the heart where sin has dominion: but the child of God will get the victory over himself; his heavenly Father will give him a new heart, and renew in him a right spirit. The tempers and dispositions which once maintained the ascendency, will now be mortified and subdued.

3. *To be happy, one must have pleasing prospects in reference to futurity.* We know not what shall be on the morrow, whether we shall have sickness or health, ease or pain; and on this account many are so perplexed and embarrassed with doubts, fears, and painful apprehensions, that happiness is unknown to them. Not so, however, is it with him who rests on the God of Jacob. He is well assured that whatever happens to him while in the path of duty, all will be well: that if he be afflicted, it shall work out for him "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." (2 Cor. iv. 17.) If he be tempted, he remembers, that "the man is blessed that endureth temptation: for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life." (James i. 12.)

4. *To be happy, we must be fit for heaven.* How can he be at ease, who is conscious that he may die the next hour, and that he is unprepared for entering the world of spirits? He is fully aware that in a few short moments he may be in everlasting burnings, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Can such an one enjoy the least degree of peace? He who has the God of Jacob for his help, is altogether of another mind. Having placed all his reliance on his faithful and merciful Redeemer, he can lie down with the blessed conviction, that though he should wake no more in this world, his happy spirit will be conveyed to the throne of God and of the Lamb; and whether he be in quietude or in danger, 'tis nought to him, knowing that he shall, if faithful to the end, be ever with the Lord.

From the text, we may learn,

1. Where true happiness is to be found. It is not in wealth, fame, pleasure, or magnificence; but in having God to help us: and he who obtains the most help from God, is the happiest man.

Why then should we look at the wealthy and the renowned, and sigh to be like them? O learn the folly of such wishes, and call upon God; for he alone is the centre and source of infinite happiness.

2. Let us adore the condescension of the Most High, and bless his name for deigning to help us. The Almighty Creator of heaven and earth, stoops from his lofty throne to hear and assist his guilty and fallen creatures.

3. As the *thirst* for happiness is universal, so also is the *invitation* to approach the fountain of all good. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.)

R. T.

A WORD TO PARENTS
ON THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF THEIR CHILDREN.

(*From the "Evangelical Magazine."*)

CULTIVATE, I repeat, your own personal religion to a higher degree of eminent and consistent piety. Without this you will have neither the disposition nor the power to do much in forming the religious character of your children. Many of you must be sensible that you are in too lukewarm a state, and too inconsistent as professors of godliness, even to make the attempt to bring your children under the influence of religion, much less to expect success, if you were even to make the attempt: and it is not improbable that some of you are acting upon the conviction that you will do more good by silence, and by leaving them altogether to ministerial influence, the power of preaching, and the course of events. Alas! for both you and your children. But shall matters remain thus? Shall *this* year be added to the number in which you have thus lived. Awake from your slumber, which, if continued, will be the sleep of death, both for you and for them.

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Settle with yourselves the point fully and for ever, that whatever advantages of general education you wish and intend to procure for, and bestow upon, your children, their *religious character* is the first object of your deepest solicitude, and *shall be* of your practical and persevering effort. Let there be no question, no hesitation, no wavering here. Here fix your centre; here direct your aim; here concentrate your efforts, your energies, and your prayers.

Remember, their religious education is *your* business. Whatever aids you call in from Ministers or teachers, you never must, you never can, you never should, delegate this work. God will hold *you* responsible for the religion of your children, so far as means go.

Begin religious education early. It is in general too long deferred. The natural corruption of the heart is allowed to acquire strength before it is resisted, and Satan is permitted to be beforehand. Begin with calling out the *conscience:* this may be done as soon as a child can speak. Conscience is the great faculty which in religious education is to be enlightened, invigorated, and made tender. A child can soon be made to know and feel the distinction between right and wrong, and taught to be a law to himself. Inspire a reverence for yourself: be you, in a sense, to the child in the place of God as His representative, before he can understand who and what God is. Train even the *little* child to *obedience,* to surrender his will to a superior will. What else is practical religion, if we only substitute God for the parent?

Let religion be seen in you as an ever-present and ever-regulating reality; no mere abstraction, or thing of times and places. Let it be a part of your whole character. Appear before your household as one habitually conscious of the presence of God, and walking with him.

Be exemplary in matters of truth, integrity, generosity. A religion without these will disgust your children. Let there be no little acts of equivocation, injustice, spite, or meanness. Acquire a nobleness of character. A very little child can understand all these matters.

Be good tempered; not passionate, stormy, impatient, severe, denunciatory. A bad-tempered saint is a contradiction. You may give your children much scriptural knowledge, and even bore them with warnings and admonitions, but frequent fits of passion and stormy gusts of anger will drive it all out of their heads and hearts.

Avoid all censoriousness upon the failings of professing Christians, and all cynical criticism and cavils upon the sermons of Ministers.

Bring around your children the best specimens of religious professors. I do not mean the most fashionable and worldly, for these are often the worst; but those whose piety is consistent and cheerful, whose manners are engaging, and with as much of polish as can be obtained.

Choose their schools with reference to religion, as well as fashionable accomplishments; and if you can, send them where they will have the advantage of a lively, impressive ministry. It is a sad thing for a lively girl, or a sprightly boy, not perhaps ill-disposed towards religion, to find the Sabbath the dullest of all dull days, because they are obliged to hear the dullest of all dull Preachers.

Without reducing religion to a matter of mere taste, and imagination, and poetry, combine as much of taste, and imagination, and poetry with it, as shall accord with its own spiritual nature, and shall not interfere with the functions of the heart and conscience. I do not mean a mere susceptibility of impression from antiquity, and Gothic architecture, and gorgeous rites, and fine sculpture and painting, and all the other inventions of art for gratifying the senses and putting aside the truth that is to be received in faith; but I mean a perception of the sublime, and beautiful, and pathetic, especially as these are exhibited in Scripture compositions and truths; and an aptitude to see, admire, and relish the skilful, graceful, and elegant forms of nature, as designedly manifesting the glorious ideas of God—a taste for the real beauties of the finest sacred poetry—a conviction that in religion there is nothing low and grovelling, *intellectually* considered, but all that is fair and noble—a thoughtful, imaginative, and pensive habit of piercing the veil of the material world, and conversing with invisible realities. This appertains, of course, to the elder children; and it is of no small importance to them.

I need scarcely remind *Christian* parents how much of earnest, believing, persevering *prayer* for the Holy Spirit is necessary, and how much of familiar, affectionate, judicious *instruction,* or how much of vigilance, expostulation,

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tender rebuke, and salutary restraint, must enter into their system of domestic religious education: all this is taken for granted.

Well then, parents, be this your purpose for the year on which you have just entered; your intelligent, solemn, and deliberate purpose. Begin afresh. Set out anew. Recollect, again, what an awful thing it is to be a parent, and what a responsibility attaches to those who have immortal souls committed to their care, and those the souls of their own children.

Ministers, have we not something to repair for the future in the neglects of the past? Have we been faithful Pastors as regards the children of our church members? Have we fed *the lambs?* Have we, with the mild authority, and, at the same time, with the tenderness of a good shepherd, looked after the younglings of the flock? True, we are not to be the substitutes, but ought we not to be the helpers, of the parents? Has not the catechetical instruction of children fallen into general desuetude? Why? Can we assign a solid reason? If *we* neglect it, are we not the only religious functionaries who do? Do the Roman Catholics neglect it? Do the Clergy of the Church of England neglect it? Can we wonder, I again ask, or ought we to complain, while we omit this obvious, this incumbent, this interesting duty, if our young people grow up without any attachment to us, to religion, or to our denomination? We are the Ministers of the whole congregation committed to our care; and the children are a part of it, and therefore a part of the objects of our legitimate attention. The parents will thank us for aiding them in their endeavours to bring up their children for God, and the children will gladly avail themselves of our instructions. What a field do we neglect to cultivate while we leave this virgin soil untilled! Let us then all begin the year with a renewed consecration of ourselves to the interests of the youth of our flock, and then all future years will yield us abundant evidence that this is one of the most effectual plans for the revival of religion in our denomination.

P.S.—Since the foregoing was prepared and sent off, I have read in the "Congregational Magazine" for this month, and I hope many others have done so, the admirable and pertinent remarks on catechising, of the writer of the papers in that work, on the memorable days of every month in the year. The 4th of December gave him an opportunity to memorialize that day as spent in the year 1655, by the Ministers of Worcestershire, in a special season of prayer and humiliation, respecting the duty of catechising. Baxter was to have preached on the occasion, but was prevented by an attack of illness. The sermon he had prepared was afterwards expanded and published, in one of the most useful of all his works, "THE REFORMED PASTOR." Would God we all of us read that work oftener! In which occurs the following weighty testimony to the value of catechetical instruction:—"Of all the works that ever I attempted, this brought me most comfort in the practice of it. . . . . I found it so effectual through the blessing of God, that few went away without some seeming humiliation, conviction, and purpose, and promise of a holy life. . . . Though the first time they came with fear and backwardness, after that they longed for their turn to come again. So that I hope God did good to man by it; and yet *this was not all the comfort I had in it.*" Baxter catechised adults as well as children; and though the system recommended by him cannot, as a whole, be acted upon now, yet much of it may. It is not in the pulpit only we must labour, but out of it. We must not only preach to the many, but must individualize our flocks, and talk to each by himself.

Birmingham. J. A. JAMES.

ADULT BIBLE-CLASSES.

NEXT to the ministry of the Gospel, we know of no means more likely to do good than the formation of adult Bible-classes. Should our reader be a teacher of such a class, who has long waited for fruit to reward his labour, and has waited in vain, the following facts may prove an encouragement to persevering toil, and to redoubled prayer.

In a certain town, a young lady meets once a fortnight a class of the mothers of the Sunday-scholars, for the sake of reading the Scriptures with them, and instructing them in divine truth. One evening she told them that the next time they came, they might bring their husbands with them, and addresses would be delivered to them from the Minister and one of the Deacons of the church. They accordingly came; and,

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amongst others, one man was seen sitting by his wife, before the service began, evidently uncomfortable at his situation. "I wish I had not listened to your advice," said he to her: "I wish I were safe at home now. If I could get out, I would. I don't see any man here beside myself; and every one will be looking at me, wondering to see me." "Never mind," replied his wife; "others will most likely be coming soon; and if not, sit still. Supposing that people do look at you, it will be only to welcome you amongst us." The man waited, nor did he wait in vain. He had no cause of repenting himself that he had listened to the solicitations of his wife. The word of the Lord was "like as a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." It touched and melted and changed his heart.

The teacher of this class, at another time, embraced an opportunity of speaking privately to one of the women who composed it, on the state of her soul before God. "Long have I wanted to speak to you," said the woman; "but I did not like to take up your time." Now, if her teacher had been asked who amongst the class was the least promising—the least impressible—it is quite possible that she might have pointed to her, and said, "I am greatly afraid it is *that* woman." But "the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh at the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh at the heart." The woman was a penitent, earnestly inquiring the way of pardon and peace with God. She was in great mental agitation, and, when the interview with her teacher closed, remained as distressed as before. For many days her heart was heavy within her, weighed down by the burden of unremoved guilt. One night she could not sleep. She durst not sleep. She *would* not sleep. She rose to pray. Stealing gently out of the room, as she thought, without disturbing any one, she found her way to a distant apartment; and, closing the door behind her, there—in the stillness and darkness of the midnight hour—she prostrated herself before God. There she *agonized* "to enter in at the strait gate;" she counted all things but loss that she might win Christ; and the promise was verified, "Ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Her husband, to her surprise, was awakened, and followed her, wondering what might be her intentions. He listened to her fervent prayer, and—"O the depth of the riches" of the MERCY of God!—*he, too,* was moved to pray. Up to that time he had been an ungodly man, and had disliked his wife's attendance on public worship. But then he learned a new lesson. On the first Sabbath of last month, both husband and wife united in commemorating the dying love of Christ.

O! let the people of God be roused by facts like these! The multitude are perishing for lack of knowledge. Say not, "The means of instruction are provided: there is room in our churches and chapels yet unoccupied; let them come there and learn." This is not enough. The usual style of preaching is above many of the ignorant and unlearned, who have souls, precious and immortal souls, as well as their superiors. Even if the sermons they hear be plain and simple, repeated instructions are yet necessary. The lesson repeated from the pulpit must be conned again and again. It must be broken down into parts, and these detached portions must be applied, one after another, to the heart of the hearers.

My reader, have you no leisure to engage in this work? Yes, you could make it. Have you no talent for engaging in it? Yes, you would soon find that you had, if you tried. Have you no heart to engage in it? O yes, you have; for you have given your heart to Christ; and I know He fills it with desires to bring Him glory. Have you no strength to engage in it? Yes, though in yourself most helpless,

"Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell."

Go, then, and persuade the fathers or mothers of your Sunday-scholars to meet you regularly for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and prayer. They will consent more willingly than you think. Gather them closely round you, and place before them, in as simple language as you can, the truths of salvation. Illustrate your meaning by examples and anecdotes: try every means of fixing their attention. Remonstrate with them on account of sin. Plead with them on behalf of Christ. Let your closet bear witness to your earnest cries daily offered for them to the Lord. Your heart will be enlarged, your hands will wax strong. Their numbers will increase. Their souls will be saved.—*Young Christian's Magazine.*

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MATERNAL DISCIPLINE.

No mother or teacher can discipline a child, or conduct any portion of education, without operating upon the soul, and affecting the character for eternity. All treatment of an accountable being deals with the mind, and must, however insensibly, work out positive results, either on the side of religion, or on that of infidelity. The conscience of a child, or that which distinguishes him from a beast, and constitutes him an accountable being, is not a part or member of his mind, but his whole mind exercising itself about moral and religious principles. When the whole mind acts scientifically, we call it the intellect; when it acts motively, or by volition, we call it the will; when it acts by emotion, we call it the heart; and when it sets about divine truths and everlasting interests, we call it the soul. And by another and equally obvious popular analysis, when the whole mind receives ideas through the medium of the senses, we call it the perception; when it forms ideas, respecting its own existence and operations, we call it consciousness; when it recalls ideas which it formerly recorded, we call it memory; when it creates images of its own, or throws either past or present ideas into new combinations, we call it imagination; when it affirms one idea of another, or converts two ideas into a proposition, we call it judgment; when it forms a series or chain of mutually dependent ideas, we call it reason; and when it either wills, imagines, judges, or reasons respecting religious truths or moral conduct, we call it conscience. Any mother who studies this little piece of mental philosophy, will see at a glance, that in all her conduct towards her children, she is continually acting on their souls, and fashioning them for eternity. How vast the need, then, has she to act constantly under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, and amid "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God from the face of Christ Jesus!"

An ass is naturally a docile, temperate, and very patient animal; he formerly held an honourable place in the stable and on the farm; and he figures in association with two or three most interesting events of sacred history. Yet he has been changed into the miserable and despised "donkey," reduced to a condition of obstinacy, degradation, and contempt, simply by brutal treatment from man. Let any mother deal with even a docile, temperate, and patient child in the manner in which most young persons have dealt with the ass,—let her train, and urge him wholly, or even principally, by blows, and she needs not be surprised if she transmute him into a very similar animal to the ass. A woman who can rule only by the cudgel, stands in the same category with a mere donkey-driver; or if she display a little "gentility" in her method of wielding the weapon, she at least requires from her child a dog's obedience. The rod holds the same kind of place among the appliances of discipline, which the spikes and thorns of plants hold among the beauties and perfumes of a parterre; but who ever heard of a flower-garden which consisted only of thorns? or who would compose a bouquet of mere spikes and prickles?—*Brit. Mother's Magazine.*

ON THE TRAINING OF DAUGHTERS.

Mothers ought, as much as possible, to train their daughters for the sphere of society which they are likely to fill, or at all events for the grade to which they belong. The imbuing of notions, the sanctioning of choices, and the imparting of accomplishments, ought all to have reference to the particular class of circumstances in which daughters are most probably to be placed. If a girl live amidst a domestic expenditure of from £150 to £300 a year, within a circle of considerable intelligence and moderate respectability, her mother will act most culpably, either by giving her no better training than would suit the daughter of an artizan, or a huxter, or by inflating her with aspirations, and stuffing her with hopes, which would be lofty enough for an heiress of £1,000 or £2,000 a year.

Every girl ought to be educated quite up to her station, but not one particle beyond it. No girl can acquire too much proficiency in all common and useful education; too much adroitness in domestic duty, or too intimate a knowledge of herself and of God; but unless she have a fair prospect of spending her life in affluence, or of speedily acquiring a high influence over a portion of society, she may very easily be injured, or even all but ruined, by the acquisition of "accomplishments." For the dowerless daughter of a man of only £200 a year of income, to *thrash* a piano, and *daub* drawing-paper, to the comparative or utter neglect of the plain practical duties of home, is the same thing, in both principle and effect, as for a foolish servant-maid to imitate the dress of her mistress, or for a "gentleman's gentleman" to *demonkeyfy* the manners of his master. The beautiful command of God that "all things be done decently and in order," applies with full force to the proprieties of female education.—*Ibid.*

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OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MARGUERITE.

A STORY OF THE WALDENSES.

In a secluded valley of the Appennines was a small village inhabited by the Waldenses. For many centuries it had been the residence of their ancestors, who, when persecuted on account of their religious principles, had fled from their native land, and taken up their abode in this sequestered spot. Here they were permitted to be at peace, and had for a long season sat each under his own vine and fig-tree, and worshipped God according to the dictates of conscience. The valley on three sides was surrounded by lofty mountains, whose towering summits seemed almost to touch the skies, while the intervening space commanded a distant view of the ocean, bathing the romantic shores of this delightful country. Almost the first object that presented itself to the eye of the traveller was the village church, half shaded by the luxuriant foliage that hung gracefully around it; and in the same enclosure, the retired dwelling of the Pastor of the valley. Philippe Dubois was equally beloved and respected for his suavity of disposition, and the intense anxiety he manifested for the spiritual welfare of his flock. He was on all occasions looked up to as their counsellor and guide. Gentle, affable, and accessible at all times, he won affection and secured esteem, and each seemed to revere him as a teacher sent from God. The partner of his life was equally beloved. For every good word and work Gertrude was prepared; and though eminent for discharging the duties devolving upon her as the mother of three lovely children, she nevertheless found opportunity to "visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction," to instruct the ignorant, and "clothe the naked."

Dubois was himself the tutor of his boys, while Gertrude undertook the task of instructing Marguerite, their only daughter; and the proficiency they made in their studies excited many a hope in the breasts of their fond parents, that they would, one day, reward their unceasing anxiety for their welfare. Not only were they taught that knowledge which was to fit them for this life, they were also trained by precept and example to walk in the way which leads to everlasting happiness. The Bible was to them a treasure, because by it they were made acquainted with the will of God, and they were taught to attach importance to things only in proportion as they related to eternity. With the New Testament in their hands, Louis and Marguerite would often ramble through the richly wooded scenes that surrounded their residence, and there, with earnestness of spirit, search diligently its sacred contents; and never did they seem more happy than when thus employed.

In this manner passed away several years of unbroken, unclouded tranquillity. Constantly engaged in their studies, and happy in each others affections, time glided imperceptibly, until Marguerite, who was the eldest, had reached her fifteenth year. About that time her health began to decline. The rose on her cheek was supplanted by the lily, and she who had hitherto been the life of the circle, and whose vivacity and intelligence had contributed to weave an attractive spell around their dwelling, became pensive and thoughtful. Her parents were not slow in perceiving the change, and every means that affection could suggest was tried, in the hope of restoring her to her former vigour. But the spoiler had marked his victim,—the seal of death was on her brow, and it was evident to all that she was fast sinking into decay.

"My Marguerite die!" passionately exclaimed the agonized mother, after hearing the first intimation of the probability of her departure. "O, I cannot, cannot lose her! I cannot part with my dear, my only daughter." Louis and Henri wept bitterly; while their father, though suffering acutely from the thought of losing his beloved child, endeavoured to comfort the broken-hearted mother. "She will be taken from the evil to come," said he gently; "and my dear Gertrude must not sorrow as one without hope: we shall meet her again."

Gertrude could only answer by her tears. Her heart was deeply stricken, and she found it extremely difficult to say with any degree of submission, "Thy will be done."

We have before observed, that the inhabitants of this peaceful valley had been long favoured with the undisturbed possession of their religious privileges. But about this time persecution began again to rage, and the bigoted Papists, zealous in the destruction of all who differed from them, when they could not persuade them to embrace their opinions, had already driven many of the Waldenses from the neighbouring valleys, and obliged them to seek refuge in the mountains, where, like the persecuted followers of Christ in ancient days, they wandered about, being destitute, afflicted, and tormented. It was now rumoured that they next intended visiting the village of which Dubois was the Pastor, and consternation and terror appeared on every side. He, however, in the midst of tumult, was calm and collected. The dignity of suffering piety—piety so elevated and so exalted as was his—shone with a lustre that even its enemies could not but admire; and when exhorting his flock to "continue steadfast in the faith, and to count all things but loss that they might win Christ," his words were listened to as those of an angel sent from heaven, and with one voice they de-

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cleared that they counted not their lives dear unto themselves, so they might finish their course with joy. In a few days, it appeared that the report was not unfounded. Soldiers appointed to the inhuman task entered the village, requiring that all who would not pledge themselves to renounce the Protestant faith should depart from it.

It was autumn, and the close of one of those delightful days when the natural world seems to enjoy a transitory repose, as if to prepare it for winter's storms. Marguerite's indisposition had rapidly increased; and her afflicted parents now sat by her bedside, anxiously watching every change that passed over her still beautiful countenance, while Louis and Henri, absorbed in grief, stood in silence gazing on their departing sister. At this moment, the door of the apartment was thrown open, and two soldiers entered. "Here is a paper you must sign, or quit the village," said one. Dubois calmly perused it. "The God whom we serve," said he firmly, "is able to protect us, and we cannot violate our consciences by putting our names to what we do not believe." "Those are my sentiments," said his wife. "What are yours, my boys?" asked the father. "Our father's God shall be our God," answered they in one voice. "Then we are of one mind," said he, returning the paper. "Will you sign it, Miss?" continued the soldier, approaching the bedside of Marguerite. She fixed her eyes on him intently, and said, "Sign away my only source of happiness? No!—What profit would anything be to me now, but that religion you would fain have me part with? It is my all, and the world shall not rob me of it."

Struck with her answer, they immediately retired.

"Father, mother," continued the dying child, "I am now going to heaven: my work is done. O meet me there! You must not weep for me. I shall escape from all this trouble and persecution, and be for ever at peace. Henri, Louis, God will be your protector. Shrink not from suffering for the cause of Christ. He will reward you. Farewell!"

"Then you are happy, my dear Marguerite?" said the weeping mother.

"Happy, quite happy!" was her reply; and in a few moments her spirit departed to be with the Lord.

"Did I not tell you, my dear Gertrude, that she would escape from the evil to come?" said the Pastor, as he gazed on the lifeless form of his child. "O, it is well she has gone, though it is hard—very hard to part. But "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Gertrude could not reply; but she could now more fully and readily acquiesce in the will of God; and while she mourned over her early removal, she felt comforted by the assurance, that she had escaped to that land, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Brigg. ADELINE.

OUR SERVANTS.

MRS. FLETCHER'S RULES FOR HER MAID-SERVANT.

RISE a little before six o'clock in winter, and five in the summer. Pray for a blessing on all you do; especially that God would keep you from sin during the day. When you first come down, break up the kitchen fire—then light one in the study—rub the irons, and mind that you do not soil the carpet;—then return, sweep the kitchen, and clean the candlesticks very bright; after which, feed the pigs; and be ready for prayer by eight o'clock.

While we are at breakfast, do what ought to be done in my chamber, and then sit down to your own breakfast: wash up all that you can find needing it, and then put the different things in their several places. Those days that we dress meat, inquire of what kind it is to be, that your fire may be made up accordingly. When you have put the dinner forward, clean the knives, and bring in the coals for each room. Observe to keep the parlour very clean; as it is seldom used, a little every morning will do it: let the goods be bright, and the chimney neat. After dinner, wash up, and put the kitchen and pantry to *rights*; feed the pigs; take a little time for prayer, and sit down to work. On Friday mornings, make ready the preaching-room. Mind always to have a little neat fire in the kitchen, and do not let it go too low. Keep water in the boiler, that it may not burn. When candles are lighted, mind to shut up all the doors and windows. Be sure to rub your feet before you enter the parlour, or go up stairs. Be always ready to oblige; and remember that all you do in an obedient spirit, is done as unto the Lord. Rub the goods, and *do out* (clean thoroughly) the chambers once a week. Leave no shovels, brooms, mops, or baskets out all night: if iron, it rusts them, and exposes them to be stolen. Leave no linen in the garden at night: it invites thieves. Take care of the house-linen: do not use the fine for coarse work, nor stain it if you can help it. Keep the knives and irons dry, that they may not become rusted. Be sure to waste nothing—

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no soap, candles, dripping, bread, &c. The disciples were commanded to gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.

On Saturday evening, let the bread be cut, and put into the cups,* with the spoons also, to be all ready for the next day, that we may have no hurry on the Sabbath, nor any more to be done than is quite needful. Endeavour, as much as you can, to have all finished by six o'clock on Saturday evening, that we may have stillness in the house, and calmly wait for the Lord's day. Remember, all you do for God's people is done for the Lord, who hath said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." If anything oppress or trouble you, tell me your mind freely, as it is my desire that all under my roof should be holy, happy, and comfortable.

* Mrs. Fletcher entertained a considerable number of persons who came from distant places to worship on the Sabbath, at Madeley, to dinner at her house, in order to enable them to stay to all the religious services. Preparations were made for this every Saturday; and to this the rule refers, respecting cutting the bread, and placing it in the cups, &c.

POETRY.

THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL.

The following lines were written on seeing the Martyrs' Monument, recently erected in the city of Oxford, in memory of the Martyrdom of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer.

"Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus."

O thou fair pile, that like a spirit bright,
Risest in peerless beauty on the sight;
'Tis not the sculptor's skill, the chisel's art,
The matchless symmetry of every part,
That fires my muse;—the love of other days,
By thee recall'd, inspires my fervent lays.
Proud monument! thou bring'st to mind the time
When Papal darkness thicken'd on our clime;
The rack, the stake, the prison's midnight gloom,
Crush'd the fond hopes of all, who dared to cope with Rome.

Throughout this brave and noble land,
Then Superstition waved her wand;
And on her forehead, all might see
The "Mystery of Iniquity."
A holy band, a chosen few,
Whose bosoms glow'd with fervour true,
Conspired to break the tyrant's chain,
And sound the Gospel trump again:
With hearts inflamed by sacred love,
They show'd the way to realms above;
And fearless preach'd the bleeding Lamb,
And pardon through his mighty name.
O then, with maddening fury burning,
Rome hurl'd her thunders far and wide;
And long was heard the voice of mourning,
For martyr'd saints, and hopes destroy'd.
O *Latimer!* these classic piles,
Witness'd, in flames, thy dying smiles;
Here slaughter'd *Ridley* shed his blood,
And murder'd *Cranmer* soar'd to God!

And is Rome changed?—In penitential pain,
Does she in secret mourn her victims slain?
Within her pale, does heaven-born freedom dwell?
Has purer light beam'd through each cloister'd cell?
Ah, no! the blood of saints is in her skirt;
She still leads captive many a bleeding heart;
And seeks, by "signs and lying wonders," still
To bend the nations to her lawless will.

Hark, hark! o'er the mountains her thunders are rolling,
See, see, in the valleys her ensign is streaming;
Arise, mighty God! and, her forces controlling,
Let the sword of the Spirit around us be gleaming.
Save, save from the' oppressor, this Protestant nation;
Shine, shine on this land, where our forefathers bled;
Let the trumpet which hail'd England's great Reformation
Sound the requiem of *Antichrist*, fall'n with the dead.

High Wycombe, June, 1845. J. T. Barr.

"I BELIEVE IN THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS."

From saint to saint the world around
Celestial odours are diffused:
Sweet thoughts are born on hallow'd ground
Where holy men have mused.

And none can tell how many springs
Flow to sustain one soul serene;
But every hour some tribute brings
From sources quiet and unseen.

The loneliest pilgrim in the ways
Is never in his prayers alone;
But every one for thousands prays,
And thousands pray for every one.

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We dwell with shadows round us here,
And nought is bright but heaven above;
When all our secret friends appear
How many shall we know and love!

Yet, as we learn the mystery,
Around one holy throne we fall,
And, in the light eternal, see,
That God is all in all.

J. G.

POPERY.

TWENTY POPES APPEARING AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

(*From the "Protestant Advocate."*)

The following facts are collected to prove what sort of people the so-called "holy fathers," these "vicegerents of Christ," and successors of St. Peter, have been. If they had made even a slight endeavour to earn such a title, we shall not find one among them like those whose description is placed before the reader. It is not intended to give a mere work of fiction. The facts which the Popes are here stated to acknowledge, are taken from history,—that unrelenting judge of man. Should any one think these statements incredible, (for so indeed they appear,) he is referred to Spittler's History of the Popes, which is one of the best works of the kind, and of acknowledged reputation and authority. This will remove all doubt; and any one reading the work will find that much more might be said against the Popes: but this would too much extend our work.

I.— DAMASUS.

Damasus. I salute thee, holy Peter, door-keeper of heaven. Be so good as to open the door to me.

Peter. Wait a moment. Who art thou?

Damasus. I am the Roman Bishop, Damasus.

Peter. But thou art stained with blood.

Damasus. Yes, and not a little either.

Peter. Whose is it?

Damasus. I wished by all means to become a Roman Bishop, and so did Ursiccinus. He had numbers of the mob on his side; so had I. Thus there was twice a bloody uproar at Rome, since neither of us would give way, and the churches where the elections took place appeared like murderers' dens. I, however, came off victorious. That's all. Now, pray open the door.

Peter. No such thing. Begone; and receive the punishment due to thy heavy misdeeds. This door remains closed to the ambitious man whose hand is stained with blood.

II.—SERGIUS.

Sergius. Holy Peter, the Pope Sergius requests admission.

Peter. Most willingly. No doubt, thou, as Pope, wert ever a blameless example of purity of manners to all Christians.

Sergius. Not exactly; but is that of any consequence?

Peter. Certainly.

Sergius. That does not suit me at all; for I cannot deny that my manners on earth were not the most decent. O! I have spent many a happy hour in Marozia's arms.

Peter. Thou a Pope, with thy vow of chastity!

Sergius. Why, yes. Art thou astonished at that?

Peter. Who was this Marozia?

Sergius. The wife of Adalbert, Marquis of Toscana.

Peter. Then she was the wife of another man?

Sergius. Certainly; but only in name, and in the eyes of the world: properly speaking, she was mine, and her children are my children.

Peter. Thus thou wert Pope and adulterer in one person!

Sergius. It may appear strange or improper to thee; but I assure thee I knew well how to unite the two characters most happily; and Marozia's mother Theodora, herself, was made the mediatrix. Now, please, open.

Peter. Get thee gone from hence. Adulterers are not to inherit the kingdom of heaven.

III.—JOHN XII.

John. Open the door, Holy Peter, open the door! My wounds pain me dreadfully.

Peter. Thou hast a horrid look. Thy blood is running in streams from fresh wounds. Who has treated thee so foully?

John. Ah! a flagitious ruffian.

Peter. Hadst thou done him any wrong?

John. None at all. He found me in the arms of his wife, and took this trifle so much amiss, that he at once crushed me in his fury. I did not find the sudden change at all delightful, I can tell thee.

Peter. Who art thou?

John. I was Pope; and what is more, was so from my eighteenth year. My name is John the Twelfth. Oh, how I have enjoyed my life! Voluptuousness was my goddess, and my palace her temple. I am mightily displeased at this perverse end of it.

Peter. Pope Sergius was here before thee. To judge from thy features, I suppose thou belongest to his family.

John. Just so. I am of his blood. He,

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too, knew how to make his life agreeable. Do tell me where I can find him.

Peter. He desired, like thyself, to enter at this door; but I rejected him as I now reject thee: for, "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

(*To be continued.*)

BIBLE BURNING IN IRELAND.—The *Armagh Guardian* mentions, that in that city, on the 30th of November, a Roman Catholic held a sword over the head of his wife (a Protestant), and compelled her to blow the fire till her Bible and Prayer-book were consumed.

THE JESUITS AT MALTA.—A convent of Jesuits has recently been inaugurated at Civita Vecchia, in the island of Malta. On that occasion, the Rev. Father Esmonde pronounced a discourse in Italian, in the course of which he thanked Queen Victoria for the great favour she had conferred on his order, in suffering them to establish themselves at Malta. He added, that the Jesuits would evince their gratitude to the Queen by labouring to promote the happiness of the isle, especially through the channel of education!

PERVERSION.—The Misses Poole, of Bridgewater, while on a visit, last summer, to their brother-in-law, the Rev. J. S. Northcote, the late Curate of Ilfracome, were introduced to the acquaintance of Dr. Pusey, and went over to the Church of Rome. But the Protestant Clergyman thought the transition so trifling that he allowed the young ladies still to teach in the Sunday-school; and during the last week or two (middle of December) Mrs. Northcote, too, has become a Romanist, and has written to her husband to say, that her Church does not recognise their heretical marriage; and that, if he wishes to consider her his wife, and his (expected) offspring legitimate, they must be married again by a Catholic Priest. The disconsolate widower, it is conjectured, will follow her advice and example.—*Western Times.*

ACHILL MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT.—During the last month, we were visited at this settlement by a Roman Catholic Priest, who meditates the abandonment of Popery. He stated that for six years he had never ascended the altar with a quiet conscience, having more than doubted the truth of transubstantiation. We believe that there are hundreds of Priests in the same state of mind in the Church of Rome at this moment. According to the doctrine of that Church, a Priest in this state is incapable of working the miracle of transubstantiation, as the intention of the officiating Priest is necessary to its performance; and, therefore, those persons who attend their mass, are, on their own principle, giving the worship that is due to God to a bit of flour and water.—*Achill Herald.*

THE STATE OF POPERY IN CANADA.

THE French Canadians number more than half a million, speak the French language in comparative purity, and all profess the Roman Catholic religion, with the exception of about five hundred souls, who have been brought out of the Romish Church by Missionary efforts, within the last ten years. They are very ignorant; not more than one in twenty of the adult male population being able to read. The French Canadian settlements commence about one hundred and twenty miles below Quebec, and extend upwards, in an unbroken line, about three hundred and fifty miles along the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, until about sixty miles above Montreal. This tract of land, granted previously to the conquest in 1759, and still held under the old French feudal tenure, is, in general, very fertile; but, through wretched husbandry and want of enterprise, two-thirds of the productiveness of the soil may be said to be lost. The French *habitans*, or farmers, consume few British productions; coarse home-made stuffs supplying their clothing. They are in general poor, and in debt to their *seigneurs*, and consequently, often in a state of dependence, that seriously interferes with efforts to bring them out of the Romish Church. The French Canadians are social, polite, and peaceable; naturally intelligent, good mechanics, and require only proper instruction to make them equal to any peasantry. From their isolated position, and long subjection to the yoke of Popery, they are bigoted and superstitious, generally enslaved to their Priests, but, at the same time, are free from infidelity and open irreligion. Many are devout and sincere in their attention to the forms of their Church; and, of late years, a spirit of religious inquiry, and a desire for education, have arisen, which the Romish Church, unable to check, is now seeking with all its might to control.

The introduction of the Romish Church into Canada, and its present state, are interesting. Canada was discovered in 1535 by Jacques Cartier; but it was not till 1608 that Champlain formed the first permanent establishment at Quebec. Seven years after, four Priests arrived; in 1624, a Jesuit establishment was commenced at Quebec, and in 1642, the first house was built at Montreal, by Priests of the Jesuit order, who in 1657 ceded the establishment to the St. Sulpicians, to whom, for evangelizing the Judians, &c., the island of Montreal, and other seigniories were granted, which still remain in the possession of their successors, yielding a revenue of at least £30,000 per annum. Other princely domains were conveyed over by the French government to the Jesuits; which, however, at the death of the last member of the order, were taken possession of by the British Crown. Besides these grants of land,

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the Roman Catholic Church was early established, and the Priest has still the legal claim to the twenty-sixth part of the grain raised by the Roman Catholics of his parish, as well as other fees, and the right to tax the farmers for the erection and repair of churches. The *matériel* of the Romish hierarchy in Eastern Canada, may be said to consist of one Archbishop, two Bishops, two hundred and fifty parish Priests and Curates, eight colleges and seminaries, for the education of Priests and others, superintended by about one hundred Priests and Professors. Besides the regular Clergy, there are at least twenty-five members of the Jesuit order, which was publicly re-established in Montreal in January, 1843; and about the same number of "Brethren of the Christian Doctrine," who have under their tuition in Montreal alone at least 2,000 boys, in a building that cost, without subsequent additions, £10,000, and whose front exhibits the arms of the Queen and Gregory XVI. In addition to the priesthood and their male coadjutors, there are various orders of Nuns, some of them recently established, the members of which, as well as the Jesuits and Brethren of the Christian Doctrine, have recently come out from France. The revival which has taken place in the Romish system has also been experienced in Canada, and dates from the commencement of recent missionary efforts upon the part of Protestants. The means employed, besides those referred to, are the establishment of Associations for the Propagation of the Faith, and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, whose worship is inculcated with redoubled zeal. The translation and exposure of the bodies of saints and other relics take place publicly, with unblushing effrontery; the sale of medals, scapularies, &c., has increased a hundred fold; and the idolatrous procession of the *Corpus Christi* (which takes place on Sunday), and other ceremonials, are observed with great pomp and veneration. The Bible has also been publicly burned, and the *colporteurs* held up by the Priests to their people as the offscouring of the earth, and as deserving of violent treatment, which, in many cases, has been experienced by the Missionaries, who have been mobbed and beaten, and attempts made to set fire to their houses. In my next I shall describe the missionary efforts recently employed among the French Canadians.—*Continental Echo.*

POPERY, AN ABOMINATION.

THE sin which Ezra mourned over was intermarriage with idolatrous heathen nations. This was the breach of a direct command; and the people were specified in the law, with whom such connexion would be a crime. But there is a Christian idolatry, which is also abominable to the God of holiness. There is a system, which the Holy Ghost has denounced by the word "Babylon the great, the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth." Let us examine, briefly, by the word of God, how far this description truly applies to the Christian idolatry, and the Papacy of Rome.

Now we may freely grant, as justice and candour require, that much truth is mingled with the Romish doctrines, that real piety survives in some of its members, that a religion of the conscience is still more widely spread among them, and that bright examples are to be found of self-sacrifice and the devotion of the heart. But the great fact, we still maintain, remains equally true. The Papal system is one of "abomination." It is unbelieving, idolatrous, self-righteous, persecuting. It practically denies the Father and the Son, makes void the work of the Holy Spirit, and tends, of its own nature, to ensnare and ruin the souls of men.

The Papal system is abominable, because it is *unbelieving*. It boasts, indeed, of its apostolic faith; but true faith is really blotted out by a blind credulity. They do not believe the sufficiency and fulness of the word of God; and therefore strive to piece it out with human tradition. They do not believe divine truth to bear its own evidence, by its witness in the conscience, sealed by the Spirit of God; and hence they would prop it by an enormous falsehood, the infallibility of a profligate Italian Prince. They do not believe the threatenings of God against image-worshippers; and hence they enjoin the practice, and cover it with the same vain excuses which the heathen employed. They do not believe the sufficiency of Christ's offering once for all; they eke it out by masses without number for the quick and dead. They do not believe that Jesus is full of grace; and therefore provide us with a more kind and gentle mediator in the blessed Virgin. They do not believe the work of the Spirit, where its tokens are clearest, unless it be found within their own corrupted pale. They do not believe one holy catholic Church, the life of which consists in union with Christ by faith; but replace it by a local, political, sectarian corporation, which has no other bond than a blind submission to the Bishop of Rome. They do not believe the many warnings of Prophets and Apostles, aimed against the idolatrous apostasy of the latter times; and thus, like the Jews, because they believe not the voice of the Prophets, fulfil them against themselves, and peril fearfully their own salvation. To the eye of faith, Popery, and not Protestantism, is the "grand negation." It believes a thousand legendary falsehoods; but it does not believe the true sayings of the living God.

The Papacy is abominable, because it is *idolatrous*. With one consenting voice, all Jews, all Mahometans, and all Protestant Churches, bear this witness against it. This grievous stumbling-block, for ages, has kept

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back the Jews from the faith of Christ. They see, in Papal Christianity, an open and manifest worship of idols. This very sin let loose the Mahometan scourge on the eastern churches, where it prevailed still earlier, and gave strength to that great delusion. The direct and evident aim of that judgment was Christian idolatry. It was the deeper sin of western Christendom, that, after the double plague, they repented not of the work of their hands, to worship demons, and idols of gold and silver. The Protestants, who have received the open book of life from the hands of Christ, have ever renewed the same charge against the Papal Church. They declare, with the English Church, that it commits "idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians." Their own writers allow, that unless transubstantiation be true, the worship of the wafer is idolatry. They tell us, also, that the change depends on the intention of the Priest. Unhappy creed! which condemns its followers, in every act of worship, to be doubtful whether they are not committing a deadly sin against the God of heaven, and whether the most solemn act of their religion be not the worship of an idol! Prophets and Apostles confirm the truth of the charge. They declare that the sins of the golden calf, and of Baal-peor, will find their counterpart in Christian idolatries; and that the Church, seated on the seven hills of Rome, would be "the mother of harlots," or idolatrous churches, and the source of abominations through the earth.

The Papal system is abominable, because it is *self-righteous*. It robs Christ of His grace, that it may clothe the sinner in the robes of merit. It declares, that saints have done, and may do, more than God's law requires; a manifest impiety, that subverts the Gospel from its foundation. It pronounces a curse on those, who deny that sinners, by their good works, merit increase of grace and eternal life. Its whole system fills the eye of the soul with masses, penances, indulgences, merits, and priestly rites; and hides the one glorious object of real hope and confidence, the Son of God, and His death on the cross for the sins of a perishing world.

The Papacy is abominable, again, because it is *persecuting*. Its maxims are steeped in blood. Its disciples, like unconverted Saul, in their blind zeal for God, "breathe out threatenings and slaughter" against the followers of the Lamb. Its first voice, when the Reformation arose, was to condemn and curse the maxim, "It is against the will of the Spirit that heretics should be burned." Even in the reign of Henry, it preached a crusade of slavery and extinction against our own nation. When Mary came to the throne, it used the dungeon, the rack, and the flames, against the witnesses of Christ. In the next reign, it planned our ruin once more. Its deluded followers thought they did God service, when they plotted to destroy King, Princes, and nobles, in one common ruin. In France their success was greater. The Pope celebrated by a medal, and solemn *Te Deum*, the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew. The dragonnades of Louis, and the murders of Thorn, continue the dark list of savage cruelties. The same spirit still breathes and lives in all Papal countries; and every step towards Romish ascendency is the herald of fresh martyrdoms to the church of God.

Finally, the Papacy, in its whole practice, *denies the Father and the Son*. For what is it to deny the Father? Is it not to obscure from the world His fatherly love, to darken the light of His goodness, and blot out from their view the riches of His grace? Read the fierce and haughty decretals; hear the voice of the Pope, proclaiming that it is necessary to all men for salvation to obey his will, and commanding them to deliver heretics, who rebel against him, to the secular sword. Then watch the racks, and dungeons, and frightful tortures of the Inquisition; hear the shrieks of the Albigenses, of the French Protestants murdered in cold blood; trace the whole course of Papal cruelty, from Dominic to the last victim of the holy office; and then answer the question as in the sight of God, "Does not the religion which justifies, which commands, which praises and extols these hideous cruelties, deny the Father?" What worse denial can there be of the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation, than practically to affirm, that He is the Father of cruelties, the God who patronizes infamous and murderous wickedness?

What is it, again, to deny the Son? Is it not to deny the fulness of His grace, the sufficiency of His perfect offering, His glory as the sole Mediator, His love as the tenderest and nearest of friends? All this the Church of Rome practically denies. The Son of God is counted less gracious than the Virgin; His sacrifice less availing to the believer, than idolatrous masses to idol-worshippers; His mediation unavailing, without the further help of saints and angels; His name of love made the warrant for murder and crime! Surely, a system which thus denies the Father and the Son, must be, in God's sight, abominable and hateful.—*Rev. T. R. Birks.*

POPERY IN NEW-ZEALAND.

Of Popery here, I may say with the strictest truth, that the Mission to, at least this the middle district, is a total failure. They began with great swelling words; and we read in papers published in other countries, of the tribes that had joined, and the crowds that were hastening to welcome them. Even these reports are not now heard. Their presents having been discontinued, and their promises having failed, the Priests find that,

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instead of advancing, they are receding. At Tawranga, on the eastern coast, they have lost their principal *pa Maungatapee;* and the leading man and his tribe have become Christians. At Matamata, their next settlement, (a large *pa* to the westward,) the Priest found his party reduced to three, and it is discontinued as a regular station. At Ngauhuruhuru, their next settlement to the westward, about forty miles from Matamata, they began, about a year since, with some prospects. The frame of a chapel was put up by European workmen, in hopes that their native disciples would finish it. Their numbers, however, have seriously diminished, and the chapel remains untouched; a pleasing contrast to two very well-built large chapels, built entirely by our people with their own unpaid labour. At Whawharua, about forty miles to the south-west, they have been altogether discarded. On the Waikato river they have not yet succeeded in forming a settlement: so that in the whole of this district there is not a single place in which Popery can with any truth be considered as even holding its ground.—*Achill Herald.*

PUSEYISM AND POPERY.

THE secessions from the ranks of the established Clergy of this country to the Church of Rome, have been very numerous during the two closing months of the last year. While we regret that the staff of the Romish priesthood should be strengthened by the accession of educated and gifted men from any form of Protestantism, we feel that they have only acted consistently in taking a step which they have but too long delayed; and are thankful that they no longer will eat the bread of the Protestant Reformation, while doing the work of the Jesuits amongst our people. It is stated, on the authority of Episcopalian periodicals, that several other Clergymen are on the point of avowing their attachment to Rome. During the period to which we refer, some few Romish Priests have abandoned their Church, and have been received into the communion of the Church of England, in Ireland.—*Biblical Review.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

"READ TO ALL THE HOLY BRETHREN." (1 THESS. v. 27.)

WHAT a condemnation of all who may debar the people from reading the Scriptures is this solemn direction! What was thus solemnly enjoined respecting Paul's first letter, would, we may be sure, be attended to with regard to all others. (See Coloss. iv. 16.) And this publication of his letters would give rise to the immediate copying of them; and thus secure their preservation and purity. It is very gratifying to trace the abundant means which the Providence of God has afforded us for preserving the *purity* of the inspired text during almost 2,000 years. Nearly 500 different manuscripts of the original Greek exist at this day, in various parts of Europe, several hundreds of which have been carefully compared, and found to agree in every important point. Within 200 years of the Apostle's time, translations were made into several languages, which translations remain to this day. Added to these means of guarding the sacred text from corruption, we have the writings of many early Christians, containing numerous quotations. By the labours of learned men, all these have been very carefully collated; so that by comparing the various Greek manuscripts, the ancient translations, and the quotations in ancient writings, we have arrived at the greatest certainty, that where they all agree, the very words of the inspired writers have come down to us in their original purity; and in the few places of the smallest importance, where some manuscripts differ, it is seldom difficult to ascertain which reading has decisive weight and evidence on its side.

"VOLUNTARY HUMILITY AND WORSHIPING OF ANGELS." (COLOSS. ii. 18.)

SOME, it is likely, were for praying to angels, as the Roman Catholics do, under the notion of extraordinary humility, as if they presumed not to come at once to God by Christ the only Mediator.

The following prayers to angels and departed spirits, are copied word for word from the Prayer-book, used in public worship by Roman Catholics, throughout the world:—"Precor beatam Mariam, semper Virginem, beatum Michaelem archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, sanctos Apostolos Petrum et Paulum, omnes Sanctos, et te Pater, orare pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum." That is, "I beseech the blessed Mary, ever a virgin, the blessed Michael the archangel, the blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the Saints; and thee, O Father (meaning the officiating Priest), to pray to our Lord God for me." Who can read this without lamenting the dishonour put upon the one only Mediator? Vainly puffed up! However man may think that such things arise from humility, pride is really at the bottom, as in the self-tortures of the Hindoo.

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MISSIONARY FACTS.

LIBERALITY OF CAFFRE CHRISTIANS.

I HAD resolved (says Mr. Calderwood) not to ask my little church, consisting of between thirty and forty members, and very poor indeed, to do anything for the Jubilee. This was a source of grief to me; but I did not think it right to ask the people to do more, thinking they were doing all they could. A number of them are poor widows. They earn no money, but by carrying firewood a considerable distance to Fort Beaufort, for which they do not get much. I have been, however, *reproved* for my want of faith, in a way which I am sure will delight your hearts, as it has mine. I told one of my native teachers, the other day, that I was going to Graham's Town to preach to the white people on account of the Jubilee. He is a person of more energy than is usually possessed by Caffres. He said, "Why don't you speak to us, and ask us to do something?" I said, I really think you are not able to do more in raising money than you now do. I wish, however, you would *feel* more, and *pray* more. He replied, "The Lord may put it into our hearts to *try* and do more." I felt reproached and pleased; and hoping that the people might be stirred up to more earnest prayer, and to manifest deeper feeling about their perishing fellow-countrymen, I called the members of the church together, and addressed them, scarcely expecting any money, for I could not think where it was to come from. But I see, where the heart is moved, the hand *won't* be still. They came forward, and subscribed, to my astonishment and delight, about 14*l*. A considerable number of these poor persons give about one shilling monthly to the Society. The sum itself is small; but the spirit manifested in their circumstances is truly encouraging.

A poor widow came forward with fifteen shillings in her hand. I was really afraid to take it, and hinted it was too much. Her reply silenced me. She said, "The Lord has done much for me." She has since brought other five shillings, saying her heart would not be still until she made up the pound. I said to one of the native teachers, who is very poor, "I don't think you can do much more than you now do." His reply entered deeply into my soul. He said, "Two words overcome: one is, 'Ye are redeemed, not with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the *precious blood* of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish.' I see," he added, "that bucks die, cows die, horses die, all earthly things die; but God has redeemed us with something far more precious than these. God has done great things for us—*I must try*. The other word is, 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' I see," said he, "the soul is indeed precious—*I must try*." These are signs of life; and where there is life there is hope. The great body of the people are still against the Gospel. But we have not the stillness of death. What I have now stated indicates a movement in the right direction, and distinctly says, the Lord is with us. We want, above all things, more, far more of the spirit of earnest supplication. The heart of the Church must be yet more *burdened* with souls perishing.—*Miss. Mag.*

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE CHRISTIANS IN MADAGASCAR.

OUR salutations to you. We inquire after your welfare. We are sorry it is so long since we heard from you. We earnestly desire to hear of your state, and should be delighted to see your handwriting.

With regard to our condition here, we are well; but two sisters the "Lord has taken away," and another, the wife of one of us. So far as we can judge, respecting their removal, it is happy; for we indulge the hope that God has received them through the salvation which is in Christ. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" and wonderful indeed is the blessing of God; for He has truly answered your prayer and your cries; so that, as to ourselves, not any of us have been apprehended by the persecution.

The number of the learners* is very greatly increasing; and those who were reduced to slavery, "never to be redeemed," have been permitted to be redeemed. Yes! wonderful and astonishing altogether is the power of God; for he rescues his people from the hands of the wicked. He redeemed Israel from slavery, and he plucked them from the hand of the devil, that they may become the people of God. Read Acts v. 39.

Be, therefore, strong in prayer for us, O friends! Tell all your companions as widely as you can, that "what is not possible with men, is possible with God," and "none can hinder what He does." Do not be unmind-

* The word used here *may* signify merely learning to read, &c.; but, as this is their own voluntary act, it is an encouraging circumstance: it is an indication of a state of mind favourable to Christian efforts, and creates a hope that *more* is intended than meets the eye. Probably all these have renounced idolatry, and have become such as would have been termed catechumens in the primitive Church.—*J. J. Freeman.*

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ful of the children that God has given to be nursed and trained by you; for God will not be unmindful of you: and He will do still more abundantly! Therefore, be earnest in prayer, O beloved! for prayer is power, and strength, and life: for God hears your supplications there, and sends his answers to us. We earnestly desire to have some spelling-books and reading-lessons.

With regard to the general condition of the country, the people are more and more afflicted; the seasons are more and more severe; the work becomes harder; the feudal service more oppressive; and the Government does not change. Three of our friends are deceased (besides those before mentioned). We are not able at present to write at great length, because the opportunity of sending a letter has come suddenly; but, if there should be anything else to say, we shall send again.

And now, in conclusion, O beloved! when we examine the word of God from the beginning to the end, and the passages which are suitable to us in the world, it gives us hope and confidence indeed. We see that God is powerful; that no one can pluck out of his hands, nor hinder that which He is doing. Read, if you please, Daniel iii. 27, 28; iv. 34, 35; vi. 20, 28. Earnestly, therefore, plead on our account and your own; for, if God be with us, who can be against us? (Romans viii. 31—39.)

We have been very much grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Johns; and yet again we rejoice, for he has been received by the Saviour.

All the Christians in Madagascar present their salutations to all you that are in Christ Jesus, in whom friends who love one another, even though distant, are united in one, —say all your friends and companions in Madagascar.

In a postscript to another letter sent to Mr. Baker, at the Mauritius, the Christians state that several natives have lately joined their number, and that many preach to them. —*Missionary Chronicle.*

TABLE-TALK.

ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD *BRITAIN.*

According to the genius of the ancient British tongue, the name of our island is not written with a B, as its radical initial, but a P, which is capable of assuming the sound of B, as its soft; the proper name in its radical form is Prydain, or Ynyn Prydain. This name, according to our Cambrian lexicographers, Mr. Walters and Mr. Owen, imports comely or beautiful, from the word *pryd*, beauty, and the termination *ain*, which answers, as they teach us, to the word *ful*, at the end of many English words. Those who are not accustomed to etymological criticism, will perhaps have no aversion to so pleasing an interpretation. No one will disapprove of the patriotic appellation here supposed to be given by our ancestors to their country, which we have still better reason than they had to esteem the finest and happiest island on the globe.

DEATH OF A RABBI.

When Rabbi Jochanan, the son of Sachai, was ill, and on his death-bed, his disciples came to visit him. When he saw them, he began to weep. "Light of Israel," said they to him, "main pillar of the right, thou strong hammer, why dost thou weep?" He answered, "Were I led forth to judgment before a mortal King, who is here to-day, and in his grave to-morrow; whose anger, were it excited against me, would not be lasting; whose fetters, were he to chain me, could but confine the body; whose infliction of death, were he to kill me, would not be eternal; whom I could soften with words, or bribe with gifts; even then, I would weep. How much greater is my cause for tears, now that I am to be led before the King of kings, the Holy One! Blessed be He who liveth and reigneth for ever! whose wrath, were it excited against me, is everlasting; whose fetters, were he to chain me, know no end; whose infliction of death, were he to kill me, would be eternal; whom I can neither soothe with words, nor bribe with gifts. Moreover, there are two paths open before me,—the one leading to bliss—the other to torment; and I know not which to take. Then how can I abstain from weeping?" His disciples then said, "Our Rabbi, give us thy blessing." He answered, "May the fear of the Deity be as strong on you as the fear of man." One of them said, "What, no stronger?" He answered, "O that it were as strong! for you know that he that is about committing sin says within himself, 'I must take care that no man seeth me.'"

INTRODUCTION OF THE ORGAN INTO CHURCHES.

The earliest account, of which the authenticity is established, is that of the erection of an organ in the church of St. Cornelius, at Compiégne, in France. This instrument

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was a present to Pepin, from Constantine Copronymus, in the year 757. In 826, Louis le Debonnaire ordered an organ for the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, which was built by a Venetian named George. Pope John VIII., in 872, wrote to Anno, Bishop of Friezing, in Bavaria, requesting him to send an organ to Rome, and with it a person competent to perform thereon, and to keep it in repair. But the more general use of the organ in churches and convents in Italy, Germany, France, England, and indeed throughout almost the whole of Europe, was not introduced until a later period. In the mean time, great improvements had been made both in the power and the construction of the instrument. Alphage, Bishop of Winchester, erected an organ, in the year 1001, which contained thirty bellows, requiring seventy men to put them in motion, and pass the air into its four hundred pipes. From this epoch the history of the organ becomes more immediately connected with that of music in general. It remains, therefore, to observe that chanting in churches, as a settled institution, was nearly contemporary with the introduction of the organ in 878. Though included in the reform of Ambrose in the fourth, and in that of Gregory in the sixth century, it was not fully established till the year 757.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

REMARKS ON THE MEMOIR OF MATTHEW CUNNINGHAM.

(To the Editor of the Christian Miscellany.)

In the first Number of your interesting periodical, a very brief memoir is inserted of Matthew Cunningham, of Scartho', near Grimsby, Lincolnshire. In my early days I knew the man well, and do not question the correctness of Mr. Nowell's statement of him. No doubt the truth was in him and abounded.

In that memoir, mention is made of a severe thunderstorm in the year 1783. That storm proved a prelude to the reception of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to many of the inhabitants of Scartho'. It was after this manner:—John Burton, a yeoman of that village, had recently received salvation through Methodist instrumentality,—"the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins." It pleased God to put his word into the mouth of his servant, while he put his Spirit into his heart: John became a "*Boanerges;*" few men, perhaps, exercised a vocation better designated by that character. His heart was enlarged, and he sought the spiritual good of his neighbours. Judging the Methodist ministry to be exactly adapted to their wants, he besought the Preachers occasionally to visit his house. When I travelled in the Grimsby Circuit, we preached in his habitation every alternate Saturday evening and following morning. Referring, in a conversation with the pious man, to the good attendance given by his neighbours to the ministry of the word, he said, "Yes, Sir; but it was not always so. You may not remember the dreadful storm of thunder, hail, and lightning, which occurred a few years ago. It was as though the elements were about to dissolve! At midnight, and amidst the terrific storm, my neighbours surrounded my house, and cried out in one universal voice, 'O Mr. Burton, do come and pray for us! What shall we do? The day of judgment is coming: we shall all be lost!' —What was the reply? '*I* come and pray for you! No, indeed! do not come and disturb *me* at this hour. Now is the time for *you to go to your master*, whom you faithfully serve; go to *him*, and see what *he* can do for you!'" Their cries and entreaties were only the more loud for this. John, however, was true to his word: he would not dress and go down to pray with them. This, however, he proposed:—"If you will come at six o'clock in the morning,—thunder or no thunder, lightning or no lightning,—I will both pray *with* you, and *for* you; and will also preach God's holy word to you." The storm abated—the hour of six arrived—the house was full to overflowing; and from that hour many believed, turned to God, and were saved. I received the above from John Burton's own lips.

"We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmoved amid them all,
And smile to see a burning world!"

PAULUS.

AUSTRALIAN SKETCHES.

(From the Emigrant's Guide, by the Rev. David Mackenzie, M.A.)

FUNERAL AMONG THE ABORIGINES.

A black fellow's burial is conducted in the following manner:—After having dug a round hole about five feet deep, they cut at the bottom another hole horizontally. Into this latter they thrust the dead body doubled, the head up, the knees to his mouth, his opossum cloak wrapped about him; and then all the openings which remain are filled with long dry grass. The grave, or first hole, is then filled up with sticks, covered over with bark, and finished with earth. Having put a rough paling round it, to prevent the

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intrusion of cattle, they go away, and never again mention the name of the deceased.

The nearest relatives, when mourning for the dead, cover their heads all over with white clay; and at certain intervals, generally after dusk, they set up piteous howlings. I have often been disturbed at night by the loud lamentations of some helpless mother who had buried probably her only child.

Their ideas of a future state are extremely vague and indefinite. Many of them believe that after death they will "jump up white fellows;" and they confidently assert, that, among the white Europeans here, they recognise several of their own deceased friends and relations.

They have no fixed abodes, and no houses of any description. Their only shelter at night from cold, wind, or rain, consists of one or two sheets of bark placed obliquely on end, having the upper part resting on a horizontal stick or ridge-pole, supported by two wooden forks stuck in the ground about six feet apart, and five or six feet high. Their fire is always outside, and in front of this hut. If the wind shifts, the position of the hut is changed in less than five minutes; the front of it, and of course the fire, being placed to leeward. Each family occupies a separate hut. They can strike fire by quickly rubbing against one another two dry sticks of the grass-tree.

They have no domestic animal except the dog, which is useful to them in catching opossums, &c.

Their government is democratical; and, as in all such governments, a few men, favoured by nature with long heads, great gift of the *gab*, and a high opinion of themselves, (being the three great requisites for governing the mob in any country,) take the lead, and dictate to the rest on all public occasions. Hence, as among the rankest radicals, the tendency is to aristocracy.

They have no property, except their wives, children, dogs, weapons of war, nets, opossum-cloaks, hunting and fishing grounds: to preserve and regulate all, very few laws are required. Their weapons are the following:—spears, boomerang, nulla-nullah, bark shield, marga, tomahawk and a woomera, which is a stick with a notch in it, and is used for throwing the spear, and with its aid they can throw and kill at one hundred yards. Their tomahawks used to be of stone; one of which is now in my possession. They seem to answer their purpose—that of cutting bark and notching trees to climb—tolerably well; but since the arrival of Europeans, stone tomahawks have been superseded by iron ones. With a tomahawk the black fellow can accomplish wonders: with it he can dig to any depth required, cut bark, climb trees, and cut out opossums. In climbing a straight smooth tree without a branch or limbs, he begins by making a couple of notches, into which he puts his big toes, after having stuck the tomahawk between his teeth, and grasped the tree with both hands. Having got his feet firmly fixed in these notches, which are the first two steps in the ascent, holding on by his left, he now disengages his right arm, takes the tomahawk, and cuts two more notches as higher steps; and thus he continues ascending step by step, carrying his tomahawk in his teeth, until he reaches the desired altitude. I have seen him in this manner ascend a tree a hundred feet high without a branch, as quickly as an old sailor could climb from the deck of a ship to her royals.

A FABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

THE HARES AND THE FROGS.

THE Hares began to be discontented with their uncertain mode of life.

"Do we not live," said one of them, "in incessant fear of men, dogs, beasts, and ravenous birds? Are we not a prey to all these, as soon and as often as it pleases them? And is it not better once for all to die, than to live in constant anxiety, more tormenting even than death itself?"

The words of the speaker were approved, and it was determined that they should all drown themselves, immediately and together. A neighbouring pond was to become their grave, and they hastened thither with great speed.

The great noise of their running, and their appearance itself, frightened a multitude of Frogs, and caused them to run to the shore, and to spring into the water with the utmost haste.

"Ha! what was that?" cried one of the chief of the Hares. "Ah, I see that there are animals who are in fear of us, even as much as we are of our enemies: our circumstances are not so wholly desperate! We might, I think, defer a little this water death!"

This suggestion was followed, which has preserved the race of Hares until this day.

Even in heavy tribulation, let not discontent transport thee beyond thyself. Look around, among thy fellow-men, and thou wilt certainly find *some*, with whose destiny thou wouldest not exchange.

MEISSNER.

LUDICROUS SUPERSTITION.

THE clock of the "*Jamaa Rabeer*," the great mosque of Tangier, being much out of order, needed some skilful craftsman to repair it. None, however, of the "Faithful" were competent to the task; nor could they even discover what part of the machinery was deranged, though many put forth their

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opinions with great pomp and authority. Amongst the rest one man gravely declared that a *Jin*, or evil genius, had, in all probability, taken up its abode within the clock. Various exorcisms were accordingly essayed, sufficient, as every true believer supposed, to have expelled a legion of devils; yet all in vain: the clock continued dumb.

A Christian clockmaker, "a cursed Nazarene," was now their sole resource; and such a one fortunately was sojourning in Tangier,—"a city protected of the Lord." He was from Genoa, and of course a most pious Christian: how then were they, the faithful followers of the Prophet, to manage to employ him? The clock was fixed in the wall of the tower; and it was, of course, a thing impossible to allow the Kaffer to defile God's house of prayer by his sacrilegious steps.

The time-keeper, *Moak Reed*, reported the difficulty to the Kady,* and so perplexed the grey-bearded dealer in law and justice by the intricacy of the case, that, after several hours of deep thought, the Judge confessed he could not come to a decision, and proposed to report upon the subject to the Kaid, advising that a meeting of the local authorities should be called. "For, in truth," said the Kady, "I perceive that the urgency of this matter is great. Yes! I myself will expound our dilemma to the Kaid."

The Kaid entered feelingly into all the difficulty of the case, and forthwith summoned the other authorities to the porch, where various propositions were put forward by the learned members of the council.

One proposed to abandon the clock altogether: another would lay down boards over which the infidel might pass without touching the sacred floor; but this was held not to be a sufficient safeguard; and it was finally decided to pull up that part of the pavement on which the Kaffer trod, and whitewash the walls near which he passed.

The Christian was now sent for, and told what was expected of him; and he was expressly required to take off his shoes and stockings on entering the Jamaa. "That I won't," said the stout little watchmaker: "I never took them off when I entered the chapel of the most Holy Virgin," and here he crossed himself devoutly; "and I won't take them off in the house of your Prophet."

They cursed in their hearts the watchmaker and all his race, and were in a state of vast perplexity. The wise Colama† had met early in the morning; it was already noon, and yet, so far from having got over their difficulty, they were, in fact, exactly where they had been before breakfast; when a grey bearded Mueddin, who had hitherto been silent, craved permission to speak. The Kaid and the Kady nodded their assent.

"If," said the venerable Priest, "the mosque be out of repair, and lime and bricks have to be conveyed into the interior for the use of the masons, do not asses carry those loads; and do not they enter with their shoes on?"

"You speak truly," was the general reply.

"And does the donkey," resumed the Mueddin, "believe in the One God, or in Mahomed the Prophet of God?"

"No, in truth," all replied.

"Then," said the Mueddin, "let the Christian go in shod, as a donkey would do, and come out like a donkey."

The argument of the Mueddin was unanimously applauded. In the character of a donkey, therefore, did the Christian enter the Mahomedan temple, mended the clock—not indeed at all like a donkey—but as such, in the opinion of "the Faithful," came out again; and the great mosque of Tangier has never since needed another visit of the donkey to its clock.—*Hay's Western Barbary.*

* Judge. † Learned men.

GROSS SUPERSTITION IN IRELAND.

THIS being what is called, in this country, "Big Lady-Day," it is kept as a holy day by the Roman Catholics of Ireland; but in this part of the country it is noted for the "stations" performed in it, at the celebrated well called Basle, pronounced Baal, about six Irish miles eastward from Castlebar. Having heard a great deal on this subject, but not having had an opportunity of being present, I was anxious to be an eye-witness of the whole routine. I therefore went to view the scene, accompanied by Mr. O'Conner. Some of our brethren, and other friends, were apprehensive lest the crowds assembled would discover that we were Protestants, and perhaps murder us; but we were determined not to be deterred; so we set out, in the name of the Lord. Before I attempt to give an account of the station itself, it is necessary to give a brief description of the place.

Baal is a very neat village: the principal part has been erected during the last ten or twelve years; and I think it owes a good deal of its prosperity to the concourse of people flocking to the well on or before the station-days. It is surrounded by a fertile country: all nature seems smiling under the government of a beneficent Creator. But how painful to see man, with his immortal soul, so debased as not to know the Hand that made him; but performing the most degrading and disgusting rites, to please an imaginary deity;—certainly not the God of the Bible!

On our right, as we entered the town, is a chapel, connected with which is a burying-ground, which presents an appearance such as I had never seen before: the whole looks like a flagged floor. As there is a large free-stone quarry convenient, each family has its

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own grave, covered with a large rough flag. In the graveyard is one of those round towers, for which Ireland is so famous. This tower is northward of the chapel. At a short distance north-east of it, is an altar, on the top of which is a cut stone, about two feet square. On the stone is carved the figure of a cherub, and underneath is cut, in large letters, "The Queen of Heaven." We now leave the graveyard, and pass through the west gate, which leads to a plot of ground, not now enclosed, though formerly a burying-ground. The length from the west gate to the famous well is about six or eight Irish perches. Just at the east side of this well, and adjoining it, is a small unroofed house, in the east end of which is a door, and another in the west, out of which the pilgrims step into the well. Near to it are two monuments, about seven feet high, erected more than a century ago, over the graves of two respectable families. In the east side of these two monuments is fixed a cut stone, with the following inscriptions; which I give verbatim. The one towards the north I will call No. 1; the other, south and west of the well, No. 2.

No. 1.

"Pray for FAr Laurence Lynch, the soul of John Lynch and Mary Brown, his wife, Richard oge* Lynch, and Eliza Lynch, his wife. Sub tuum procidium Confugimus, S. Ta Dec. 1733, genetrix," &c.

No. 2.

"For the passion of Jesus Christ say one pater and one ave, for the soul of Father Charles Jordan."—1733.

This brief description of the place is necessary, in order to understand the following account of the "stations." The station commences in the graveyard: the pilgrims begin on the south-east side of the tower, and take nearly a circular course round it and the altar, north-east of it; the whole circumference is about ninety yards; this they walk round seven times, repeating seven paters and seven aves. When this is fulfilled, they go on their bare knees, on a place covered with coarse gravel. They move along slowly on their knees, now upon rough gravel, and now again upon rough flags, according as they happen to be in the way. In a short time the pain in their knees becomes so excruciating that many of the pilgrims must stoop on their hands in order to relieve their knees a little, and then crawl the remainder of the way in this posture. They move along, evidently in great pain, until they reach the altar, which I have described above. In many cases the flesh becomes so lacerated that the bone may be seen. The whole length they go on their knees in the graveyard, is about sixty yards. When the pilgrims arrive at this altar, they repeat seven paters and seven aves, and then kiss the "Queen of Heaven" three times. This closes the station in the graveyard. The principal part of the pilgrims then rise from their knees, and walk down to the two monuments already mentioned. Here they kneel opposite to the cut stones No. 1, and No. 2, and repeat seven paters and seven aves; then rise up, and walk round the two monuments seven times, repeating prayers: as they go along each time, they bow to the cut stone No. 1. After going round seven times, they take a small stone, cut for that purpose, and make a cross on the stone No. 1, four times, and then kiss it the same number of times with the greatest veneration. When all this is performed, they go to the unroofed house at the well. The floor of this is also covered with gravel: they enter this through the door at the west side, move along on their bare knees, repeating prayers, till they reach the opposite door, from which they step into the well. The well is about two and a half to three feet deep. Men and women step promiscuously into it, turn round in it seven times, say seven paters and seven aves, throw some water on their heads; and thus this painful ceremony ceases.

Although a reader may think this station superstitious and painful enough, yet there is another performed by some, far more so. The pilgrims who perform this station, when they reach the altar in the graveyard, instead of rising from their knees like the others, walk on their knees to the well-gate, and from that to the two monuments, go round them on their knees seven times, move to the unroofed house, and pass through it to the well. The first pilgrim that attracted my attention was a man, who, after going through all I have described on his knees, was just going into the unroofed house, but his strength was so exhausted, and his knees so lacerated, that he had to obtain two sticks, one in each hand, on which to lean, that he might be able to get through the whole. I believe, if they fail through fatigue and pain, they can taste nothing until the station is performed. Some of these pilgrims are a long time before they recover their strength.

The above is but a faint description of the ceremonies performed, and the sufferings endured. No writer could paint them in all their horrors. Think for a moment of men and women, young and old, from the boy or girl of twenty to the man or woman of sixty years or more, travelling on foot, perhaps sixty miles, for the purpose of torturing themselves, by crawling on their hands and knees over sharp gravel and rough flags, until, in many cases, the blood drops from their mangled flesh. All this is intended to make an atonement for some horrid crime perpetrated; or to get the soul of a friend released from the pains of purgatory; or to thank the "Queen of Heaven" for restoring a husband or child to health. May it not justly

* Oge is an Irish word for young.

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be said of poor Ireland, that darkness covereth the land, and gross darkness the minds of the people? May a gracious God soon say, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!" Hasten the time, O Lord God of salvation! —*Irish Evang. Society.*

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

A CORPORAL of the rifle brigade, for robbing a Spaniard of some bread, was tried by a drumhead court-martial, and brought out immediately afterwards for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the unhappy Corporal, who, till then, bore an excellent character, was placed in the centre of the square, close to the triangle, the General said, in a stern voice, "Strip, sir." The Corporal never uttered a word till actually tied up, when, turning his head round, as far as his humiliating position enabled him, he said in a firm and respectful voice, "General Crawford, spare me." The General replied, "It cannot be: your crime is too great." The unhappy man, who was sentenced to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private soldier, and to receive two hundred lashes, then added, "O General, do you recollect when we were both taken prisoners in Buenos Ayres? We were confined with others in a sort of pound. You sat on my knapsack, fatigued and hungry. I shared my last biscuit with you: on that occasion you shook me by the hand, swearing never to forget my kindness,—it is now in your power. You know that when I committed the act for which I am now made so humiliating a spectacle to my comrades, we had been short of rations for some time." Not only the General, but the whole square, was affected by this address. The bugler, who stood behind the Corporal, then, on a note from the bugle-major, inflicted the first lash, which drew blood from as brave a fellow as ever carried a musket. The General started, and turning hastily round, said, "Who ordered that bugler to flog? Send him to drill! send him to drill! Take him down! take him down! I remember it well!" All the time pacing up and down the square, wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide emotions that were visible to the whole square. After recovering his noble feeling, the gallant General uttered, with a broken accent, "Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?" Then beckoning to his orderly for his horse, he mounted and galloped off. In a few days the Corporal was restored to his rank, and I saw him a year afterwards a respected Sergeant. Had the poor fellow's sentence been carried out, a valuable soldier would have been lost to the service, and a good man converted into a worthless one.

STATISTICS OF THE JEWS.

THEIR restless feet are pressing at this very hour the snows of Siberia, and the burning sands of the desert. Our friend Gobat found numbers of them in the elevated plains of Abyssinia, eighteen hundred miles to the south of Cairo; and when Denham and Clapperton, the first travellers that ventured across the great Sahara, arrived on the banks of the lake Tchad, *they* also found that the wandering Jew had preceded them there by many a long year. When the Portuguese settled in the Indian Peninsula, they found three distinct classes of Jews; and when the English took possession of Aden, in the south of Arabia, the Jews were more in number there than the Gentiles. By a census taken within the last few months in Russia, they amount to two millions two hundred thousand; so that their population in that immense empire exceeds that of our twenty-two cantons. Morocco contains three hundred thousand, and Tunis one hundred and fifty thousand. In the one small town of Sana, the capital of Arabia Felix, they assemble together in eighteen synagogues. Yemen counts two hundred thousand; the Turkish empire two hundred thousand, of which Constantinople alone contains eighty thousand. At Brody, where the Christians, who are ten thousand in number, have only three churches, the Jews, twenty thousand in number, have one hundred and fifty synagogues. Hungary has three hundred thousand; Cracovie twenty-two thousand. In a word, it is imagined, that were all the Jews assembled together, they would form a population of seven millions; so that, could you transport them into the land of their fathers this very year, they would form a nation more powerful and more numerous than our Switzerland. — *Prof. Gaussen.*

THE LETTER-CARRIER.

RESTITUTION.

R——, Yorkshire, Dec. 26, 1845.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—Having received redemption through the blood of the Lamb, even the forgiveness of my sins, I wish to know how much I owe you: be kind enough not to overcharge me. You will remember me when I tell you who I am: my name is W——. I lived seven years ago for

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a short period, at Squire Short's, Edlington Grove; and at that time, to my shame, I was not so steady as I ought to have been. It is nearly two years since I was brought to a knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus. Since then I have had serious losses; but, thank God, I now obtain a good living. The art of saving much money I think I cannot learn.

If I mistake not, you are a Methodist. May God bless you and save you and your family, with all the Israel of God.

W. W.

Horncastle, Dec. 27, 1845.

DEAR BROTHER,—I received your letter this morning; and though I was pleased at the prospect of receiving what I thought was lost to me, I was still more pleased to hear of the blessed change which God has wrought in your soul. What a mercy when He calls us out of darkness into his marvellous light! May you walk in the way of life as long as you live! By this act of restitution you are doing as the Lord would have you, and as every Christian ought. Continue, my brother, *to do "justly*, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God;" and may the blessing of the Lord rest upon you daily, and follow you continually in your soul, in your family, and in your business; this is my earnest prayer. Is your wife also in the way to heaven?

All the record I have of what you owe me, that I can at present discover, is the enclosed account of 1*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.* . If you will send me a post-office order for 15*s.*, I shall be satisfied, and shall present you with the balance of 15*s.* to encourage you in doing that which is right.

I am, dear Brother,
Yours truly.
G. W.

To Mr. W. W—, R—, Yorks.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MISS BIRCH, OF STAFFORD.

BY THE REV. CHRISTOPHER NEWTON.

THE late Miss Birch, many years ago, was induced to sit under the ministry of the Methodists, by observing the attendance of certain ladies in the neighbourhood at the Wesleyan chapel. She was, for some time, a member of the Independent church, and cherished the idea of a union between the members of it, and the Methodist society. With this view she invited Dr. Bennett and Mr. Chalmers, of Stafford, to preach in Brereton chapel. They were heard with pleasure. Dr. B. took for his text, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world;" and Mr. Chalmers, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Finding, however, that her scheme of amalgamation was impracticable, and having a decided preference for the doctrines and discipline of the Wesleyans, she became a member of that society, and continued to retain her love for Methodism as long as she lived.

Her views of divine truth were clear. The Bible was her standard of orthodoxy. The depravity of the heart, general redemption, repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, regeneration, the witness of the Spirit, enabling us to ascertain the fact of our adoption, the absolute necessity of inward and outward holiness, were truths on which she delighted to dwell. She possessed, in no common degree, an intense desire to do good. For the purpose of extending the knowledge of Christ, and of raising up infant churches where none existed, or for the revival of such as did exist, she assiduously endeavoured to procure houses, where prayer should be made. Hence her liberality in the erection of small chapels in this and other Circuits, and in reducing the debts upon others. Nor was this liberality confined to the Wesleyans. She had an ear to listen to the necessities of others, from whom she did not shut up the bowels of compassion.

Her attachment to the cause of Christian Missions was strong. Her works praise her; and she being dead, yet speaketh. There was one peculiar excellence, by which her acts of Christian liberality were distinguished. As she knew, that in the accomplishment of certain objects, money must be employed, she would engage to present a certain amount, and then wait for the issue of more extensive proceedings; and then, if necessary, enlarge her own donation. What she did, she did with her might.

As a member of the Wesleyan church, she loved her class-meetings. No small difficulty, arising from the state of the weather or otherwise, was allowed to interfere to prevent her attendance. Her conduct, on some occasions, might seem repulsive; yet she was ever kind and courteous; but to foolish, flippant, and impertinent ignorance, she would doubtless appear severe. Possessed of no ordinary share of common sense, and of discernment, associated with that "wisdom, which is profitable to direct," she knew, at fitting times, how to assume an aspect, which at once forbade the utterance, and apparent existence, of anything improper. Upon all occasions, she sought not her own

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honour, but the honour of Him that sent her into the world to do and receive good. She knew, as the disciple of Christ, she must take up her cross, and follow Him. This she sought to accomplish, regardless of reproach: consequences she left to her Lord and Master. She had a high esteem for the Ministers of Christ. She enjoyed a Christian festival at one of our Conferences, held at Sheffield; and was delighted with the sight and devotion of the congregations in that town.

During one of the visits of the late Dr. Clarke, she lent her kitchen as a lecture-room, in which he gave a pleasing description of his visit to the Shetland Isles; when, after having partaken of her bounty, she did what she could for the supply of the temporal and spiritual necessities of those islanders, by presenting garments, &c., for the destitute inhabitants. Her concern for the heathen, and her hearty concurrence in the cause of the Wesleyan Missions, are known to many; which would have been more extensive had she lived to do what her hand had found to accomplish, and what was in her heart to do. But God, who cannot err, cut her off before she could execute all her noble designs of benevolence and zeal.

Nor did she forget, amidst these enterprises of Christian zeal, her immediate neighbours. The alms-houses, the free-school, and the poor, will be her witnesses. Her acts of benevolence were not performed without inquiry into the state and necessity of the applicants. On these occasions, she observed, "That all she had was from the Lord. She had nothing of her own." After having thus disposed of her Lord's money, she expressed particular satisfaction, and would say, "It was the Lord, who disposed her to do good," and she had the luxury.

"The last time I was with this excellent and intelligent lady," observes one who was permitted to have frequent interviews with her, during the closing period of her life, "I perceived she was ready for her flight. After prayer, and when assisted to rise from her knees, in the fulness of her heart, she said, 'Never mind, we shall conquer; I feel we shall.'"

Some of her last words were, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" and, "Into thy hands—and into thy house." She "fell asleep" in the seventieth year of her age, on the 2d of January, 1842.

ANECDOTES.

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

When Mr. Wesley was in London, dining with a friend in Pedlar's-acre, in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars, in the year 17—, he was requested by an eminent artist, to allow a cast of his face to be taken; the gentleman offering at the time the sum of ten guineas as a remuneration for the short period necessary for the operation. "O," said Mr. Wesley, "I do not want anything of the kind: pray keep your money, and urge me no further." "Sir," returned the artist, "I will not detain you more than two or three minutes: do allow me to take the cast." "Well, then," replied Mr. W., "if you can do it in the time you mention, I will submit."

Accordingly, he lay down, and the artist succeeded in obtaining the likeness he so much desired, and prevailed upon Mr. Wesley to accept the ten guineas.

Accompanied by Mr. Broadbent, Mr. W. proceeded towards the Borough, when his attention was attracted by a crowd of people surrounding an auctioneer, and apparently causing great tumult. He requested Mr. B. to inquire into the cause of this excitement; who speedily ascertained that the goods of a poor debtor were about to be sold. "What is the meaning of that shout?" said Mr. W. "What do they say?" The words caught his ear, "Turn him off! Turn him off!" Again was Mr. B. commissioned with a further inquiry, and, after much opposition, was able to inform Mr. W. that the poor man was in dying circumstances, and that the inhuman creditor was determined to have the bed upon which he was expiring! Mr. Wesley now rushed into the throng, and, seizing the auctioneer's arm, exclaimed, "How much do you want? What is the debt?" "Ten guineas, Sir," was the immediate answer. "Here it is; take it, and let the poor man have his furniture again," was Mr. W.'s ready and joyful reply; and then turning to his companion, he said, "Now, Brother Broadbent, I see why God sent me these ten guineas."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A writer in a foreign journal gives the following interesting reminiscence of our Christian poet:—

"In the summer of 1838, I was on a flying-fish excursion in the neighbourhood of Olney, and hearing from the postman, who brought letters to our party from the post-office to our country quarters, that the poet Montgomery was there, myself and a friend,

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who had never seen him, took a walk to Olney the next day, to call on him. We inquired for Mr. Montgomery, but no one seemed to be aware of his whereabout; and, as a last resource, we went to the post-office, where we were informed that he would most likely be found at *Squire* Cowper's School. To this place we proceeded. It was a dwelling which Cowper had once tenanted, and ever since it had been used as a village school, and called by his name. There we found Montgomery, surrounded by the children, who were singing that beautiful hymn of the bard of Olney, commencing with,—

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.'

I had heard it sung hundreds of times, but never with such effect as in that room; the very place in which, we are told, and there is every reason to suppose with truth, Cowper composed it.

"Montgomery received us very kindly, and we visited together some of Cowper's favourite spots. It was highly gratifying to repair to such hallowed retreats, in the company of one who has been not unaptly called the Cowper of our time. On leaving, Montgomery kindly invited me to call on him, should I ever visit Sheffield; which I gladly promised to do.

"About two years afterwards I was in that busy mart; and remembering the Poet's invitation, I determined to avail myself of it. I had no difficulty in finding my way to The Mount, the name of his residence, and was fortunate enough to find him at home. We had a pleasant walk together, and after dinner he accompanied me to the literary institutions of the neighbourhood; and it was delightful to observe with what marked attention and respect he was everywhere received. I noticed this to him, and said he must feel highly gratified by it. 'I am, of course, he replied; 'but I have enemies. Not long since some rascals broke into my house, one Sabbath, while I was delivering an address at a chapel in Sheffield (Mr. Montgomery sometimes preaches among his own people—the Moravians), and stole, among other things, a silver inkstand which had been given me by the ladies of Sheffield. However,' he added, 'the loss was but for a time, and proved to be the occasion of the greatest compliment, which, in my opinion, I ever had paid me. A few days after my loss, a box came directed to me, and, on opening it, lo! there was, uninjured, the missing inkstand, and a note, in which the writer expressed his regret that he had entered my house and abstracted it. The thief said, his mother had taught him some of my verses when he was a boy, and on seeing my name on the inkstand, he first became aware whose house he had robbed, and was stung with remorse, so that he could not rest until he had restored my property, hoping that God would forgive him.'"

JONAS HANWAY.

It is curious to observe the slender thanks given to those who endeavoured to increase the comforts and conveniences of the human race.

When Jonas Hanway, though a very popular character, first appeared in the streets of London with an umbrella, he was looked upon with a feeling similar to that with which the ancient Prophet of that name was regarded. The novel example of such effeminacy was ridiculed, as quite insufferable; and preferring the rays of the sun, to the shower of missiles with which he was assailed, he quietly put it down, and took shelter in a cutler's shop, from the back door of which he retreated into an adjoining street, and without further molestation got safely home. It was some time before he again ventured to defend himself publicly against the sun's rays; but being deemed an eccentric, his singularity was overlooked; and he was permitted quietly to walk under cover. At length so many began to avail themselves of the like accommodation, that the common eye grew familiar to it. A few rurals stopped now and then, to gaze and wonder, but felt rather amused than offended. The imitation at length spread from the Bond-street men of fashion to the men of smock-frocks and aprons. And in our day the umbrellas are become as common and necessary, as shoes and stockings.

ATTACHMENT OF THE DOG TO A CERTAIN CLASS OF MEN.

The story of the fireman's dog is well known. We give another. "In the first regiment of the royal guards," says M. Blaze, "we had a dog called *Bataillon*. Entertained by the soldiers at the guard-house, he always remained there: his masters changed every twenty-four hours; but that gave him no uneasiness. Sure of his pittance, there he stayed. He would follow no one to the barracks: but looked upon himself as the humble servant of twelve soldiers, two corporals, a sergeant, and drummer, whoever they might happen to be, and without being uneasy about the matter. During the night, when it froze hard, the sentinel frequently called *Bataillon*, and took his place to warm himself at the stove: the dog would have suffered death rather than have passed beyond the door. When we changed garrison, the dog followed the regiment, and immediately installed himself in the guard-house of the new barracks. He knew all the soldiers, he caressed them all; but would take no notice of those who did not wear our uniform. To this dog the regiment was a master, an individual whom he loved. His feeling was for blue dresses with amaranth facings: he despised all other colours."

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A CITY SAVED BY DOGS.

The citadel of Corinth was guarded externally by an advanced post of fifty dogs placed *en vidette* on the sea-shore. One night the garrison slept, overcome with wine. The enemy disembarked, but were received by the fifty dogs, who fought with indomitable courage till forty-nine fell. The survivor, named Soter—history has preserved his name—retreated from the field of battle to the citadel, and gave the alarm; the soldiers were aroused, and the enemy was repelled. The Senate ordained that Soter should wear a silver collar, with this inscription: "Soter, defender and preserver of Corinth." A monument of marble was erected in honour of the dogs which fell, on which their names, with that of Soter, were engraved.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SAINT DAVID.

Saint David, in Welsh *Dafydd*, was descended from the royal family of the Britons, being uncle to the great Arthur, and son of Xantus, Prince of Ceretica, now Cardiganshire. Being ordained a Priest, he retired into the Isle of Wight, and embraced an ascetic life; but after a long course of study he emerged from his solitude, and preached the Gospel to the Britons. He built a chapel at Glastonbury, and *founded twelve monasteries*, the principal of which was in the Vale of Ross, near Menevia. He compelled all his Monks to assiduous manual labour, and did not allow them any cattle to assist them in their agricultural work. They were never suffered to speak but on occasions of absolute necessity; and they never ceased to pray, at least mentally, during their labour. They returned late in the day to the monastery to read, write, and pray. Their food was only bread and vegetables, with a little salt; and they never drank anything better than a little milk mingled with water. After their repast they spent three hours in prayer and adoration; then took a little rest, rose at cock-crowing, and continued in prayer till they went out to work. Their habit was of the skins of beasts. When any one petitioned to be admitted, he waited ten days at the door, during which time he was tried by harsh words, repeated refusals, and painful labours, that he might learn to die to himself. When he was admitted, he left all his worldly substance behind him; for the monastery never received anything on the score of admission. All the Monks discovered their most secret thoughts and temptations to the Abbot.

The Pelagian heresy springing up a second time in Britain, the Bishops, in order to suppress it, held a synod at Llandewy-Brevi, in Cardiganshire, A. D. 519, and St. David was invited to this venerable assembly. At the close of the synod, St. Dubritius, the Archbishop of Caerleon, resigned his see to St. David, whose tears and opposition were only to be overcome by the absolute command of the synod; which, however, allowed him, at his request, the liberty to transfer his see from Caerleon, then a populous city, to Menevia, now called St. David's, a retired place, formed by nature for solitude.

Giraldus adds, "that St. David was the great ornament and pattern of his age. He spoke with much force and energy; but his example was more powerful than his eloquence; and he has in all succeeding ages been the glory of the British church." He continued in his last see many years; and having founded several monasteries, and been the spiritual father of many saints, both British and Irish, died about the year 544, at a very advanced age. He was buried in the church of St. Andrew, which, with the tower and whole diocess, are named after him. Near the church stand several chapels, formerly resorted to with great devotion: the principal is that of St. Nun, mother of St. David, near which is a beautiful well, still frequented by pilgrims. Another chapel is sacred to St. Lily, surnamed Gwr Dafydd, that is, "St. David's Man;" for he was his beloved disciple and companion in his retirement. He is honoured there on the 3d, and St. Nun, who lived and died the spiritual mother of many religious women, on the 2d of March. The three first days of March were formerly holidays in South Wales, in honour of these three saints: at present, the first only is kept a festival throughout the principality.

The leek worn on this day by Welshmen, is said to be in memory of a great victory obtained by them over the Saxons; they, during the battle, having leeks in their hats to distinguish themselves, by order of Saint David. Another account adds, "that they were fighting under their King, Cadwalla, near a field that was replenished with that vegetable."

"I like the leeke above all herbs and flowers:
When first we wore the same, the field was ours.
The leeke is white and greene, whereby is meant
That Britaines are both stout and eminent.
Next to the lion and the unicorn,
The leeke, the fairest emblym that is worne."

Mr. Owen supposes that the habit of wearing the leek originated in the custom of *cymortha*, still observed among the farmers of the country, when, in assisting one another to plough their land, they bring each their leeks to the common repast of the whole party.

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GENERAL RELICIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW GERMAN REFORMATION.

THE progress of this movement has not justified the sanguine expectations of many friends of true religion in England, as to its tendencies and results. There is some reason to apprehend that M. Ronge, and many who act with him, are imbued with neological sentiments, and have but little sympathy with the truth as proclaimed by the Saviour and his Apostles, as that which can alone make the spirit free. The movement, however, continues to advance, notwithstanding the opposition of the civil rulers in many of the German states. We hail it as an inroad on the tyranny and superstition of the Romish Church, and have a hope that it will ultimately serve the cause of truth, by being baptized with the spirit of the Gospel. The hope is strengthened by the fact, that the communities it is forming are assuming an evangelical complexion, and thus may be regarded as open to the reception of any light which it may please God graciously to vouchsafe by the teaching of his word and Spirit. —*Biblical Review.*

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Archer, Mrs. Susan,		Brackley,		Nov. 27th, 1845.
Bate, Mrs.,		Pateley-Bridge,		Dec. 27th, 1845.
Bennett, Mrs.,	Culmstock,	Tiverton,	48	Nov. 20th, 1845.
Bond, Mrs.,		Tiverton,		Dec. 21st, 1845.
Bowerman, Mr.,	Bicester,	Brackley,		Nov. 18th, 1845.
Cobb, Mrs.,		Margate,	58	Dec. 14th, 1845.
Crebbin, Mr. E.,		Coleraine,	29	Dec. 18th, 1845.
Dale, Mr. John,	Regent-Road.	Manchester,	78	Oct. 20th, 1845.
Dart, Mr. Henry,		Jersey,	58	Nov. 22d, 1845.
Davies, Rev. John,	Wesleyan Minister,	Merthyr-Tydvill,	61	Dec. 21st, 1845.
Eayes, Mr.,	Ampthill,	Bedford,		Dec. 13th, 1845.
Fox, Mr. Richard,	Bessecar,	Doncaster,	70	Oct. 31st, 1845.
Frankish, Mrs.,		Wainfleet,	45	Dec. 2d, 1845.
Gloyne, Rev. Charles,	Wesleyan Minister,	Wakefield,	80	Dec. 17th, 1845.
Hatton, Mrs.,		Birmingham,	92	Dec. 11th, 1845.
Holdsworth, Mrs.,	Belle-Vue,	Wakefield,	54	Dec. 25th, 1845.
Holland, Mr. Joseph,	Bron-y-garth,	Wrexham,	61	Nov. 29th, 1845.
Holtby, Mr. James,	Little Driffield,	Driffield,		Dec. 11th, 1845.
Hopewell, Mrs.,		Grimsby,	72	Dec. 23d, 1845.
Illingworth, Mrs. Joseph,	Slaidburn,	Clitheroe,	66	Dec. 2d, 1845.
Lockyer, Mrs.,	Knapp,	Taunton,	69	Dec. 3d, 1845.
Marsden, Mrs.,	Hadfield,	Glossop,	58	Dec. 31st, 1845.
Ogle, Henry,	Melbourne,	Pocklington,	82	Dec. 7th, 1845.
Palser, Mr. John,	Wootton-under-Edge,	Dursley,	72	Aug. 21st, 1845.
Phillips, Mrs. Mary,		Ripon,	74	Sept. 24th, 1845.
Robinson, Mr. William,	Broughton,	Manchester,	51	Oct. 5th, 1845.
Sargent, Mrs. M. L.,		Lincoln,	32	Sept. 14th, 1845.
Sharphouse, Mrs.,	Stutton,	Tadcaster,	66	Nov. 29th, 1845.
Short, Mr.,	Bicester,	Brackley,	61	Dec. 9th, 1845.
Sims, Mrs. Elizabeth,	North Scarle,	Lincoln,	66	Aug. 11th, 1845.
Slater, Sarah,	Ebchester,	Shotley-Bridge,	79	Nov. 25th, 1845.
Snell, Mrs.,	Climsland,	Launceston,	27	Nov. 23d, 1845.
Stables, Mrs.,	Sinnington,	Pickering,	37	Nov. 24th, 1845.
Tuffin, Mary Ann,	Stickland,	Dorchester,	54	Nov. 25th, 1845.
Williams, Mrs.,		Haverfordwest,	39	Nov. 6th, 1845.
Wilson, Mr. John,		Skipton,	83	Dec. 10th, 1845.

THOMS, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER, 12, WARWICK-SQUARE, LONDON.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

APRIL, 1846.

OBSERVATIONS ON HUMAN DEPRAVITY.

"By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."—Rom. v. 12.

Such is the account given by the Apostle of the Gentiles of human depravity; and it is truly a melancholy one, upon which we cannot dwell with pleasurable emotion. Nevertheless, the exercise, though painful, may neither be unseasonable nor unprofitable. Under this influence, and with the design of adverting to some of those practical lessons which the mournful topic appears to suggest, we shall direct attention to certain facts, which are embodied in the portion of Scripture prefixed to these remarks.

The first specially regards the introduction of evil. "Sin," saith the Apostle, "entered into the world." This is a truth too obvious to be denied. It discovers itself through the whole man. *The thoughts of the heart declare it.* Men, in a state of nature, have not God in all their thoughts, neither will they seek after him. (Psalm x. 4.) Their imaginations are vain, worldly, and evil. (Jer. iv. 14; Matt. xv. 19.) *The language of the lip manifests it.* The ungodly are represented as saying, "With our tongue will we prevail; our lips are our own: who is lord over us?" (Psalm xii. 4.) The kind of speech which may be expected from them, Solomon informs us: "The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord." (Prov. xv. 26.) "The mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things." (Prov. xv. 28.) "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness." (Rom. iii. 13, 14.) Thus does St. Paul portray the evils of the tongue, which exhibition St. James abundantly corroborates;—he says, "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell." (Jas. iii. 6.) *The actions of the life exhibit it.* Who can adequately describe, and sufficiently mourn on account of, the drunkenness, debauchery, and revellings with which mankind so guiltily abounds?

The second has reference to the universality of this depravity. It is not only total and complete with regard to its influence on man individually, it is also *universal in its extent.* "All have sinned;"—all of every age and

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degree. This portion of the history of man is expressed in the following passage:—"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." (Gen. vi. 5, 6.) The reader will remember, that on account of this fearful apostasy, a dreadful destruction followed;—a flood of waters came, and swept away the ungodly from the face of the earth. In process of time the world was re-peopled; but as men multiplied, vice increased. Witness the cities of the plain. "The men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." (Gen. xiii. 13.) The Prophet Ezekiel adverted to this fact: "Behold, this was the iniquity of Sodom, pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy. And they were haughty, and committed abomination before me: therefore I took them away as I saw good." (Ezek. xvi. 49, 50.) In succeeding ages, the assertion of the text has been amply verified: "all have sinned." Every species of iniquity and transgression has been developed in a greater or less degree. Whatever difference may exist among the several grades of society, however distinguished from each other in respect of rank, station, and fortune, "they are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." (Psalm xiv. 3.) This sweeping and comprehensive assertion embraces *all in every country*. Some have been disposed to eulogize the inhabitants of some newly-discovered nation, and to make an almost inconceivable distinction between them and others with regard to general turpitude and delinquency. But supposing the former to be comparatively free from a few of the more flagrant instances of depravity and crime, not one has been found where the ramifications of iniquity are not conspicuous.

The THIRD directs our attention to the ORIGIN OF THIS DEPRAVITY. It is owing to our progenitor Adam. He was the cause of it. This is positively and directly taught in the words of Holy Writ. "By one man,"—and the context unhesitatingly points to Adam as the individual alluded to,—"by one man sin entered into the world." When the first man came out of the hands of his Maker, he was pure and perfect; and his disgraceful and unhappy fall is almost the first circumstance that is recorded of him. In this lapsed condition he became a parent; and as like produces like, it being a fixed law of the Creator that every seed should have its own body, "Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image;" (Gen. v. 3;) in that state of radical and complete depravity to which by transgression he had reduced himself. Hence the source of man's miserable condition. It is therefore impossible not to infer, that the whole of the human family have, when they come into the world, sin entailed upon them. The language of the Psalmist is in point: "The wicked are estranged from the womb: they go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies;" (Psalm lviii. 3;) and, as if on purpose to prevent any peculiar and unwarranted application of this assertion to subsequent corruption, the result of evil counsel or bad example, the Psalmist carries the point further, and declares, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." (Psalm li. 5.)

The FOURTH has respect to THE EFFECT OR CONSEQUENCES OF THIS SINFUL CONDITION. "And death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." What is death? It has various significations, such as the loss of the life of God in the soul; the eternal loss of the favour, and remediless banishment from the presence of God; or the separation of the soul from the body, which returns to the dust from whence it was taken. No sooner

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did man sin against God, than he was punished with spiritual death. The life or image of God in the soul was destroyed, which consisted in knowledge, holiness, righteousness, and the happiness which was consequent thereupon. All these were lost. Man lost his *knowledge* of *the works of God*, and especially of himself, of what he was before the fall, what he is now in his fallen state, and of what he may be hereafter; what he is, whence he came, and whither he is going; of God, His nature, and His attributes; what God is in himself, and *is*, or is ready to *be*, to his rational and immortal creatures; and also, of God's will concerning man, his duty, and his happiness. He lost his *holiness*. Where were now man's esteem and veneration for the greatest and best of beings? His desire after, and delight in Him? His zeal for His glory, his resignation to His will, his acquiescence in His disposal? His hatred to sin, his self-government and restriction in the indulgence of his appetites and passions? Alas! he is "alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in him." (Eph. iv. 18.) He lost his *righteousness*. His love to his fellow-creatures, and the proper fruit thereof, are lost; so that he is become the subject of every selfish, vindictive, ungenerous, and hateful temper. (Rom. iii. 10—12.) He lost his *happiness*. (Rom. iii. 16, 17; Isa. lvii. 20, 21.) His understanding being dark and bewildered, his will perverse and rebellious, his affections irregular and disordered, his appetites craving and insatiable, his conscience guilty and accusing, his fears alarmed and terrifying, his health declining, infirmity, affliction, and death approaching, and the Almighty frowning, all—all conspire to make him miserable. A *hell* here, and a *hell* hereafter!

While these momentous facts are passing in review, let it be our desire to gain instruction. They are fraught with admonition and improvement. 1. Let our minds be suitably affected with a sense of our melancholy state. However free from the infection of some of those enormities with which our earth abounds we may suppose ourselves to be, let us not imagine that we are unaffected with moral guilt, and under no sentence of condemnation and death; all such vindication is vain! and those who flee to such refuges of lies deceive themselves! (1 John i. 8.) How strange is the infatuation, that with a nature so corrupt, man should be the victim of so much indifference and apathy respecting his eternal welfare!

2. Let the grace of God, who has provided a remedy for perishing man, be devoutly acknowledged: who "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich." (2 Cor. viii. 9.) Our progenitors could not repair the evil which had been committed. The interposition of the highest archangel before the throne of the Most High, could not effect man's restoration! Was it then utterly impossible to effect his recovery? Must he for ever remain the slave of sin? No: Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth! the rich and undistinguishing grace of Almighty God furnished an all-sufficient Saviour! Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, the Lord of life and glory, came from heaven, "not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." (John iii. 17.) He "suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." (1 Peter iii. 18.) "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." (1 Peter ii. 24.) "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." (Gal. iii. 13.)

3. Let the remedy graciously provided for man's recovery be cordially and thankfully embraced. It is a consolatory truth, that Christ "died for all;" (2 Cor. v. 15;) that he gave "himself a ransom for all;" (1 Tim. ii. 6;) "that he by the grace of God tasted death for every man;" (Heb. ii. 9;) "and if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous:

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and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." (1 John ii. 1, 2.) If any perish, it is not on account of Adam's transgression: "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds *are* evil." (John iii. 19.) Hence the language of the Most High when reproving the Jews: "What mean ye, that ye use this proverb concerning the land of Israel, saying, The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge? As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." (Ezek. xviii. 2, 3, 20.) Let us ever be on our guard against the evil which we so much deplore; and remember, that to indulge in the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, will be a sin against the remedy which infinite wisdom and mercy have provided, and, being our own deliberate act, will not fail to expose us to the bitter and overwhelming displeasure of the Most High!

Colne. W. S.

UNITY OF THE BIBLE.

This unity, if it can be shown to exist, none can say that it was involved and implied in the external accidents of the book, and that we have mistaken the outward aggregation of things similar for the inward coherence of an organic body; since these accidents, if the word may be permitted, are all such as would have created a sense of diversity; and it is only by penetrating through them, and not suffering them to mislead us, that we do attain to the deeper and pervading unity of Scripture. Its unity is not, for instance, such as might apparently be produced by a language common to all its parts. For it is scarcely possible, I suppose, for a deeper gulf to divide two languages than divides the two in which severally the Old and the New Testament are written. Nor can it be likeness of form which has deceived us into believing that unity of spirit exists; for the forms are various and diverse as can be conceived: it is now song, now history; now dialogue, now narration; now familiar letter, now prophetic vision. There is scarcely a form of composition in which men have thrown their thoughts which does not find its archetype here. Nor yet is the unity of this volume brought about through all the parts of it being the upgrowth of a single age, and so all breathing alike the spirit of that age; for none such beheld the birth of this book, which was wellnigh two thousand years ere it was fully formed and had reached its final completion. Nor can its unity, if it exists, be accounted for from its having had but one class of men for its human authors: since men not of one class alone, but of many, and those the widest apart,—kings and herdsmen, warriors and fishermen, wise men and simple,—have alike brought their one stone or more, and been permitted to build them into this great dome and temple which God through so many ages was rearing to its glorious height. Deeper than all its outward circumstances, since these all would have tended to an opposite result, this unity must lie—in the all-infolding seed out of which the whole book is evolved.—*Trench's Hulsean Lectures for* 1845.

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BAPTISM OF INFANTS

VINDICATED ON THE GROUND OF INFANT CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

If we can establish the Church membership of infants, their right to the ordinance of baptism is also established; for baptism will not be denied to be the undoubted privilege of every member of the Church. Such being the case, we argue thus:—If God have once constituted in his Church the membership of infants, admitting them by a religious ordinance; and if this primitive appointment of God have never been annulled by divine authority; the membership of infants still remains, and no man has a right to annul it.

The principle of this argument is affirmed by the rebaptizers themselves. For instance, a somewhat plausible, but very shallow, and not very *honest* pamphlet, extensively circulated by this party, contains the following:—"A *divine* law must continue obligatory until it is repealed by *divine* authority. There is no intimation in the Scriptures that the law of baptism has been repealed; and, therefore, there is no reason to suppose its obligation has ceased." Granted. The argument is a good one; but it is ours as well as theirs. We also maintain, that "a *divine* law must be obligatory until it is repealed by *divine* authority." And since the divine institution of infant membership in the Church of God is so notorious that the most learned antagonist of infant baptism distinctly admits it; (*vide* Tombe's Apology;) and since it is a principle with them to admit nothing in favour of the infant's claim but "express precepts or clear example," they cannot think it unreasonable in us to demand of them *precept* thus express, or *example* thus clear, to prove that this "divine law" has been *repealed* "by divine authority."

That infants did, by divine authority and command, "enter into covenant with the Lord their God, and into his oath;" that they had a part in the covenant, and a place in the Church of God, from the time of Abraham to the coming of Christ, it would be perfect folly to deny. The membership of infants, then, was plainly established by divine authority. And those who take upon themselves to cast infants out of the Church, and rashly to declare these "little ones" *incapable* of such membership, and *incapable* of entering "into covenant with the Lord their God, and into his oath," are bound at least to prove to us that this divine appointment has been *abrogated*. Yes, they are bound to prove this, by alleging a *divine authority* as express as that by which this order was established. This, however, we know they will not do. And *they* know it as well. Infants were, by divine right, members of the Church of God when Christ began his public ministry upon earth; and so far was the Son of God from annulling that right, that he solemnly confirmed and ratified it; for not only did he declare that, "of such is the kingdom of God," but he added, also, "Whoso receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth me."—*Rev. Geo. Turner.*

CAUSES OF INTEMPERANCE.

That there may be in some persons a constitutional aptness to this sin may be granted; yet there will be found very few in a state of infancy, who have a natural relish for spirituous liquors. This inclination, if found in any, may be rather imputed to the horrid wickedness of nurses, or the nameless cruelty of parents, than to an instinctive desire after them, however prone to evil in other respects. And even in children from one to fifteen years of age, although they be gay and trifling, proud and vain, impatient of restraint, and

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passionate when displeased, we seldom perceive any strong propensity to this vice. It is very rarely practised in any situation of life till persons arrive at youth or manhood; and not frequently even then, unless they be drawn into it by old practitioners, or, by associating with others of their own age, they become tempters to one another.

1. The beginning of this practice may often be dated from some *festival* or *wake*, some *market* or *fair*, where young people resort for business, or for pleasure and amusement; who form themselves into little parties in public-houses, perhaps without the least intention to be intemperate; but the subjects of conversation being agreeable, and the animal spirits being soon raised to a degree of cheerfulness, they are allured on to drink a little more, and then a little more, until at length the reins of self-government are totally lost, and most of the company are utterly unfit for every religious duty.

2. Another incitement to this evil may be found in the social interviews of relations and friends, who, from the fulness of their affection, urge them to take another, and another glass, (possibly without the least design to injure any one,) till it is evident, by marks which are almost too indelicate to mention, that reason is lost, and then the persons are no more themselves, having no proper command over their inclinations or actions.

Should they not proceed to this degree of ebriety, yet, on such occasions, intemperance is too frequently indulged, which is not only a species of this vice, but is often an inlet to it in its fullest strength and scope; for as there is a gradation in sin in general, so there is in this particular. At first, men are a little disordered by liquor, and then a little more, until all sense of shame is gone, and all proper regard to decorum is shaken off.

3. A third inducement to the practice of this vice will be found in the disquietude of mind, which is often felt by men in all stations of life. In this world, in its present state, no permanency in outward things can be expected. The rights of property are often invaded by oppressors, while redress cannot be obtained without an enormous expense. The hand of violence may be permitted by an infinitely wise Providence to take from us the fruits of our industry and care; or losses may be sustained by fire, water, and various other instruments, which may reduce us to straits and difficulties.

These losses, if the Divine favour be not enjoyed, will produce, what the Apostle Paul calls *the sorrow of the world*, in which the unhappy sufferers, instead of pouring out their souls to God in prayer for a sanctified use of their afflictions, have recourse to liquor of some kind or other, to revive their spirits, and alleviate their grief. If this were done guardedly and moderately, it might possibly be innocent; but it is always a dangerous expedient, and in many instances proves ruinous to body and soul.

The same line of conduct is pursued on the loss of a relative. The mind of the surviver, dwelling upon the dreary subject, sinks into a kind of gloom, and is peculiarly restless and unhappy. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." (Isa. lvii. 21.) Hence it is that we find numbers of unhappy mortals, having recourse to a variety of amusements and diversions in order to kill time. They cannot bear to be alone without becoming uneasy; they must be in a crowd of business or company; must be at the theatre, the ball-room, or the bottle; for such is the wretchedness of those who live without the fear of God, that *they are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.*

4. Another thing which leads to this dreadful practice is, *real or supposed* indisposition of body. Nothing is more common than for those who suffer from pain in the stomach, or languor on the spirits, to fly to some kind of strong liquor for relief. If they obtain a little ease, they repeat the experi-

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ment; and thus, as often as they feel lassitude or pain, this is their sovereign remedy, till a habit of drinking is unhappily contracted, which is not easily shaken off. This is peculiarly common among such as are relaxed in the nervous system. They think they cannot live without some kind of liquors to cheer them, till at length they die of the *remedy* itself. They may at first do it secretly, and with comparative moderation; but the evil gains ground upon them daily, and they generally become hardened in guilt and wickedness.

5. Another source of this evil may be found in the practice of walking or visiting on the Sabbath-day. Labouring people, especially in manufacturing and seaport towns, frequently walk out in company for recreation, two, three, or four miles. They want some refreshment; this leads them to the alehouse, which they seldom leave while they are sober. This abominable custom is full of iniquity. The Lord's day is profaned; evil communications are formed; sinful propensities are strengthened; the vilest tempers imaginable gain the ascendency; and habits of drunkenness are contracted, which are sure presages of shame and misery. Numerous acts of fornication and adultery, of murder and suicide, may be traced to their origin in this wicked practice.

On such occasions, the imagination is tortured to find incentives to intemperance and lust, to mirth and gaiety, to folly and dissipation, while all the vulgar obscenity and profaneness, which the depraved heart of man can conceive, is brought into view. How many children are ruined by such conduct in parents, and how many young people are thus matured in wickedness, and prepared for the most atrocious acts of barbarity!—*Rev. James Wood.*

TORTURE OF CRUCIFIXION.

As a proof of the exquisite torture inflicted by crucifixion, the following scientific account of it by G. G. Richter, a celebrated German physician, is of importance for the information of every Christian. The position of the body is unnatural, the arms being extended back, and almost immovable. In case of the least motion, an extremely painful sensation is experienced in the hands and feet, and in the back, which is lacerated with stripes. The nails being driven through the parts of the hands and feet which abound with nerves and tendons, create the most exquisite anguish. The exposure of so many wounds to the open air brings on inflammation, which every moment increases the poignancy of the suffering. In most parts of the body which are distended or pressed, more blood flows through the arteries than can be carried back by the veins. The consequence of this is, that a greater quantity of blood finds its way from the aorta into the head and stomach than would be carried there by a natural and undisturbed circulation; the blood-vessels of the head become oppressed and swollen, which, of course, cause pain and a redness of the face. The circumstance of blood being impelled in more than ordinary quantities into the stomach, is an unfavourable one also; because it is that part of the system which not only does not admit of the blood being stationary, but is particularly exposed to mortification. The aorta not being at liberty to empty, in the usual free and undisturbed way, the blood which it receives from the left ventricle of the heart, is unable to convey its proper quantity; the blood of the lungs, therefore, does not find a free circulation. This general obstruction extends its effects also to the right ventricle; and the consequence is an internal excitement

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and exertion and anxiety, which are more intolerable than the anguish of death itself. All the large vessels about the heart, and all the veins and arteries in that part of the system, on account of the accumulation and pressure of blood, are the sources of inexpressible misery. The degree of misery is gradual in its increase, and the person crucified is able to live under it commonly until the third, and sometimes till the seventh day. Pilate, therefore, being surprised at the speedy termination of our Saviour's life, inquired with respect to the truth of it of the Centurion himself, who had the command of the soldiers. (Mark xv. 44.)—*Rev. W. J. Hall.*

THEOLOGY.

SERMON.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."—1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

THESSALONICA, now called Sallonichi, a seaport town of Turkey in Europe, was anciently the capital of Macedonia. It will not be uninteresting to refer to the book of the Acts of the Apostles, chapters xvi., xvii., where a concise account is given of the introduction of the Gospel into that country. A vision appeared to St. Paul in the night: "there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us."

Without hesitation or reasoning on the propriety of paying respect to a vision, he and Silas prepared to go; and as Philippi was the principal city on that coast to which they were bound, they entered it, and preached there first. In this place they met with the most cruel treatment, being beaten in the market-place, and afterwards cast into prison. From this captivity, however, God delivered them by an earthquake, giving them at the same time incontestable proofs of the verity of their mission.

It is a general opinion, that this is the first divinely-inspired epistle ever written by St. Paul; and it is also probable that the church in Thessalonica was at that time pure both in doctrine and discipline. So far from reprehending these favoured converts for any dereliction of duty, the Apostle highly commends them, setting them forth as "examples to all that believe, in Macedonia and Achaia." Still, however, blameless as they were, they stood in need of instruction, especially concerning their pious relatives who had departed this life.

In discussing this solemn subject, it will not be unprofitable to consider,

I. THE STATE OF THE PIOUS DEAD. They are asleep in Jesus. This unquestionably supposes that they were united to Christ by living faith while yet on earth. They are in his family. Once they were "children of wrath even as others;" were "alienated from the life of God through ignorance;" but believing in Christ, they became the "sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty," having "received the Spirit of adoption."—They are in Jesus. They were also *savingly interested* in the merits of the Redeemer. Multitudes reject the sacrifice which was once offered for the sins of the whole world, and count it unholy; but the disciples of Christ have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of their sins: through this alone they have access to God, and by it they enter into the holy place. They are united to Christ as the branches to the vine; as the members to the body; as the stones in the building: and this union is not broken by the rude hand of death, for they "sleep in Jesus."

Among the variety of images and expressions used by the inspired writers to represent the character of death, there are few more frequently brought before us than that of sleep. How often is it said in the Old Testament, "And he slept with his fathers!" David also thus prays: "Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death." (Ps. xiii. 3.)

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When Stephen had prayed for his murderers, it is said, "he fell asleep." (Acts vii. 60.) "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." (1 Cor. xv. 20.) But let us not misunderstand the Apostle. He does not apply the term sleep, to the soul, but to the body. The latter "shall return to the earth as it was," but "the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." (Eccles. xii. 7.)

The death of the saints may be well characterized as sleep:

1. *To remind us how tranquilly they meet this their last enemy.* As the labouring man, worn down with the toils of the day, gladly composes himself to rest, without fear or apprehension, knowing that he is secure in the vigilant keeping of the Shepherd of Israel, so does the Christian meet death. He suffers no tormenting fear; he has been savingly united to the Son of God, and is assured that the fellowship so happily commenced on earth, is about to be made perfect in heaven.

2. *There is a cessation of labour.* When the body sleeps, the pursuits and engagements that arrested its attention during the day, are all suspended, and it sinks into quiet repose. So when death approaches, we finish our mortal toils. Here we labour hard for the meat which endureth to everlasting life. It requires constant exertion to vanquish our spiritual enemies, to run the race of Christian duties, and to walk in "all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." On this account death is a welcome visiter to the true believer; for it delivers him from all toil and care, and that for ever.

3. *From death, as well as from sleep, we expect to wake again.* When we lie down to rest, we entertain no doubt of rising in the morning with renewed vigour to pursue our accustomed avocations. How much more certainly does the Christian sink into the arms of death to rise again in the morning of the resurrection, when he shall throw aside the garments of corruption, and be changed and fashioned like unto the glorious body of our blessed Lord!

II. WE SORROW NOT AS THOSE WHICH HAVE NO HOPE.

The Apostle here refers to the heathen, who, being destitute of divine revelation, had no idea that man would live in another state after death. On this account their sorrow for departed friends was excessive. It was a common practice among them, on the decease of a relative, to wound themselves with knives or lancets, to make themselves bald, to chant the most doleful melodies, and to utter sorrowful ejaculations.

The heathen, however, are not the only persons who are destitute of hope beyond the grave. The infidel, who denies the existence of the Almighty, and, therefore, receives not the testimony of his holy word; if he be afflicted on account of the death of his friend, he is without hope: all expectation of meeting in a better country is cut off. He trusts in a system which is built on the mere assertion of its votaries; admitting no proof, giving birth to no pleasure, and finding no advocates but those who have armed their consciences against themselves, and who have fled to this "refuge of lies" as their last resort.

But although excessive grief is at all times to be avoided, sorrow for the departed is not here considered reprehensible. Religion does not justify a stoical apathy, or make us hard and unfeeling in our nature. The Author of our being has implanted affections, under the influence of which we must feel at certain times; and thus there may be sorrow without sin.

Good men are a public blessing: they are the light of the world and the salt of the earth. Their departure from the church militant is a grievous calamity to their friends; and not to mourn for them is reproved by God himself. "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart." (Isa. lvii. 1.) It was threatened as a curse to Jehoiakim, the son of Josiah, that he should die unlamented. (Jer. xxii. 18.) But the Christian is not to mourn as those who are without hope.

If, indeed, there be anything to excite deep and lasting sorrow, it is to see a soul ruined and lost for ever; but in reference to those who sleep in Jesus, the feelings are very different. Shall we indulge in the bitterness of grief because the Christian soldier has won the victory,—the weary pilgrim has reached his home,—the weather-beaten mariner has gained the port? Our blessed Lord said to his disciples, "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father." (John xiv. 28.) Thus ought we also to check the risings of that natural sorrow which would overwhelm the soul, and bring it into condemnation before God.

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III. THERE IS A REASON GIVEN WHY WE SHOULD NOT MOURN AS THOSE WHO HAVE NO HOPE. "If we believe that Jesus died," &c.

The death of Christ was the hour in which he was glorified by his sufferings. Through the veil of his humanity his glory often burst forth; but it was never so visibly manifested as now. It is distress that ennobles every truly great character; and Christ was glorified by his death and passion. We also see in this great transaction, the accomplishment of a long series of prophecies, visions, types, and figures. This is the centre in which they all meet; and we behold the law and the Prophets standing at the foot of the cross, doing homage to the Saviour.

In the death of Christ we see his final triumph over the powers of darkness. Then it was that he "led captivity captive, and received gifts for men." (Ps. lxviii. 18.)

Christians believe that Jesus rose again from the dead: 1st, Because the Scriptures assert it; 2d, Because there were numerous witnesses of his resurrection; and 3d, Because of the Saviour's own promise to his disciples, "After three days I will rise again." (Matt. xxvii. 63.) The faith which the people of God have in the death and resurrection of Christ is a living operative principle, which produces a moral effect upon their character and conduct. Believing that He died for their offences, they also die daily unto sin; they mortify the deeds of the body with its affections and lusts; then participating in His resurrection, they "seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." (Col. iii. 1.) They know that the death of Christ will not avail to their final salvation, if sin do not die within them; and that His resurrection gives no pledge of their rising to life eternal, unless they are born again from above.

Lastly. "*Those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.*" The Redeemer of men shall be their Judge, and he will claim his own. He shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Marvel not at this: the voice which called Lazarus from the tomb is well able to awake the myriads of his saints who sleep in Jesus; and those who "are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." (1 Thess. iv. 17, 18.)

R. T.

ON THE CHURCH.

THE term Church is given in contradistinction to the *world*, out of which the people of God are called by his word and Spirit, to bear his image, to reflect his glory, and to inherit the promises. It is, however, to the Church, as the sphere of the special exercise, and the highest manifestations of the Saviour's love,—as the object not merely of his compassion, but of his complacency,—that our attention is invited. St. Paul, in the Epistle to the Ephesians, (ch. v.,) addressing the members of the Church in that city on various practical counsels of general application, inculcates the duties appropriated to the conjugal relation. The intimate and endearing union that subsists between Christ and his people, so frequently represented in the Scriptures, under the figure of a matrimonial alliance, is naturally suggested to his mind; and in order to enforce the precept, "Husbands, love your wives," he reminds them of the ineffable love Christ has exemplified to the Church—"the bride, the Lamb's wife,"—in identifying her interests with his own, and in counting no sacrifices too great to secure her happiness and promote her honour.

In proportion to our admiration of the "manner of love" Christ has bestowed on his Church, and the importance we attach to the inestimable benefits that flow from it, must, of course, be our solicitude to belong to the sacred community which is thus highly favoured of the Lord. Whither then shall we go in quest of it? By what distinguishing characteristics may it be identified? What *is* the Church? Recognising as we do the Bible as the legitimate, the *only* divinely-authorized, source of appeal on all such questions, the just and satisfactory solution of this inquiry must be sought neither from written tradition, nor from the recorded opinions of the Fathers, but in the *scriptural* interpretation of the term *Church*. I say emphatically, its *scriptural* interpretation; for, probably, of no single word has the import been more egregiously misapprehended by ignorance, or lamentably perverted by

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men of corrupt minds. What then is its meaning?—not in the vocabulary of ecclesiastical ambition, of sectarian zealotry, or of modern Pharisaism, but—in the oracles of God? Let us endeavour to ascertain.

Our word "church" is derived from the Greek, *kuriakon*, which signifies "the house of the Lord;" a designation which, whether we understand it as denoting the *habitation* or the *family* of God, beautifully accords with the inspired delineations of the character and privileges of God's people. Ye "are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth into an holy temple in the Lord."—The Church, which St. Paul describes as the hallowed mansion of Jehovah's presence, he represents (Heb. iii. 5, 6) as the Lord's household. In order to apprehend the true ideal of a Christian Church, as indicated by our Lord and his Apostles, it is necessary to advert to the proper meaning of the term which they employ to designate it, and to mark its varied applications. The word *ecclesia*, which, when used in a spiritual reference, is uniformly translated "church," in the New Testament denotes *an assembly* of any kind, *sacred* or *civil*, but especially one legitimately convoked. Thus the town-clerk of Ephesus told the tumultuous assemblage in that city, that the law was open, by which any matters in dispute might be "determined in a lawful *(ecclesia)* assembly." Among the Grecians, this appellation was distinctively assigned to those assemblies of the people that were called together by a public herald for the transaction of important business; and in the Septuagint it corresponds to the word *cahal*, in the Hebrew Scriptures, denoting the whole assembly or *congregation* of Israel, which was convened at stated seasons to celebrate the solemn festivals. It is apparent from these considerations, that whilst the Gentile convert of the apostolic age would, without difficulty, appreciate the significance of this term, as appropriated to the Christian community, the believing Jew could not fail at once to recognise it as the well-known designation of the Church of God; unaffected in its identity, though unspeakably elevated in point of privilege, by the introduction of "the ministration of the Spirit."

On a careful examination of all the places in the New Testament in which the designation "church" occurs, four distinct applications of it, and we apprehend only four, may be observed.

1. It is applied to particular congregations, or local societies of Christians; as "the Church at Jerusalem," "the Church of God at Corinth," "the Church of the Thessalonians," and "the Seven Churches of Asia." "When I departed from Macedonia," says St. Paul to the Philippians, "no Church communicated with me concerning giving and receiving, but ye only;" and he thus expresses his expansive solicitude for the cause of Christ: "Beside those that are without, that which cometh upon me daily,—the care of ALL THE CHURCHES."

2. It is applied to a small association of believers meeting together in a private house:—"Aquila and Priscilla salute you much in the Lord, with the church that is in their house." (1 Cor. xvi. 19.) "Salute the brethren which are in Laodicea, and Nymphas, and the church which is in his house." (Col. iv. 15.) It is worthy of remark, that Aquila, wherever he for a time took up his abode, whether at Rome, at Corinth, or at Ephesus, always had a church in his house; whence the inference seems unavoidable, that such domestic churches were not isolated communions, separating themselves from the general body of their brethren, but continued identified with them, though in the habit of meeting at the residence of a particular person; most probably on account of the benefits they derived from his instructions.

3. In its largest sense, the term "church" includes the whole visible community of Christians,—all, in every time and place, who believe the doctrines, assume the profession, and observe the institutions of Christianity. To this class of passages must be referred the first in which the word occurs: Matt. xvi. 18. Also, 1 Cor. xii. 28; and Ephes. iii. 8—10.

4. It is applied to designate the whole body of the redeemed: "The church of the firstborn," now enrolled in heaven, with all who, at the coming of the Lord, shall be found meet to be partakers of the celestial inheritance. These, and these alone, properly constitute "the Church, which is Christ's body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all;" the Church, which, as the consumma-

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tion of his mediatorial undertaking, Christ will ultimately present unto himself, gloriously exempt alike from every taint of pollution, and every principle of decay. Such are the different but obviously related senses in which we find this term employed in the New Testament. And it will be readily perceived that, while they enhance the various aspects in which the Church of God naturally falls under our contemplation, they resolve themselves into two leading views of its character and constitution; the one relating to its *visible* organization, and the other to its *spiritual* life, which "is hid with Christ in God,"—the one embracing all who make a credible *profession* of Christianity; and the other, those only who, in addition to such profession, have received the renewing Spirit of Christ; without which, whatever be a man's pretensions or reputation, "*he is none of his.*"

The divided state of the visible Church, which, unhappily, so little resembles the emblems of concord, mutual sympathy and co-operation, by which Christian unity is so beautifully illustrated and powerfully enforced in the word of God, has long been a source of poignant regret to the truly devout, a topic of unhallowed exultation to the infidel, and the most formidable obstacle in the way of the world's conversion. I refer not to the lines of sectional demarcation—unnecessarily multiplied, though it must on all hands be admitted—by which those who compose the great Christian commonwealth are distinguished from each other; nor to the shades of difference that mark their distinctive views, whether as to doctrine, ministerial order, or ecclesiastical economy. In these respects, perfect *uniformity* among those who "hold the head," however devoutly to be wished, is by no means essential to *unity*. But the spirit of schism, losing the *substance* of religion in its *shadow*,—the *power* of godliness in its *form*,—constitutes other tests of Christian communion than the Bible exhibits; and then clothing them with the assumed sanction of divine authority, stigmatizes and proscribes all who refuse to bow to its impositions; in other words, to sacrifice conscience at the shrine of spiritual despotism. Such attempts to lord it over God's heritage, we naturally expect from that corrupt and anathematizing Church, which, claiming infallibility, assumes it as an incontrovertible axiom, that *beyond her own pale there is no salvation;* but how preposterous the maintenance of similar claims by any who profess to have entered into the labours of the Reformers, whose first and most needful work it was "*to pierce the veil, to divest the Church of the mystery in which it had been shrouded, and to disclose it to the world in its true and scriptural form as the company of believers!*"* Studiously omitting such "casual and variable accidents" as are not essential to its being, *they* have defined it, "a congregation of faithful men, (*fidelium*, believers,) in which the word of God is preached and the sacraments duly administered, according to Christ's ordinance,—in all things that of necessity are requisite to the same." And it would be extremely difficult either to find or frame a definition of the visible Church of Christ, more accordant with the spirit and letter of all that relates to this subject in the oracles of God. We are naturally reminded by it of the comprehensive delineation which the sacred historian has furnished of the *first* Church founded by the Apostles,—the fruit of the effusion of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. (Acts ii. 41, 42.) Here we are presented with the *notes* of a true Church, under the seal of divine authority. And what, according to this criterion, constitutes the basis of Christian communion? not the *office*, but the doctrine, of the Apostles. The believing reception of this prepared the first converts for initiation into the visible Church by baptism: their steadfast continuance in this, which they had experienced to be the power of God unto their salvation, was the grand and decisive evidence of their fidelity. To the building of them up on their *most holy faith*, everything else by which they were distinguished as a Christian society—the ministrations by which they were warned and instructed,—the code of discipline which guarded and promoted their moral purity,—the religious services in which they engaged,—the sacraments they received—were all collateral and subservient. Assigning, then, to *the faith once delivered to the saints*, the pre-eminent rank it justly claims among the characteristics of a true Church of God, wherever I behold this in a collective body of Christians, in connexion with a ministry whose call to the sacred

* Charge of the Bishop of Chester, 1841.

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office is accredited, not merely by documentary evidence, in whatever way attained, but by "living epistles known and read of all men,"—with a reverent observance of the institutions of Christ, —and with evidence of spiritual vitality, exhibited not only in the personal piety of its members, but by their aggressive efforts to extend the empire of grace in our fallen world,—then I am bound to recognise a part of God's sacramental host, a section of the Catholic Church of Christ. By repudiating their claim to fraternal recognition as members of his family, I place myself in an attitude of hostility to Him "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named," I incur the fearful responsibility of *disowning* those whom *God has received.* —*Rev. M. Richey, A.M.*

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

THE article of justification seems to lie very deeply at the root of much modern controversy; whilst it is obvious to remark, that on so fundamental a principle as that which embraces the very terms of salvation by Christ, any compromise to meet the wishes, or to invite the junction of Romanists is, of all other events in the Church, the most to be deplored and deprecated. It is once more putting to hazard the battle on fundamentals, which was fought and won by the great masters of the Reformation. The Romanist will accept with triumph every inch of ground you concede to him of Protestant principle, upon the doctrine of justification by faith only. He will help you to mystify it by every art of reasoning and sophistry; and will pay you largely back, if not in stern morality and unbending truth, yet in tenderness, and warmth, and much passionate feeling, and imaginative devotion; or, to use Hooker's enumeration: in "prayers, fastings, alms, faith, charity, sacrifice, sacraments, Priests," only used (as the Romanists might tell you) "as means appointed by Christ to apply the benefit of his holy blood unto you." But what, in his own nervous appeal, does Hooker himself remark upon this? "If any man think that I seek to varnish their opinions, let him know that, since I began thoroughly to understand their meaning, I have found their halting greater than perhaps seemeth to them, that I know not the deepness of Satan. Although they do not deny the foundation of faith, their doctrine is not agreeable to the foundation of Christian faith." May I venture to recommend the sedate and deliberate views of this father in Israel on the point before us; so justly bringing into suspicion, as he does, all that is newly advanced upon it, by having himself previously, and with the utmost liberality, examined and exhausted the whole subject, in his conclusive discourse on justification.—*Archdeacon Hoare.*

HOW MAY I PROMOTE THE WORK OF GOD?

IN the strength of divine grace,—

1. I will seriously examine my heart and past conduct, and penitently seek until I obtain pardon for all my past unfaithfulness, and a sense of the favour of God. (2 Cor. xiii. 5.)

2. I will fervently and believingly seek the enjoyment of the spiritual blessings held out to my hopes in the provisions and promises of the Gospel. (1 Thess. v. 16—18.)

3. I will endeavour with exactness to conform my thoughts, words, and actions to the revealed will of God, believing it to be "my reasonable service;" shunning not only evil itself, but also all appearance of it. (John xiv. 21; James i. 22; John iii. 7; 1 John v. 3.)

4. I will as much as possible keep my tongue from speaking what is to the discredit of absent persons, whether it be true or false; because the opposite is not "doing to others as I would they should do to me." (James iv. 11, 12.)

5. In hearing the *preached word*, I will judge myself rather than the preacher; remembering that Providence has given me the privilege of hearing the Gospel, not to amuse me, but to instruct and edify me. (2 Cor. v. 18—20; 1 Thess. v. 12, 13.)

6. I will read every day at least one chapter of the inspired Epistles, that my knowledge of my personal and relative duties may be constantly on the increase. (Ps. cxix. 11, 97; John v. 39; 2 Pet. iii. 1, 2.)

7. I will every day, once at least, retire into secret, and pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, upon myself, upon the Church to which I belong, and upon all with whom I am surrounded. (Ps. xxxiv. 15; Matt. vi. 6.)

8. As often as possible I will attend the weekly public prayer-meeting,

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which is expressly to seek a blessing upon the Church, and upon the world; and when there, I will endeavour to follow with my heart, to the throne of the Heavenly Grace, all those who publicly call upon God. (Matt. xviii. 20; 2 Thess. iii. 1; 1 Tim. ii. 8; Heb. xiii. 18.)

9. I will endeavour to persuade all with whom I have or can obtain any influence, to attend the house of God. (Rom. x. 14.)

10. I will entreat the undecided to join themselves to the professed people of God, under a persuasion that there *cannot* be a *good reason* for remaining at a distance from them. (Matt. x. 32, 33; xii. 30; xvi. 24, 26; Luke xii. 8, 9; 1 Thess. v. 11.)

11. I will strive to keep my purpose by the recollection, that to act upon these or similar resolutions, will at least add greatly to my own spiritual benefit. (Job xvii. 9.)

12. I will refresh my memory in these resolutions, at least once a week; seriously examining how far I have kept them, and will try still to improve in promptitude and zeal. (Prov. iv. 25, 26.)

Reader! are not all the sentiments in these resolutions included in "Christianity in earnest?" Then, art thou in earnest? "Strive to enter in at the strait gate."

R. R. K.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

THE REV. OLIVER HEYWOOD.

AMONG the distinguished and highly honoured messengers of mercy, and ornaments of the Christian religion, who suffered persecution centuries ago for conscience' sake, we notice the Rev. Oliver Heywood, B.D., of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was born March, 1629. His parents were distinguished for piety. He went to Cambridge in 1647. He was ordained at Bury church, 1652. Suspended 1662. He received his licence to preach again, May 4th, 1672, which he did for some time in his own dwelling-house; but in the year 1688, he preached in the meeting-house, which was built for him at Northowram, which place of worship remains to this day. He was greatly useful as a Minister of the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God," yet was not without painful difficulties, and trying dispensations of Divine Providence.

"After Mr. Heywood was ejected from Coley Chapel, near Halifax in Yorkshire, in 1664, there came out a writ for apprehending him, as an excommunicated person; but he was not taken. He acted with prudence and caution, in order to avoid a long imprisonment, keeping himself private; and it pleased God to protect him from the search of his pursuers. In one of these seasons, being deprived of his income, his family were in great straits; the little stock of money was quite exhausted, and family provisions were entirely consumed; and Martha, their faithful servant, who would not desert her master and mistress in their distress, and at the same time could lend no more assistance from her little savings in former days—Martha still abode with them. Mr. Heywood still trusted that God would provide, when he had nothing but the Divine promise to live upon: he said,

'When cruse and barrel both are dry,
We still will trust in God most high.'

"When the children began to be impatient for want of food, Mr. Heywood called his servant, and said to her, 'Martha, take a basket, and go to Halifax; call upon Mr. N——, the shopkeeper in Northgate, and tell him I desire him to lend me five shillings. If he be kind enough to do it, buy us some cheese, some bread, and such other little things as you know we most want. Be as expeditious as you can in returning; for the poor children begin to be fretful for want of something to eat. The Lord give you good speed: in the mean time we will offer up our requests to Him who feedeth the young ravens when they cry, and who knows what we have need of before we ask him.'

"Martha went; but when she came to the house her heart failed her, and she passed by the door again and again, without going in to tell her errand.

"Mr. N——, standing at the shop-door, called her to him, and said, 'Are you not Mr. Heywood's servant?' When she told him she was, he said to her, 'I am glad to see you, as some friends have given me five guineas for your master, and I was just thinking how I could send it.' Martha burst into tears, and told him her errand. Mr. N—— was much affected with the story, and bid her come to him, if the like necessity should return. She made haste to procure the necessary provisions; and with a heart lightened of its burden, ran home to tell the

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success of her journey. When she knocked at her master's door, which now must be kept secured for fear of constables or bailiffs, it was presently opened. Upon her entering the house, the children eagerly examined the basket, the patient mother wiped her eyes, and the father, hearing the servant's narrative, smiled and said, 'The Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious: his word is true from the beginning; they that seek the Lord, shall not want any good thing.'"

PARENTAL MONITOR.

SPEAKING OF CHILDREN'S FAULTS.

BY MRS. J. BAKEWELL.*

MOTHERS who feel anxious rightly to perform their duty, must think of the future as well as the present welfare of their charge. When the mother's mind is overwhelmed with a sense of her insufficiency for the proper discharge of her duties—when she finds that, notwithstanding all her watchfulness and prayerfulness, evil tempers and bad habits seem to "grow with" her children's "growth, and strengthen with their strength," she naturally seeks relief, by telling her difficulties to some friend, whose experience she thinks is greater than her own, and by whose advice she hopes to profit. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and the mother, meeting with kindly sympathy, unburdens her mind, by speaking as freely of her children's failings, as she would of their good qualities.

But this is not a safe course to pursue; for people generally remember the faults of others longer than their virtues; and when the mother, by judicious training, and the blessing of God upon her labours, has succeeded in eradicating the evils over which she has mourned, and has planted in their place the opposite virtues, she may find, to her sorrow, that the errors she has long forgiven, and almost forgotten, still live in the memory of others.

The following circumstance will illustrate my meaning more fully than a lengthened essay on the subject:—

I was once speaking to a gentleman, of a young lady who had lately commenced a school, and asked him if he thought of sending his children to her. His reply was a valuable lesson to me, then a young mother. "My daughters are at a school where they will complete their education," said he: "but if they were free to go, I should not like to trust them with Miss B.; for, when she was a child, her mother very frequently complained to me of her violent and ungovernable temper, and, I fear, there will be some remains of it yet."

Thus, after an absence from the neighbourhood of fifteen or twenty years, during which, the labours and prayers of pious parents had not in vain been exerted in her behalf, this young lady was unconsciously suffering from the want of caution and self-denial on the part of an anxious and truly affectionate mother.

"What then must a young mother do, when she finds in her children evil tempers, which she knows not how to control?" may be asked by some of our readers.

She may so lead the conversation to the peculiarities of children's dispositions and tempers, as to elicit the opinions of those with whom she speaks, without plainly stating that her own children are especially guilty of such or such faults. She may read what has been written on the subject of education, and will doubtless find something to assist her in forming the moral character of those committed to her care. She may consult with her husband, or her own immediate friends, occasionally; but, as she values her own and her children's future happiness, let her speak as little as possible of their defects, even to those whom she may think most trustworthy.

Let not the mother, however, think that she is left to contend alone with her difficulties. No! There is one ear which is ever open to her complainings; there is one heart that can sympathize with her most hidden sorrows. He who said, "Feed my lambs," will not turn a deaf ear to her petitions, but will, by his Spirit's influence, not only guide, but comfort her. He will not be weary, however frequently she apply to Him; nor will He "remember the sins" of her children, when they are truly repented of.—*Brit. Mother's Mag.*

* Author of "The Mother's Practical Guide," 12mo., "Friendly Hints to Servants," "Conversational Cards," &c., &c.

AN IRRELIGIOUS FATHER!

How different will be the character of children trained under pious parents, from those where the head of the family is merely a moral man! His character for probity and honour may be high; in his domestic relations he may be courteous, kind, and dignified; but if his morality is not of the Gospel, no sound of prayer will be heard in his home—no profitable conversation will direct the young minds beneath his care to the God before whose bar they must all soon stand—no remembered happy Sabbaths will

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bless their future years. Such a prayerless father was called to the dying-bed of his son one night, when the departing youth thus addressed him:—"Father," said the young man, "the doctors tell me I must die: they say they can do no more for me." "I know it, my son."—"Well, father," continued the expiring youth, "I have one, only *one* favour to ask you: will you grant it ere I die?"—"I will, my son; if it be possible. Ask me anything I can do, it shall be done."—"I want you, father, to kneel down by my bedside, and pray for me!"—"My son, I cannot; I cannot."—"Do, father, pray for me! You never prayed for me in the world: pray for me while I can yet hear!"—"I cannot, my son; O! I cannot!"—"Dear father, you never taught me to pray to the Lord Jesus; and now I die, you never prayed for me. This once! O! don't let me die without my father's prayers!" In an agony of weeping, the father rushed out of the room. The otherwise kind and indulgent parent had thus long neglected his own soul, and the soul of that beloved son; and now he could not find a heart to grant his dying request for a father's prayer to the God of heaven. How will such fathers meet their children in the awful judgment? Happy children, who can look back on the holy lives and fervent prayers of both parents; and look forward with a good hope, through grace, that a meeting-place awaits them in the home of the skies, where the family circle shall no more be broken!—*Brit. Mother's Mag.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TRACES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

II.—THE TWO LORD CLIFFORDS.

AMONG the chief captains and fiercest warriors in the contests between the Yorkists and Lancastrians, was Lord Clifford, who belonged to the latter party: his father had been a commander on the same side, and was killed by the Yorkists in a battle fought at St. Alban's.

This had enraged the young Lord so much, that he thought he never could take sufficient revenge upon them.

Five years after, a battle was fought near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, in which the Lancastrians won the day, and the Duke of York was taken prisoner.

His second son, the Earl of Rutland, a boy not twelve years old, was with him in the field; and, when all was lost, a Priest, who was his tutor, tried to escape with him into the town.

But the terrible Lord Clifford, observing the rich dress of the young Earl, pursued him, and overtook him on the bridge.

The poor boy was too much frightened to speak a word; but he fell down on his knees at Clifford's feet, and held up his clasped hands, looking piteously in his face, and so silently pleading for mercy.

And his tutor said, "Save him: he is the son of a Prince, and may do you good hereafter."

"The son of York!" Clifford cried. "Thy father slew mine, and so will I thee, and all thy kin;" and he struck his dagger into the poor boy's heart.

Then Clifford and some others took the Duke of York, who was their prisoner, and seated him on an ant-hill; and they plaited a crown of grass, and put it on his head in cruel mockery.

And they bent their knees, and pretending to do him homage, they said, "Hail! King without a kingdom! Hail! Prince without a people!"

After this they cut off his head, and Clifford stuck it on a pole, and carried it in triumph to Queen Margaret, wife of Henry the Sixth, to whose eyes he well knew that the shocking sight would be welcome.

By these savage deeds, Clifford gained the name of "the Butcher."

It was not long before vengeance overtook him; for the next year, in another battle, he was wounded by an arrow in the throat, and died on the spot.

The son of Richard, Duke of York, was now King, under the name of Edward the Fourth; and the widow of Lord Clifford, fearing lest this Prince should cause the young Lord her son to be murdered, in revenge for the death of his brother Rutland, sent him secretly away into Westmoreland.

There the family estates lay, and he had been brought up there, among the moors and the mountains, like a poor shepherd-boy.

He was at this time only seven years old; and he grew up without knowing who he was, or the rank which he was born to.

They did not even dare, it is said, to teach him to write, for fear it should be suspected that he was of higher birth than he seemed.

Four-and-twenty years did this young Lord lead the innocent life of a shepherd, unknown and forgotten; but at the end of that time Henry the Seventh came to the crown.

He being of the house of Lancaster, restored to Clifford the estates and honours of his family, which the Yorkists had taken away at his father's death.

Yet this simple man had sense to know that he, who had been bred like a shepherd

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was not fit to come to the King's court, and appear like a Lord.

And he went out and lived retired in a small house on his own estate, where he could improve his mind with reading, and amuse himself with studying astronomy; for when he was a shepherd he had learned to observe the stars.

And having been a poor man himself, he knew how to pity the poor: and, instead of being proud and hard-hearted, like the former Lords, he was kind to his poor tenants, and servants, and neighbours.

And he was so humble and affable to all, that he lived to a good old age, beloved and respected; and down to this very day a memory of him is kept up among the shepherds of Westmoreland, and he is called, "The good Lord Clifford."—*England and its People.*

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

"Obey your parents."—Col. iii. 20.

THIS is one of the most obvious dictates of nature: even the irrational creatures are obedient by instinct, and follow the signs of the parent beast, or bird, or reptile. Perhaps there is no duty more generally acknowledged than this.

Your obedience should *begin early:* the younger you are, the more you need a guide and a ruler. It should be *universal:* "Children, obey your parents," said the Apostle, "in all things." The only exception to this is, when their commands are, in the letter or spirit of them, opposed to the commands of God. In this case, as well as in every other, we must obey God rather than man. But even here, your refusal to comply with the sinful injunction of a parent must be uttered in a meek and respectful manner; so that it shall be manifest, that you are actuated by pure, conscientious motives, and not by a mere rebellious resistance of parental authority.

Your obedience should have no other exception than that which is made by your conscience: in your situation, inclination and taste are out of the question; both must be crossed and set aside when opposed to parental authority.

Obedience should be *prompt.* As soon as the command is uttered, it should be complied with. It is a disgrace to any child that it should be necessary for a father or mother to repeat a command. You should even anticipate, if possible, their injunctions, and not wait till their will is announced in words. A tardy obedience loses all its glory.

It should be *cheerful.* A reluctant virtue is no virtue at all. Constrained and unwilling obedience, is rebellion in *principle;* it is vice clothed in the garment of holiness. God loveth a cheerful giver, and so does man. A child retiring from a parent's presence, muttering, sullen, and murmuring, is one of the ugliest spectacles in creation: of what value is anything he does, in such a temper as this?

It should be *self-denying.* You must give up your own will, and sacrifice your own predilections, and perform the things that are difficult, as well as those that are easy.

When a soldier receives a command, although he may be at home in comfort, and may be required at once to go into the field of danger, he hesitates not, he considers he has no option.

A child has no more room for the gratification of self-will than the soldier has: he *must* obey.

It should be *uniform.* Filial obedience is generally rendered without much difficulty when the parents are present, but not always with the same unreservedness when they are absent. Young people, you should despise the meanness, and abhor the wickedness of consulting the wishes, and obeying the injunctions of your parents, only when they are there to witness your conduct. Such hypocrisy is detestable. Act upon nobler principles. Let it be enough for you to know what is the will of a parent, to ensure obedience, even though continents lay, and oceans rolled, between you and your father. Carry this injunction with you every where; let the voice of conscience be to you instead of his voice, and the consciousness that God sees you, be enough to ensure your immediate compliance. How sublimely simple and striking was the reply of the child, who, upon being pressed in company to take something which his absent parents had forbidden him to touch, and who, upon being reminded that they were not there to witness him, replied, "Very true; but God and my conscience are here!" Be it your determination to imitate this beautiful example of filial piety, and obey in all things even your *absent* parents.—*J. A. James.*

OUR SERVANTS.

HINTS RESPECTING THEIR TREATMENT.

1. *Let their employment be reasonable;* such as is fit and proper, considering their age, health, capabilities, and wages. Although it is not true in every case, yet as a general rule, employers are supposed to have a better understanding of the value of labour than those whom they employ; and, also, of the difficulties attending it in any given case; and hence have the advantage in forming a

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contract. And, it is to be feared, that in too many instances they avail themselves of this superiority to insnare their fellow-men of less discernment, or whose pressing necessities compel them to accept of employment on almost any terms. How many are induced by fair speeches and misrepresentations, to engage to do what is actually impracticable, or cannot be accomplished without great sacrifice of health, and exposure of life, and all for a very uncertain and meager compensation! The various cases to which this remark applies, will readily occur to the reader. And it deserves to be noticed with emphatic detestation, that the more poor and dependant the hireling, the greater his exposure to this form of injustice and oppression. A poor widow, an orphan boy or girl, an alien, a stranger, or a half-witted person,—one who is without friends, or depressed in circumstances,—is by far more liable thus to be injured by the avaricious policy of iron-hearted men, than persons differently conditioned in life; whereas, the very fact of their destitution strengthens their claim on our sympathy and protection, and dyes to crimson hue the unmitigated wickedness of their oppressors.

The employment of an apprentice should be enforced by reasonable discipline. Let a master have his rules for the government of his family; let those rules be according to the word of God; let them be distinctly understood by all who come under his care; and let them be administered with a steady and an impartial hand; and he will find comparatively little difficulty in preserving order in his family and regularity in his business. As he is not obliged to extend, in every respect, the same indulgence to an apprentice as to his own children, so neither is he at liberty to exercise over them a greater severity. The great end of all corrective discipline is improvement; and he certainly understands his duty very imperfectly as a father, or a master, who will allow his children to do with impunity that for which he would chastise his servants. It is true that this is the policy, however, adopted in many families; but if chastisement is inflicted for the punishment of wrong, and not merely for the relief of passion, it is manifestly an egregious error, and frequently the certain forerunner of prodigality, vice, and ruin.

To be reasonable, their employment should also allow of opportunity for intellectual and moral improvement. And this the more readily, as it needs not take from their hours of regular toil, and will afford an excellent and profitable relaxation, alike creditable and advantageous to both the parties.

Under this view of the subject, allow me to suggest the additional fact, that the reflections arising out of a state of destitution, or orphanage, on some forms of character, will at times almost disqualify them for business; and, therefore, masters should reflect, that when they look upon those under them as indolent and sullen, they may be labouring under some deep depression or melancholy arising out of their insulated condition in life. Peradventure the servant or apprentice is an orphan, without father or mother, or home; he has no special friend on earth to whom he can disclose the anxieties that heave his throbbing bosom; it may be that his heart is bleeding over the decease of his parents, or he is recounting the sorrows of his childhood, which sent him so early in life a wanderer from home; and hence God has commanded that masters shall forbear threatening, "knowing that they also have a Master in heaven; neither is there respect of persons with him." (Eph. vi. 9.)

2. *Let their protection be ample.* Every man is, in a certain sense, the keeper of all under his family government. And as such he is bound to watch over them for good, and to defend them against injury in principles, habits, and character. As a father has more authority and influence in the domestic government than the child, so the master is presumed to have more than the servant; and is, therefore, both by a natural and moral appointment of God, his "brother's keeper." As such he is to protect their persons; their health and limbs are not to be needlessly exposed to gratify his caprice, or to promote his pecuniary interests. He is to protect their morals, and not to suffer sin upon them: he is culpable if he permit any vices among his domestics, which he might restrain by due discipline and proper interference. This results from the general obligation to prevent misery when in our power; and the assurance that we have, that vice and misery, in the long run, go together. Care to maintain in his family a sense of virtue and religion, received a divine approbation in the person of Abraham. "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." (Gen. xviii. 19.) But is this done, when a master places his apprentices under the care or in the society of men whose whole vocabulary is a collection of obscene and blasphemous expressions, and whose very breath is pollution? He might as safely trust their lives with a royal tiger in the jungles of Bengal, as their morals with such a monster.

Once more, he should defend them against all vile and corrupting associations, and endeavour deeply to impress on their minds the fact, that "evil communications corrupt good manners." And, especially, let him preserve them from all those secret combinations which are bound together under the solemnities of an oath.

3. *Let their recompence be just.* Every person who labours for stipulated wages, ought to receive those wages to the last mite. They are not only to be paid, but paid according to agreement: the poor are not to be

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oppressed in their wages. And in order to this, says Paley, clerks and apprentices ought to be employed entirely in the profession or trade they are intended to learn. Instruction is their hire; and to deprive them of the opportunities of instruction, by taking up their time with occupations foreign to their business, is to defraud them of their wages.

The labourer is to have a fair and just reward for his services. Advantage is not to be taken of his indigence, want of discrimination, or any other unfavourable circumstance, to extort from him labour below its current value. And hence those little artifices adopted to decoy the poor into agreements to labour for less than they can obtain elsewhere, or for less than an equivalent, are so many infractions of the moral law of God. Masters are, in this, to do unto others as they would that they should do unto them; they are to give unto their servants that which is just and equal, bearing in mind that they also have a Master in heaven. (Colos. iv. 1.)—*Sorin's Domestic Circle.*

RECORDS OF THE CHURCH.

A WALDENSIAN MARTYR.

Bartholomew Copin was a Vaudois merchant in the Valley of Lucerne, and had come, in the way of his business, to the fair of Aost. When at supper with some other merchants, one of the company began to inveigh, in the most insulting terms, against the inhabitants of the Valleys. Copin, provoked at his insolence, spoke up in their defence. "What!" said the reviler, "are you a Vaudois?" He acknowledged he was. "And do you not believe that God is in the host?" "No," said Copin. "Faugh!" replied the other: "what a farce of a religion is yours!" "My religion," said Copin, "is as true as that there is a God, and as sure as death." The next day he was summoned before the Bishop of Aost, who told him that he must confess his crime, or suffer for it. The honest merchant refused to acknowledge any fault. He had some property, he said, with a wife and children, but he would sacrifice all for a good conscience. He pleaded, too, that he had not violated any civil law. The Bishop, however, would hear of nothing but submission. He was thrown into prison: there he was visited by an Inquisitor, who tried him first with honeyed speeches, but, finding him obdurate, ended with curses. "Begone, thou cursed Lutheran," cried the enraged Monk: "thou shalt go to the devil, and, when tormented by unclean spirits, thou shalt repent of thy obstinacy in choosing to go to hell, rather than be reconciled to the holy mother Church." "It is a long time now," said Copin, "since I was reconciled to the holy Church." To subdue his fortitude, his wife and son were permitted to see and sup with him in prison; but he spent the time in reconciling them to their approaching loss; and having blessed his son, he took an affecting farewell of his wife, exhorting them to live in the fear of God. Their cries and tears, on leaving him in the prison, were enough to melt a heart of stone. But Copin withstood the temptation. "My dearest companion," he wrote to his wife, "I received much consolation from your visit. I feel persuaded we shall never meet together again. May God comfort you, and bless you! Be not concerned about me; for if it please God that I have reached the end of my days, and that I now render back the soul he has lent me so long, I trust he will receive it into heaven, through his divine mercy, for the love of his only Son Jesus Christ, through whose holy death and passion I believe that our sins are washed away." One morning, some time afterwards, the body of the martyr was found strangled in prison, lest his confession and constancy should be publicly known; and afterwards it was dragged from the dungeon, and committed to the flames.—*Rev. Thomas M'Crie.*

POETRY.

"AND THE IDOLS HE SHALL UTTERLY ABOLISH." (Isaiah ii. 18.)

No more the impious rites of Baal
Shall o'er the darken'd world prevail,
Nor the polluted spirit raise
Or prompt the song of pagan praise.

Soon will the glorious Day-spring rise,
To cheer our cold benighted skies;
Then shall the gloom of sin take flight,
And nature's darksome void be light.

The whirlwind of Jehovah's wrath
Will rush o'er Satan's crowded path,
And every sinful object sweep,
In vengeance, to the burning deep.

Abaddon, who has raged his time,
Hurl'd headlong from his throne of crime,

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Shall read his doom, and wing his way,
Where darkness knows no coming day.

Then all the hosts of Adam's line
Shall wear the robes of truth divine;
Those robes for ever pure and fair,
Which joyful seraphs smile to wear.

Hasten, O Lord, the happy day,
When sin and wrath shall flee away;
When every hostile spear shall fall,
And all shall own thee Lord of all.

Market Weighton. SAMUEL WRAY.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

O SACRED star of evening, tell,
In what unseen celestial sphere
The spirits of the *perfect* dwell,
Too *pure* to rest in sadness here!

They roam the crystal fields of light,
In paths by holy angels trod;
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright;
Their home, the paradise of God.

"Soul of the *just!* and canst thou soar
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,
Beyond the bounds of space or time?

"And canst *thou* join the sacred choir
In heaven's high dome with songs of praise,
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre,
In notes divine through endless days?"

Ah! who would heed the *chilling blast*,*
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
When bid to hail its perils past,
Compared with vast eternity?

And who the sorrows would not bear,
Of such a transient life as this,
When hope displays beyond its care
So bright an entrance into bliss?

Aspley, Jan., 1846.

* Death.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BIRD-ROCKS OF THE FAROE ISLANDS.

THE Vogel-bergs are bird-rocks of the northern seas; one of which, at Westmannsharn, in the Faroe group of islands, is seldom intruded on by man, and presents a most extraordinary spectacle to the visiter. It lies in a frightful chasm in the precipitous shores of the island, which rise to the height of 1000 feet, only accessible from the sea by a narrow passage. Here congregate a host of birds. Thousands of guillemots and auks swim in groups around the boat which conveys man to their domain, look curiously at him, and vanish beneath the water to rise in his immediate neighbourhood. The black guillemot comes close to the very oars. The seal stretches his head above the waves, not comprehending what has disturbed the repose of his asylum; while the rapacious skua pursues the puffin and gull. High in the air the birds seem clustering like bees about the rocks, whilst lower they fly past so close that they might be knocked down with a stick. But not less strange is the domicile of this colony. On some low rocks scarcely projecting above the water, sit the glossy cormorants, turning their long necks on every side. Next are the skua gulls, regarded with an anxious eye by the kittiwakes above. Nest follows nest in crowded rows along the whole breadth of the rock, and nothing is visible but the heads of the mothers and the white rocks between. A little higher on the narrow shelves sit the guillemots and auks, arranged as on parade, with their white breasts to the sea, and so close that a hailstone could not pass between them. The puffins take the highest station; and though scarcely visible, betray themselves by their flying backwards and forwards. The noise of such a multitude of birds is confounding, and in vain a person asks a question of his nearest neighbour.—*Gallery of Nature.*

THE DEADLY FOE OF THE SNAKE.

ATTACK and defence call forth perhaps some of the most beautiful combinations of effect and passion which can be conceived; as, for instance, in the secretary-bird and the snake. In an instant the former circumvents its intended prey: its escape is hopeless, it instinctively feels itself in the presence of its deadly enemy, and for the preservation of life prepares itself for the fearful encounter. Half erected, with gleaming eye, and its body coiled or straightened to meet the exigency of the moment, it faces its ever-active foe; it writhes and sweeps the ground with the convulsive movements of its tail, and, like the skilful fencer, acts on the defensive till the opening for the fatal lunge presents itself. But the wary bird allows no such advantage; for, dropping its wing, shield-like, before it, it repels every attack by prostrating the serpent by the powerful action of its pinion, and, leaping rapidly behind it, secures the victory and its prey by a well-directed blow on the skull. This is a beautiful picture: the issue of life is in the struggle, of which nature is the prompter, and in which the energies and passions of both creatures are worked up to their highest pitch. Dreaded by every other living creature, the snake

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here encounters its mortal enemy, ordained by the hand of Providence to keep its race within due limits.—*E. P. Thompson's Note-Book of a Naturalist.*

LEECHES.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has of late prevailed amongst the professional and unprofessional public by the discovery of the fact, that, for the last seven or eight years, the immense majority of leeches employed in France have been previously gorged with the blood of animals, in order to increase their weight and their price. M. Chevalier, Professor of the School of Pharmacy, and Member of the Academy of Medicine, has published on this subject an interesting pamphlet, from which we extract the following passages:—"The ponds which formerly furnished in France an abundant supply of leeches, have now been for some time completely exhausted by the avidity of the persons engaged in the traffic, who sold the youngest leeches, and thus left no chance of re-production. France has been, for the last eighteen years, obliged to obtain from foreign countries what her own fens might have given her; and it is from Egypt, Turkey, Wallachia, and more particularly Hungary and Russia, that she imports leeches. The extent of the trade may be judged of by the statement of the fact that, from the year 1827 to 1844, no less than 500,000,000 leeches have been imported into France; and, at the same time, the price of leeches has increased from 15c. to 40c. apiece. Wholesale dealers purchase them by the weight, and, in order to increase their own profits, gorge the leeches with the blood of mammiferous animals—the sheep, the calf, the ox, for increase; so that a thousand middle-sized leeches, weight two pounds and a half, value 75f., are changed, by the addition of two pounds of blood, into large leeches weighing four pounds and a half, and sold at 180f. or 200f." M. Magendie, Professor Royer Collard, Dr. Louis Barth, and many other distinguished members of the French Faculty, have also investigated the subject, and fully concur with M. Chevalier in deprecating the fraud—in stating that the origin of the blood contained in the bodies of gorged leeches being unknown, they may become the source of contagious diseases transmitted from animals to man—and in warning the public against an imposition alike injurious to commerce and to health.—*Medical Times.*

TRICKS OF THE MONKEY.

MONKEYS have every evil quality, and not one good one. They are saucy and insolent; always making an attempt to bully and terrify people, and biting those who are most afraid of them. An impertinent curiosity runs through all their actions; they never can let things alone, but must know what is going forward. If a pot or a kettle is set on the fire, and the cook turns her back, the monkey whips off the cover to see what she has put into it; even though he cannot get at it without setting his feet upon the hot bars of the grate. Mimicry is another of the monkey's qualities. Whatever he sees men do, he must affect to do the like himself. He seems to have no rule of his own, and so is ruled by the actions of men or beasts; as weak people follow the fashions of the world, whether they be good or bad. No monkey has any sense of gratitude, but takes his victuals with a snatch, and then grins in the face of the person that gives it him, lest he should take it away again; for he supposes that all men will snatch away what they can lay hold of, as all monkeys do. Through an invincible selfishness, no monkey considers any individual but himself, as the poor cat found to her cost, when the monkey burned her paws with raking his chestnuts out of the fire. They can never eat together in company without quarrelling and plundering one another. Every monkey delights in mischief, and cannot help doing it when it is in his power. If anything he takes hold of can be broken or spoiled, he is sure to find the way of doing it; and he chatters with pleasure when he hears the noise of a china vessel smashed to pieces on the pavement. If he takes up a bottle of ink, he empties it upon the floor. He unfolds all your papers and scatters them about the room, and what he cannot undo he tears to pieces; and it is wonderful to see how much of this work he will do in a few minutes when he happens to get loose. Every body has heard of the monkey whose curiosity led him to the mouth of a cannon to see how it went off; when he paid for his peeping with the loss of his head. In a ship where a relation of mine was an officer, while the men were busy fetching powder from below and making cartridges, a monkey on board took up a lighted candle, and ran down to the powder-room to see what they were about, but happily was overtaken just as he got to the lantern, and thrown out at the nearest port-hole into the sea with the lighted candle in his hand. Another lost his life by the spirit of mimicry: he had seen his master shaving his own face, and at the first opportunity took up the razor to shave himself, and made shift to cut his own throat. When the wild monkeys have escaped to the top of the trees, the people below who want to catch them show them the use of gloves, by putting them on and pulling them off repeatedly; and when the monkeys are supposed to have taken the hint, they leave plenty of gloves upon the ground, having first lined them with pitch. The monkeys come down, and put on the gloves, but cannot pull them off again; and when they are surprised, betaking themselves to the trees as usual, they slide backwards, and are taken. —*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

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SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MUSTARD-TREE.

"THERE was one curious tree," say Captains Irby and Mangles in their "Travels in Egypt," &c., "which we observed in great plenty, and which bore fruit in bunches, resembling in appearance the currant with the colour of the plum. It has a pleasant, although strongly aromatic taste, exactly resembling mustard; and, if taken in any quantity, produces a similar irritability of the nose and eyes to that which is caused by taking mustard. The leaves of the tree have the same pungent flavour as the fruit, although not so strong. We think it probable that this is the tree our Saviour alluded to in the parable of the mustard-seed; and not the mustard-plant we have in the north; for although in our journey from Bysan to Adjeloun we met with the mustard-plant, growing wild, as high as our horses' heads, still; being an annual, it did not deserve the appellation of 'a tree;' whereas the other is really such, and birds might easily, and actually do, take shelter under its shadow." This discovery will be of much interest to those who are aware of the great difficulty which has been experienced in identifying the tree to which our Saviour alludes, when comparing the kingdom of heaven "to a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." (Matt. xiii. 31, 32.) The Jewish writers speak of a mustard-tree, common among them, in quite corresponding terms; seeming to show that a species of *Sinapis*, or some analogous genus, existed in Palestine, with which we are not well acquainted; and which may very probably prove to be that which Captain Mangles has pointed out. It is to be regretted that he did not make himself acquainted with its name. As to the more common species of mustard, of which he incidentally speaks, we may as well mention here, that it was probably the *Sinapis orientalis*, attaining, under a favourable climate and circumstances, a stature which it will not reach in our country. This species is common in Palestine. In essential character it differs little from the *Sinapis arvensis*, (which supplies the "Durham mustard,") being distinguished chiefly by the beak only of the pod being smooth.—*Natural History of Palestine.*

ON THE TERM BROTHER.

THIS epithet is so variously and extensively applied in Scripture, that it becomes important carefully to distinguish the different acceptations in which it is used.

1. It denotes a brother in the natural sense, whether the offspring of the same father only, (Matt. i. 2; Luke iii. 1, 19,) or of the same father and mother. (Luke vi. 14, &c.)—2. A near relative or kinsman by blood, cousin. (Gen. xiii. 8; xiv. 16; Matt. xii. 46; John vii. 3; Acts i. 14; Gal. i. 19.)—3. One who is connected with another by any tie of intimacy or fellowship: hence—4. One born in the same country, descended from the same stock, a fellow-countryman. (Matt. v. 47; Acts iii. 22; Heb. vii. 5; Exod. ii. 11; iv. 18.)—5. One of equal rank and dignity. (Job xxx. 29; Prov. xviii. 9; Matt. xxiii. 8.)—6. Disciples, followers, &c. (Matt. xxv. 40; Heb. ii. 11, 17.)—7. One of the same faith. (Amos i. 9; Acts ix. 30; xi. 29; 1 Cor. v. 11.) From which and other texts it appears, that the first converts to the faith of Jesus were known to each other by the title of Brethren, till the name of Christians was given to them of Antioch. (Acts xi. 26.)—8. An associate, colleague in office or dignity, &c. (Ezra iii. 8; 1 Cor. i. 1; 2 Cor. i. 1, &c.)—9. One of the same nature, a fellow-man. (Gen. xiii. 8; Matt. v. 22, 23, 24; vii. 5; Heb. ii. 17; viii. 11.)—10. One beloved, *i. e.*, as a brother, in a direct address. (Acts ii. 29; vi. 3; 1 Thess. v. 1.)—In Matt. xiii. 55, James, Joses, Simon, and Judas, are mentioned as the brothers of Jesus; and in the ensuing verse sisters are also ascribed to him. The Protestant spirit of opposition to the Popish notion about the perpetual virginity of Mary, has led many commentators to contend that this must be taken in the literal sense, and that these persons are to be regarded as children whom she bore to her husband Joseph after the birth of Christ. On the whole, we incline to this opinion, seeing that such a supposition is more in agreement with the spirit and letter of the context than any other; and as the force of the allusion to the brothers and sisters of Jesus would be much weakened if more distant relatives are to be understood. Nevertheless, there are some grounds for the other opinion, that these were not natural brothers and sisters, but near relations, probably cousins, of Christ. In Matt. xxvii. 56, a James and Joses are described as sons of Mary; (certainly not the Virgin;) and again a James and Judas are described as sons of Alphæus, (Luke vi. 15, 16,) which Alphæus is probably the same as Cleophas, husband of Mary, sister of the Virgin. (John xix. 25.) If, therefore, it were clear that this James, Joses, and Judas, are the same that are elsewhere described as the Lord's brothers, this point would be beyond dispute; but as it is, much doubt must always hang over it.—*Kitto.*

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ANECDOTES.

THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER.

"I BELIEVE," says the Rev. Mr. Wesley, "it was about this time that a remarkable incident occurred, which was related to me some years ago. I may possibly have forgot some circumstances, but the substance of it was this:—Mr. Fletcher having heard of a Minister in the country, as an eminently pious man, had a great desire to see him; and for that purpose one morning set out very early. When he had walked several miles, he saw a great crowd gathered together at the door of a house. He asked what was the matter, and was answered, 'A poor woman and her child lie a dying!' He went in, and found a woman who had not long been delivered, in appearance very near death. Little better was the case of the infant, which was convulsed from head to foot. The room was filled with people. He took occasion to show them, from that melancholy spectacle, the dreadful effects of sin; and afterwards spoke largely of the miserable state we are all in through the sin of our first parents. He then expatiated on the second Adam, and the blessings we may receive through him; adding,—'He is able to raise the dead! He is able to save you from all sin, as well as to save these two poor objects from death. Come, let us ask Him to save both us and them.' He found remarkable liberty in prayer. Presently the child's convulsions ceased, and the mother was easy, lively, and strong. The people were utterly amazed; and stood speechless, and almost senseless! While they were in this state he silently withdrew. When they came to themselves, he was gone. Many of them asked who it could be; and some said, 'Certainly it was an angel.'"—*Life of Fletcher.*

THE REV. JOHN CROSSE, M.A.

IT is worthy of remark, that Mr. Crosse invariably, before meeting his people, either in the church or in his own kitchen, retired for half an hour or an hour to his chamber to pray in secret. Whatever company was with him, he left it before any service: so that he constantly came from his own private devotions to public duties. There are many well-disposed persons that do not reflect, as they ought to do, on the vast importance of a Minister having his mind as it were in tune for his work. They call at his house, or crowd into his vestry before the service, with the best motives, indeed, and by conversation distract his attention. It is readily granted that they have no unkind thought towards him in this intrusion; but cannot they see him some other time, when his mind is more relaxed? Possibly, necessity may require them to visit him: in that case every such communication with him will be thankfully acknowledged. But unnecessary calls of this kind should be avoided.—*Morgan's Parish Priest portrayed.*

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY

WAS travelling in a stage-coach with a young officer, who swore and cursed himself incessantly. Mr. Wesley, in a very mild manner, asked him if he had read the Book of Common Prayer; for if he had, he probably might remember the collect which begins, "Almighty and Everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve!" &c. The young gentleman, who had contracted a very common but despicably vulgar habit, had the sense to make the application.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

WHEN this Prelate was Minister of a parish in Scotland, the question was asked at a provincial meeting of the Clergymen who were present, "If they preached on the duties of the times?" When it was found that Mr. Leighton had not, and he was censured for such omission, he answered, "If all my brethren have preached on the *times*, may not one poor brother be suffered to preach on eternity?" May Ministers preach on the subject of eternity, and hearers hear, in the view of that great and momentous concern.

EDUCATION.

CATECHETICAL INSTRUCTION.

THE catechetical method of instruction is especially adapted to the junior classes; and the plan of proceeding, as developed in some of the "lesson system" publications, should be carefully studied. By this method, however, something very different is intended from the repetition of answers, as little understood as the questions to which they are annexed. Replies always following each other, in a regular unbroken series, without a due regard to the questions proposed, is not *the* catechetical method which is now recommended. How painful is it, to hear a child who can correctly repeat the words of an entire Catechism, reply that Eve was "the first man that God made, and the father of us all," merely because the second question happened to be put instead of the first; continuing the

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parrot-like repetition for a whole page, without discovering the absurd mistakes! Catechising like this, forms no part of the Sunday-school system: it is unworthy of a rational being, and much more so of any person professing to be a religious instructer.

A method of repeating portions of Scripture which have been previously committed to memory, called "the elliptical method," may be employed in the instruction of elementary classes with advantage: "it consists in reciting portions in part, and the scholars supplying those that are left out." Verses of Scripture, which consist of two distinct parts, or of two or more propositions; the opening verses of the Sermon on the Mount, and many of the Proverbs of Solomon, are instances of the passages which may be so used.—Although the term "elliptical," as applied to this mode of instruction, is not strictly correct, its applicability to Sunday-school purposes remains unaltered: the first proposition, or member of the sentence repeated by the teacher, supplies as it were, the place of a question; and the inference, or point of contrast, contained in the remaining portion of the passage, forms the answer demanded of the scholars. If this mode of teaching be adopted, you should audibly, and rather more slowly than when giving verbal instruction, repeat the former part of the selected portion yourself; and then require either one scholar, or the whole class, in a subdued tone, to complete the verse or sentence: the same method may also be adopted in the recital of hymns. To elicit not merely the words which have been taught, but to ascertain that their meaning has been fully comprehended by the scholars, is the design of catechetical exercises.—*R. N. Collins.*

A FEW HINTS ON CATECHISING.

1. Let your questions on all subjects tend rather to find out wherein the deficiency of the class lies, than to impress them with the idea of your own superior stock of information.

2 In giving a first lesson, or in questioning, on a totally new subject, your questions must be for the most part general ones.

3. Let all your questions be so constructed as to lead the thoughts easily from one to another; as each link of a chain, separate and perfect by itself, together with the rest, helps to form a complete and connected chain.

4. Let your questioning be as varied in its nature as the subject will permit.

5. And be uttered in as simple and concise a manner as possible.

6. The elliptical method, useful as it may be in a lower class, may be carried too far, and it then becomes both useless and absurd.

7. Do not be content with merely getting answers from the boys of a class in regular succession, but constantly from those in different parts of it.

8. Never prompt a boy, if any one in the class can supply the requisite information; but rather let what you say, be a comment on his answer.

9. If any boy in answering a question show that he has some definite, though confused idea of the subject, be careful to explain to him how far his answer is correct. Should he appear by his answers to be totally ignorant of the subject in hand, which he has seemingly confounded with some other, let your explanation tend as much as possible to show him how his mistake arose.

10. Repeat former questions in different words, that you may be able to judge how far they have been understood.

11. An occasional hard question will do more than puzzle your class; it will set them thinking,—an object that should never be lost sight of.

12. All questions should be asked *con amore;* showing that your very heart is engaged in the work: and then the answers to them will be not merely from the lips, but will be hearty ones, and the best your class can supply.*—*English Journal of Education.*

*To assist in this important avocation, the attention of our readers in general, and of Wesleyan parents, guardians, and tutors, is directed to the following manuals of catechetical instruction published for the special purpose of assisting in Wesleyan families and schools:—

1. Three tables of Sabbath Exercises for Wesleyan Sunday-schools and Families; for each Sunday in the Year 1846. By the Rev. John Stephenson. Sold by J. Mason, London.

2. Early Days; or, Wesleyan Scholar's Guide. Published Monthly. Mason, London.

3. The Rev. Geo. Cubitt's Adaptation of the Wesleyan Catechism to Mr. Darling's System of Education. Mason, London.

All of which combine to form a thorough and complete system of Catechetical instruction adapted to Wesleyan Families and Schools, which we most cordially recommend.—Edit.

POPERY.

TWENTY POPES APPEARING AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

(*Continued from p.* 81.)

IV.—GREGORY VII.

Gregory. One of thy successors, Pope Gregory the Seventh, stands before thee, Holy Peter, and expects of thee admission at this door.

Peter. Thou one of my successors? What dost thou mean?

Gregory. Wert not thou the first Bishop of Rome?

Peter. I was an Apostle of Jesus, my

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Lord and Master, till my death, but never and nowhere Bishop.

Gregory. Thou art, between ourselves, certainly right; but this groundless assertion has become an infallible doctrine of the Church, not for the sake of truth, but for our own advantage; for in this manner it is easy for us to justify any claim—any demand. But suppose it really were so, wouldst thou feel ashamed of a successor like me?

Peter. That is doubtful. Hast thou, who calledst thyself the Vicegerent of Christ, always acted according to the spirit and word of our Lord and Master?

Gregory. I hope thou art not very particular in this respect.

Peter. What dost thou mean? It is a bad sign if thou hast cause to be afraid of just severity. Answer my question.

Gregory. My behaviour to the Emperor Henry IV., whom I treated like a common malefactor, might certainly have been milder and more forbearing.

Peter. Say, rather, that thou wert not at all entitled to call him before thy tribunal.

Gregory. Besides this; I dare say my connexion with Margravine Margaret, with whom I lived for years under one roof, has given offence.

Peter. As to the condition of this connexion, thou hadst best ask thy own conscience. To speak of it as indulgently as possible, it was unscriptural, it was improper, equivocal, and unworthy of thy station.

Gregory. Moreover, I shall perhaps be blamed for having made celibacy a law among the whole Clergy.

Peter. And very properly so; for by this means thou hast brought into temptation men who by their station should be examples of purity of manners.

Gregory. And will the false oath which I have sworn be accounted a sin?

Peter. Thou hast sworn a false oath?

Gregory. Yes; I swore not to accept the dignity of Pope without the Emperor's consent; and yet I did accept it.

Peter. Thou hast thyself pronounced thy judgment. Thou art unworthy to enter at this door. Begone.

V.—URBAN V.

Urban. Open the door, Peter: I long for the joys of heaven.

Peter. Willingly, if nothing oppose it.

Urban. Remember that I was Pope.

Peter. And in consequence ——?

Urban. How canst thou ask? And in consequence, a saint.

Peter. One of thy predecessors, Gregory VII., asserted the same; nor could it be difficult for you to impose such a belief on the ignorant and superstitious; but here it won't do: we ask for good deeds.

Urban. I certainly did not expect that! Thou mightest surely call the common people to account; but the Popes ought to have free entrance.

Peter. No such thing: they who call themselves Vicegerents of Christ must show whether they are so according to the real meaning of the word,—whether they, like their Lord and Master, have been pious, humble, charitable, humane, indefatigably zealous for the welfare of mankind, forgiving and generous.

Urban. I have nothing of the kind to show, but could give you some specimens of a contrary spirit.

Peter. Well, let me know them.

Urban. Out of many I will mention but one, which occasionally has troubled my mind; but thou must not judge me too severely.

Peter. Thou shalt have thy due.

Urban. Once upon a time I suspected that a conspiracy was being formed against me. I had no proofs; but the mere thought of such a possibility so enraged me, that, amongst others, I had five Cardinals put to the torture in my presence.

Peter. Did they acknowledge themselves guilty?

Urban. On the contrary; they all of them asserted their innocence till they breathed their last, and called me before the judgment of the Lord.

Peter. There I must send thee, too. How could the happy ones acknowledge thee as one of them,—thou who art guilty of such cruelty!

(To be continued.)

AN IRISH SCENE IN 1765.

A PARTY of the light horse, being on foot, were conveying one of the Whiteboys to Kilkenny jail. In going through a village, the Papists crossed their way with a mock funeral. When they had got the soldiers in the midst, they threw down the coffin full of stones, and fell on old and young with the greatest fury. The soldiers defended themselves, till the Sergeant, and three or four more were killed, and several desperately wounded. For this five of them were hanged at Kilkenny. They all died "innocent," they said, "as the child unborn." So did five more, who were executed a little while before, for burning a mill, and burying the miller up to the neck. I could not understand, at first, how most of the Papists that suffer death by the hands of the executioner, die declaring their innocency, till I found out the secret: having confessed all their crimes to the Priest, and received his absolution, they believed themselves guiltless, and were forbidden to make any other confession to heretics. However, we had the comfort to see several of them brought to the experience of real Christianity.—*Life of the Rev. Duncan Wright.*

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PICTURE OF THE JESUITS.

JESUITRY is Popery in the state of most intense malignity! It combines, in the utmost degree, all the mental darkness, bondage, and degradation of the Popish system,—all its denial and extinction of God's truth, with its substitution of priestcraft, impurity, hypocrisy, and lies; and to all this, in its most aggravated form, there is *superadded* a system of the most perfect organization and subordination, working with deathlike secrecy in every haunt and dwelling-place of man,—conveying the most minute and accurate intelligence to one common centre,—whence emanate the commands which combine and regulate every movement, and wield the whole with irresistible certainty to the achievement of its purposes. Under Popery, in its simple form, there did exist a considerable amount of national independence, as all the Bishops and Priests had their acknowledged rights and spheres of independent action, which could not be interfered with; and, being spread over extensive territories, they were open to various influences which modified their views and dispositions, mitigated, in many instances, the evils of the system, and moderated everywhere its powers of mischief. But, under Jesuitism, there is nowhere the least fragment of independence,—there is no power, no influence, no mind, no will but *one*,—that of the General of the order,—who dictates every movement and every purpose of every member, in every kingdom and corner of the earth; and with impenetrable secrecy and infallible certainty, directs all to the fulfilment of his absolute will. There is no parallel to such a system.

Having purposes flagrantly directed against the revealed will of God, and against the higher destinies of man, it seeks their accomplishment by a crafty and all-pervading conspiracy, incompatible with the first conditions of human society, and the natural rights of man!—*The Victim of the Convent.*

THE POPERY OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

IN a recent Number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, "the only publication emanating from the English Universities," an article appeared containing a strong defence of the Jesuits. This article was furnished at the desire of the editor, by a young Papist of the name of Miles Gerald Keon. The authorship was intended to be kept a secret, but it was reprinted separately; and the *Tablet* (a Popish organ) let out the secret. This startled the *Review*, whose editor did not like such exposure, and immediately inserted, by way of a palliation, some bitter articles against the Papists, which the *Tablet* is "pained to see," and in his defence states it to be "notorious that Roman Catholics have been contributors to the most noted Protestant periodicals." He instances the two Journals, *Blackwood* and *Fraser*. In *Blackwood*, he says,—"Catholics are, and long have been, known to contribute to its pages articles certainly *no more essentially Protestant than the essay which we* (imprudently it should seem) *claimed for our young co-religionist.*" *Fraser's Magazine* "was not only long written for by Catholics, but its first fame and fortune were in a great measure founded by the genius of a Catholic Priest. The first able defence of the Jesuits published for many years in this country (a defence, compared with which Mr. Keon's essay was cold) appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, and was written by a man who was once a Catholic and a Priest,—by the Rev. Mr. Mahony; who, though not of the order, always gloried in having been educated in its schools." "These," says the *Patriot*, "are curious and useful revelations. Those of our readers who recollect the peculiar virulence and hearty spite with which the writers in *Fraser* and *Blackwood* have been in the practice of abusing the Dissenters, will now understand the source of that malignity. The newspaper press is to a great extent conducted by Roman Catholics; and the abuse lavished upon the opponents of the Maynooth job, ostensibly by Protestant liberals, proceeded in many cases from the pens of Romish partisans. O'Connell is always delighted when he can get hold of a *bi-disant* Protestant tool. The Popish *Tablet*, although it caters to the most rabid anti-Protestantism, is indifferently supported by the Roman Catholics: it suits their purposes better to avail themselves of the *Chronicle* and the *Sun*, the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, *Blackwood*, and *Fraser*."—*Free Church Magazine.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS VERNON, OF WINSFORD.

BY THE REV. J. B. HOLROYD.

THOMAS VERNON was born at a period when vice in its various forms almost universally prevailed. Previous to the twenty-fourth year of his age he indulged in the prevailing iniquities of the country, when the Spirit of the Lord powerfully convinced him of his lost condition. There was not one in the neighbourhood who could administer any direction or encouragement, until a Wesleyan Minister visited the place, whom Thomas

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went to hear, and although he obtained no spiritual aid from his discourse, he was convinced that what he heard comprised the great doctrines of the Gospel. He subsequently joined the society; of which, to the last he remained a faithful member. He sought for some time the pearl of great price in the midst of violent temptation and discouragement, until he met with an experienced friend to whom he made known the state of his mind; and whilst this person was explaining to him the way of salvation by faith, divine light shone into his soul. In that grand scheme of redemption he discovered a sovereign remedy for his wounded spirit, and shortly after was enabled to embrace the Saviour as of God made unto him wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption. It was not long before the care of a class was committed to him, and for fifty years he conscientiously discharged the duties of a Leader. He read the Scriptures with great diligence and prayerfulness; often remarking, "The more I read my Bible, the stronger is my attachment to the doctrines of Methodism." In 1794 he became a Local Preacher, and often was instrumental in conveying the glad tidings of salvation, exposed to the brutal usage of infuriated mobs, into places where we have now flourishing churches. He was very solicitous for the peace of Jerusalem; and felt deep sorrow, when aught interrupted its tranquillity or retarded its progress. Though he witnessed the cause which was near his heart disturbed by factious and designing, mischievous and mistaken men, and many allured from the wholesome pastures in which they had been nourished to seek shelter and repose on the unsteady billows of agitation, Thomas was spared to see the ranks which had been thinned by anarchy and division replenished, and the work of God in a prosperous state. His religious principles were often tested by the agent of the works in which he was employed. On one occasion he was informed, that he must either leave the Methodists or lose his employment. A week was *generously* offered him during which he might consider his case. Thomas promptly replied that the subject did not require a moment's consideration, and that in his own mind a determination was made. He was reminded of his family which was dependent upon him:—"I know that," said he; "but I know also that I have a soul to save." Nothing further was said to him at that time; but the same individual who had thus annoyed him, subsequently discharged him from his employment because he refused to perform some work on the Lord's day, which he could, and indeed offered to do at an early hour on the following day. When Thomas was rejected, no one was found capable of filling his place; so that he was speedily requested to resume his former station.

At a late period of life he passed through deep waters of affliction: they were not, however, suffered to overflow him. The affection of a son ministered to his wants, and solaced him in trouble. His last affliction was protracted; but his mind was kept in peace, his confidence was unshaken, and his hope was lively and vigorous. To a friend he said, "I could not have supposed, when in health, that it was possible for me to enjoy a thousandth part of the happiness I experience in affliction." Just before his departure he exclaimed, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," &c. He died January 12th, 1842, aged seventy-six.

MISSIONARY FACT.

HINDOO FEMALE IMPOSTOR.

(From the Journal of the Rev. M. Hill, of Berhampore.)

Dec. 17.—Arrived at Jeetpore, and had a good collection of natives, principally Musulmans, to hear the Gospel. We were told that the *Ma* had sent for us. We went, and, on arriving, found her seated in an inner verandah, cross-legged, upon a mat covered with white cloth: a bolster against which to rest her back, and one for each knee, completed the furniture of her audience-chamber. Her name is Rookhoone: she is a person apparently about thirty years of age. Her hair was neatly dressed; and she wore a garment best described as an overall, made of cotton-thread, loosely twisted, and as thick as whipcord; consequently, warm and soft. Its shape appeared to be square, with a hole in the centre for the head to pass through; and the borders of the garment fell loosely down on all sides, and covered her person. Under this, she had other garments of fine texture, which could be seen as she changed her position, or lifted up her hands.

She received us courteously, but her language intimated that she considered herself a superior being. She placed me, as I first entered, close to her left hand; and Mr. Lacroix she beckoned to sit next me. Then, taking hold of my hand, she said, "So you have come to see me, have you?" Mr. L. and myself each endeavoured to elicit her history; but she was far from being communicative on that point. We found that she was a Hindoo, and had been betrothed in her infancy: she was particularly desirous to impress on us the fact that her husband died when she was yet but a child; that after his death, and about nineteen years ago, he ap-

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peared to her in a vision, the particulars of which she described very incoherently. She said, he had long hair; then untying her own, she let her tresses, exceedingly beautiful and clean, fall down upon her shoulders; and, with a gurgling noise in her throat, twisted her head violently about like a maniac. She then said, "In this manner my husband spoke and shook his head." Then in a whisper she informed us that he added, "I am God."

From that time she claimed to be under divine illumination. Six years ago, she said, she confined herself in her house, and was secluded from everybody for twelve months; since which period the Spirit of God had dwelt in her. We endeavoured to point out to her the way of salvation; reproved her for expressions which, if not proceeding from insanity, originated with the devil, and were blasphemous; and our visit of nearly two hours was concluded with prayer. Once or twice during prayer, when the atonement of Christ was pleaded for the pardon of sin, she seemed convulsed, and uttered unintelligible sounds. She was, however, very tractable in the hands of her brother, at whose words she grew calm, and her convulsions ceased: only for this latter circumstance, she acted her part with great skill.

Dec. 18.—To-day we have had several communications with the brother, who is a shrewd, cunning hypocrite: he appears to have made a tool of his sister; and, finding her an excitable subject, seems to have resolved to profit by her dreams. Some of the Mussulmans saw through the trick, laughed, and ridiculed, and lastly persecuted the family. She had directed a flag to be hoisted as a sign that she was some great one,—this flag they stole. At length the family removed to an adjacent plain, on the edge of which they now reside. Her pretensions are deceiving hundreds, if not thousands: they have collected together in such numbers, that the vicinity of her house resembles a market. The family is now alarmed lest we should expose the hypocrisy of the whole. The brother has offered to make over to me twenty-five beggahs of rent from tenure-land; indeed, to give me all he possesses, if I would keep silent. I expect he wishes to come under the sanction of a Missionary.

Dec. 20.—While packing up our tents, he came to say, that the *Ma* had a revelation during the night, to the effect that the kingdom of Jesus Christ would spread over all the land; that the Sahibs (or Missionaries) would be the agents to spread that kingdom; and that she would this day call together her followers, and declare it to them.

This was obviously a last effort to gain our countenance; but all in vain. We should deeply regret if the woman, in her present position, were to be recognised as a Christian. —*Missionary Magazine.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

A WHALE CHASE.

On the third morning after leaving Charles's Island, while in sight of Albemarle, the look-out on the foretopgallant-yard sung out,—"There he blows! there again!" and, at regular intervals, "There again!" "Where away?" "About four points on the lee bow, sir." "Put the helm up." "Ay, ay, sir," responded the helmsman. "Steady." "Steady it is, sir." We got the telescopes at work (and first-rate ones they are always in whale-ships). After a steady look, our well-experienced skipper pronounced it to be a large sperm-whale. "Boats' crews of the larboard side, stand by to lower three boats." "Ay, ay, sir," rang fore and aft the ship. When about a mile from the whale, the helm was put down, lee main braces let go, and the ship became stationary, with the main yards aback. "Ready there?" "All ready, sir." "Lower away." The boat-tackle falls rattled through the block, and the boats were in the water. No huntsman ever followed a pack of hounds with greater glee than the boats' crews of those ships pull after their game. We now filled away on the ship to have full command over her, and to keep to windward of the boats. They pulled silently and steadily on. The whale was going along easily. By-and-by the chief officer's boat got close up, and one iron darted into the body of the fish, then another, and the boat was fast. They were by this time so close to the ship, you could hear him sing out, "Stern all now!" and the boat was pulled quickly astern; the whale reared itself half out of the sea, then buried its head in it, raised his enormous flukes, gave a blow on the surface of the water, the sound of which you could hear far off; then he went down, or, as they call it, sounded; the boat was drawn right over him, and the line whirring through the chalks as he descended. When the second tub was all but out, it stopped; then they commenced hauling in the line, and coiling it loosely in the stern-sheets as fast as they could. This hauling in of the line is always accompanied by the cheering, "Hurra, hurra, hurra!" &c. They got in the line very fast; and when the whale came up to blow, the boat was not more than four hundred yards off, the oars all peaked and out of the water: he then started to windward, towing the boat

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after him at about fifteen miles an hour, the water boiling and foaming high up on either side of it. All hands in the boat now laid hold of the line, and kept hauling up on him; and as they passed not far from the stern of the ship, they got alongside him by bowing the line. The officer lanced; and after each dart of the lance into the fish, the shank of it had to be straightened, which is easily managed in the bow of the boat. After running about two miles to windward of the ship, the fish blew up blood out of his spout-hole. This is at once the indication of the death-blow being given. He stopped suddenly: the boats slackened the line, and pulled astern out of the way, as he was going into his death-flurry. They had scarcely got well clear of him, when he rolled heavily, reared his great head up, beat the water with his fins and flukes in great fury, made one tremendous plunge, and was no more. This whale was on the whole easily taken; but the case and results are often very different, even with much smaller ones. The sperm-whale is a very active fish, and it frequently tests its powers by destroying boats and their crews with both jaws and flukes: often I have seen our boats stove in pieces by the whale. As soon as the crew see the danger coming, they jump overboard, afterwards get up on the wreck, or take an oar under their arms, until the other boats come and pick them up.—*Adventures in the Pacific.*

SLAVERY CONTRASTED WITH FREEDOM.

In Ohio alone, there are 51,812 more public scholars than in the thirteen slave-states.

In the free states, there are 504,835 Sabbath-scholars: in the slave-states, 82,582. The state of New-York has twice as many Sabbath-scholars as the entire thirteen slave-states.

After the great break-down in 1837, a committee was formed to ascertain, as far as possible, the amount that the North lost, in a definite period, in the South. It was ascertained that Maine, New-Hampshire, and Vermont lost about 162,000,000 dollars; Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, 196,000,000 dollars; New-York, 200,000,000 dollars; New-Jersey, 13,000,000 dollars; Philadelphia, 79,000,000 dollars; and Ohio, 87,000,000 dollars.

Slavery in this country, between 1830 and 1840, committed the wholesale murder of 400,000 human beings.

In the chivalrous state of Mississippi, only one of every twenty white persons over twenty-one years of age can read.

The Missionary Society of the American Board, in 1842, received into its treasury upwards of 310,000 dollars. Of this sum the free states contributed 303,000 dollars, and the 'generous South' 7,000 dollars.

Upon the most moderate calculations, between 1820 and 1830—a space of ten years—not less than 320,547 human beings were prematurely worn out and killed on the cotton and sugar plantations of the far South.

The only slave-states which have actually diminished the number of slaves since 1790, are Delaware and Maryland. Delaware has lost 70 per cent.; Maryland 14 per cent. The whole increase of slaves in the Union, from 1790 to 1840, is 1,128,296, or 268 per cent.—*The True Wesleyan.*

NATURALIZATION OF THE FUCHSIA IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Shepherd, the respectable and well-informed conservator of the Botanical Gardens at Liverpool, gives the following curious account of the introduction of that elegant little flowering shrub, the fuchsia, into our English greenhouses and parlour windows:—Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener, near London, well known fifty or sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned round to him, and declared, "Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping." "No! and pray what was this phœnix like?" "Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendant branches: their colour the richest crimson: in the centre a fold of deep purple," and so forth. Particular directions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping, where he at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, he said, "My good woman, this is a nice plant: I should like to buy it." "I could not sell it for *no* money; for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake." "But I must have it." "No, sir!" "Here," emptying his pocket, "here are gold, silver, copper." (His stock was something more than eight guineas.) "Well-a-day! but this is a power of money, sure and sure." "'Tis yours, and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear to keep for your husband's sake." A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off and utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom-bud: it was divided into cuttings, which were forced in bark-beds and hotbeds; were re-divided and sub-divided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of 300 fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first were removed into his show-house. A lady came: "Why, Mr. Lee, my

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dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?" "Hem! 'tis a new thing, my lady. Pretty, is it not?" "Pretty! 'tis lovely. Its price?" "A guinea: thank your ladyship;" and one of the two plants stood proudly in her ladyship's boudoir. "My dear Charlotte, where did you get it?" &c. "Oh! 'tis a new thing; I saw it at old Lee's. Pretty, is it not?" "Pretty! 'tis beautiful! Its price?" "A guinea: there was another left." The visiter's horses smoked off to the suburb: a third flowering plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen fuchsia adorned the drawing-room of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated as new comers saw and were attracted by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery-ground. Two fuchsias, young, graceful, and bursting into healthy flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository. He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift; but, ere the flower-season closed, 300 golden guineas chinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub of the widow of Wapping, the reward of the taste, decision, skill, and perseverance of old Mr. Lee. — *Sharpe's London Magazine.*

GENERAL RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

RONGE'S RATIONALISM.

1. We regret to say, that our worst fears, respecting this bold and ardent young man, receive daily confirmation. In a letter from a clergyman, dated "Offenbach, Dec. 1," the writer says, speaking of Ronge, "He declared, before 1,500 auditors, (I heard it myself,) that there are many miracles related in the Scriptures quite unworthy of God; * * * that to behold in Christ more than man is absurd; and that the deceit of Priests alone has attributed to him divinity. The spirit of the nineteenth century, however, must destroy this cheat!"—*Continental Echo.*

2. A committee of clergymen and laymen in England have recently despatched a "commissioner" into Germany, to inquire into the actual state of the religious movement in that country. The circumstances and results of the mission have been published since the return of the envoy. That the movement commenced by Ronge has become rationalistic, and plunged into errors as great as those with which Ronge was trammelled when bound in the toils of Popery, is now matter of public notoriety; but it will not on that account be without its great and successful ends. All who have left Rome have not flung themselves headlong into the abyss of rationalism: some have stood on the brink of the precipice to counsel those who were insanely willing to take the desperate leap; but finding remonstrance of no avail, the faithful have come out from among those who have exchanged one despotism for another; and hope shines again on the remnant who seek God.

The committee ask for aid; but we must say, that the cause is one that ought to ensure its own victory. Still, if aid be really necessary, particularly of books, let it be given, and given liberally. The thing chiefly wanted is instruction, and not money. Nay, when we hear Dr. Pribil, the head of the protesters against Ronge, tell the latter, in answer to his inquiry of what he wants, that he wants what Ronge cannot give him: —"I want," says Dr. Pribil, "Jesus Christ; and him you know not." To this Ronge replied, "But we have Christ." "Yes," returned Dr. Pribil; "but it is Jesus, the son of man, not the Son of the living God. You hold Christ to be a mere teacher, such as you or I; but know him not as the only Son our Lord. If you do, and will sign a declaration to that effect, as well as subscribe the Apostles' Creed, I will give you my hand." "No," answered Ronge: "I will not subscribe to any such thing. I cannot believe, I cannot swallow, such antiquated leaven!" When we hear this, we can hardly assert that the Apostolical Catholics of Germany need instruction; or refrain from asserting that the *Friends of Light* are not in desperate need of our sorrow and our pity. The latter, when they raised their banner against Rome, called under it a host anxious to be freed from the bondage of the old superstition: but that banner floats now in defiance against the Trinity; it has inscribed on it a denial of the divinity of the Son, and limits that of the Holy Ghost to "an exercise of the divine power which sinks into the soul, and enables it to attain its end." Thus those who fancied they were rallying for Christianity find themselves enrolled in defence of infidelity.—*Church and State Gazette.*

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REMARKABLE DAYS.

ST. MARK'S DAY. (APRIL 25TH.)

ST. MARK'S Gospel was written in the year 63. The Order of Knights of St. Mark, at Venice, under the protection of this Evangelist, was instituted in the year 737, the reigning Doge being always Grand Master. Their motto was, *Pax tibi, Marce, Evangelista meus!*

The custom of sitting and watching in the church-porch on St. Mark's eve, still exists in some parts of the north of England. The "witching time of night" is from eleven till one; and the third year the watcher supposes that he sees the ghosts of those who are to die the next year pass by into the church.

This superstitious observance naturally leads us to the consideration of the *belief* in *apparitions*. The pious and eloquent Addison, in some reflections on this subject, beautifully observes,—"If we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in Him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and moderates them after such a manner that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another without His knowledge and permission. For my own part," continues he, "I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with *spirits;* and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone. But instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and in joining in the same concert of praise and adoration." He goes on to say, "Milton has finely described this mixed communication of men and spirits in Paradise; and had, doubtless, his eye upon a verse in old *Hesiod*, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage:—

"Nor think though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night. How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill and thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air
(Sole, or responsive each to other's note)
Singing their Great Creator! Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic numbers join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

In another paper, speaking of popular superstitions, he says, "I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence; not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep I recommend myself to his care; when I awake I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to support me under them."

Nothing can be more reprehensible than the too common practice in nurses and servants, of alarming the tender minds of children with the idle tales of hobgoblins, haunted houses, &c.; the effects of which are to impress them with that timidity, which is afterwards removed with the greatest difficulty, even when advanced in life, and with minds naturally superior to such little things. Sporting with the passions is always a dangerous project; for by such imprudence the mind may be so deranged as to be incapable of ever acting again with regularity and composure.

Children also should never be permitted to frighten one another: many have been involved in the most awful situations from this apparently trivial cause, and have fallen into a state of idiotism, or absolute lunacy. Many, from the sudden impulse of terror, have, from such wanton frolics, lost their lives; while others again have had their intellects so much impaired as to be rendered miserable and altogether disqualified for the occupations of life.

TABLE-TALK.

DEATH OF LORD BACON.

IT is stated that this great apostle of experimental philosophy became its martyr. He wanted to make an experiment on the conservation and induration of bodies; for he entertained the notion that flesh would keep as well in snow as in salt. He insisted upon stuffing, with his own hands, the body

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of a fowl with snow, obtained under a hedge in Highgate; but he was thrown into such a shiver that he could not be carried back to town, and he was taken to the house of Lord Arundel, in that village. Unfortunately he was put into the state-bed, which had not been occupied for a year; and from that bed he was speedily borne to his grave.—*Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

HISTORICAL COINCIDENCES.

SUPERSTITION marked every stage of the Scottish Union as happening upon some date adverse to the Stuarts. On the 4th of November the first article of the Union was approved; on a 4th of November was William of Orange born. On the 8th of January the peerage was renounced; on an 8th of January was the warrant for the murder at Glencoe signed. The ratification of the article of Union was on the 16th of January; on a 16th of January was the sentence of Charles I. pronounced. The dissolution of the Scottish Parliament took place upon the 25th day of March, according to the old style, New-Year's-Day; that concession might therefore be esteemed a New Year's gift to the English. Finally, equivalent or compensation money, that is, "the price of Scotland," came to Scotland on the 15th of August, the day on which the Earl of Gowrie designed to murder James VI.—*Mrs. Thomson's Memoirs of the Jacobites.*

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death
Bashforth, Mrs.,		Second Leeds,	33	Nov. 6th, 1845.
Bennett, Mrs.,	Saxby,	Barton,	32	Jan. 9th, 1846.
Billinge, Mr. John,	Mark,	Banwell,	29	Dec. 11th, 1845.
Biltcliffe, Mr. George,		Denby-Dale,	67	Jan. 12th, 1846.
Bird, Mrs.,		Pickering,	42	Jan. 2d, 1846.
Brayshay, Mr.,		Durham,	62	Dec. 4th, 1845.
Brightman, Mr.,	Eaton-Town,	St. Neots,	48	Jan. 4th, 1846.
Charles, Mr. J.,	Pelsall.	Walsall,	19	Nov. 14th, 1845.
Clayton, Mrs. E.,		Bradford, (Y.)	73	June 6th, 1845.
Clulow, Mrs. Joseph,		Macclesfield,	71	Dec. 28th, 1845.
Cowan, Mr. James,		Ayr,	79	Dec. 13th, 1845.
Cranswick, Mrs.,		Ipswich,		Feb. 9th, 1846.
Fisher, Mrs.,	Briston,	Holt,	76	Jan. 10th, 1846.
Foster, Mr. Thomas,		Bristol,	29	Jan. 4th, 1846.
Fowkes, Mr. H.,		Richmond, Surrey	61	Jan. 1st, 1846.
Gillings, Mrs.,		Yarmouth,	60	Jan. 23d, 1846.
Griffith, Rev. John,	Wesleyan Minister,	Diss,	44	Jan. 15th, 1846.
Grindrod, Mrs.,	Lower-Broughton,	Manchester Sec.	49	Dec. 14th, 1845.
Hankey, Mrs.,	Pentonville,	Eighth London,	39	Feb. 11th, 1846.
Harrison, Mrs.,		Mold,	68	Jan. 12th, 1846.
Hart, Mr. William,	Brompton,	Rochester,	76	Jan. 8th, 1846.
Hiley, Mrs.,	Ridgway,	Chesterfield,	73	Jan. 6th, 1846.
Kemp, Mr. James,		Stockport, N.	64	Jan. 9th, 1846.
Knowles, Mrs.,	Tenement,	Pateley-Bridge,	100	Jan. 30th, 1846.
Lamplough, Mr.,	Langtoft,	Bridlington,	68	Dec. 2d, 1845.
Miles, Mr. John,	Heslerton,	Scarborough,	77	Dec. 25th, 1845.
Nixon, Mr. William,		Stockport, S.	67	Jan. 9th, 1846.
Phillips, Rev. Richard,	Glenmore,	Longford,	68	Dec. 24th, 1845.
Pudsey, Mr.,	Uncleby,	Pocklington,	88	Dec. 29th, 1845.
Riches, Mr. William,	Stubbs-Green,	Bungay,	90	Dec. 24th, 1845.
Rishton, Mr. H.,		Preston,	71	Jan. 17th, 1846.
Smith, Mrs.,	Wainfleet-Bank,	Wainfleet,	67	Jan. 7th, 1846.
Spink, Mrs.,		Tadcaster,	41	Dec. 24th, 1845.
Spurgeon, Mrs.,	Sudely-Street,	Islington,	39	Jan. 27th, 1846.
Steward, Mrs.,	Bunhill-Row,	London First,	38	Jan. 17th, 1846.
Suter, Mr. A. G.,		Halifax,	54	Jan. 7th, 1845.
Widowfield, Mrs.,	Newbottle,	Houghton-le-Spring,	74	May 14th, 1845.
Wright, Miss Ann,	Barnby-Road,	Newark,	30	Jan. 13th, 1846.

THOMS, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER, 12 WARWICK-SQUARE, LONDON.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

MAY, 1846.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

"I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."—Psalm xxxvii. 25.

"NOR HIS SEED BEGGING BREAD." The subject at *large* challenges serious examination. It is a testimony gravely, sagely recorded,—not the testimony of folly or inexperience, but of the aged Sovereign of Israel. "Old men are not always wise;" some appear to have "performed the journey of life in a hearse;" but David was a man of observation, and had made every event that came under his notice, subservient to his improvement. That "the righteous" are not "forsaken," though occasionally under the influence of nervous depression, manifold temptations, and especially the remains of unbelief, painfully apprehensive of it, requires no varied evidence to prove. God "hath said, I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee. Therefore we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper." The difficult part of the testimony is that which relates to their children. Abject poverty is often the consequence of indolence or imprudence; yet the best men are exposed to pecuniary straits; and the vicissitudes of extended commerce, and the miseries of a scanty harvest, may sometimes place in needy circumstances the holiest descendant of the most pious ancestry. Amongst the poor are found some of the best friends of the Lord. (Matt. xi. 5; James ii. 5.) We will therefore for the present waive any examination of the former clause of the text, which relates to "the righteous;" those whom the text assumes enjoy the Divine presence—and which, whatever they may fear, is under no circumstances withdrawn,—not in affliction; (Psalm xxxiv. 19;) not in age; (Isa. xlvi. 4;) no, not in death; (Psalm xxxvii. 37;) and confine our observations to their children—their *righteous* seed. So, it is apparent, the words are to be understood. And this view, by narrowing the statement, makes its exposition more easy. Some, indeed, of the children of the righteous are wicked. But this is often the fault of parents, when it seems only their affliction. If children be early indulged; taught to prefer the world; perceive inconsistencies in their professedly religious friends; if they be not regularly disciplined in religious truths and habits; what results that are gracious have we any right to anticipate? And yet when there is the employment of

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suitable means, the communication of gracious influence may be expected. "A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children." "The blessing of the Lord is upon them that fear him from generation to generation." Still, some of the children of the pious are not righteous! But at what expense? At what risk?

"Begging," in the earlier part of the Jewish history, seems to have been unknown. The people were almost wholly agricultural in their pursuits; and the blessing of the Lord rested upon their country. The institutions of Judaism, too, were admirably adapted to promote the well-being of the poor. Rights of extensive gleaning were reserved, "that the poor might eat." (Lev. xix. 9, 10; xxiii. 22.) Sabbatic years were appointed, in which the product of the soil was common property. (Exod. xxiii. 10, 11.) And every fiftieth year was a jubilee, when estates reverted back to the original proprietors, and all constrained service ceased. The obligation of relieving the necessitous was emphatically enforced as a distinct duty of the Mosaic institute. (Deut. xv.)

These facts, however, do not entirely free the text from difficulty. David had been himself in necessities which seem at variance with his testimony. (1 Sam. xxi. 2, 3; xxv. 8.) And if we advert to later periods, we find the Prophet Elijah in yet more dependent circumstances. (1 Kings xvii. 10.) Or, if these should be considered extraordinary instances of exception from the principle involved in the text, a case is mentioned, Luke xvi. 20—22, which appears ordinary, and yet still more at variance with it: Lazarus "desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table." Some, therefore, have read the text, "I have not seen the righteous, nor his seed, though begging bread, forsaken." Perhaps the words may be understood of such instances of humiliating dependence being *rare* and *peculiar*. And we may affirm that, generally, good men are not permitted to fall into circumstances of abject dependence; and that, when such cases do occur, they are favoured with peculiar tokens of the Divine presence.

1. In general, they are not reduced to such a state of distressing indigence. Industrious and frugal, labouring diligently with their hands, and saving, from the demands of sin and the world, and taught not to withhold more than is meet,—though not often becoming rich, they are, for the most part, placed, by the blessing of God, above abject want.

Far be it from us to intimate poverty to be any indication of defective piety. Good men, however, are the care of a beneficent Providence, and the objects of gracious promise. Instructed to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," they are assured, "Thy bread shall be given." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added." "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." And "who ever trusted in the Lord and was confounded?"

A simple incident may illustrate our views, and serve at once to assert the Divine care, and promote confidence in it. The writer has at this moment in his eye a feeble and aged Baptist Minister, whom infirmity had compelled to retire from his pulpit into comparative obscurity and indigence. He bore the meek and affectionate image of his Divine Master. And only a few hours before I was introduced into his venerable presence, a gentleman, high in His Majesty's service,* had related the following particular:—The aged saint was in difficulties, and yet afraid to distrust; and, walking across the floor of his cottage, repeated, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? why art thou disquieted in me?" He had done it a second and a third time,

* J. Dyer, Esq., of the Admiralty.

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when his aged and pious companion said, "Why do you not repeat the rest of the verse,—'Hope thou in God, I shall yet praise him?'" "I had quite forgotten it," was the reply. "Hope, then, in God," he now added: he reiterated it; and an hour had not elapsed before the late Dr. Olinthus Gregory gently opened the cottage-door, and placing in his hand a five-pound note retired, with some such remark as, "It has just occurred to me that you may need this little help."

2. There may be occasional reasons for the best of men being exposed to painful reverses, and to such circumstances they may look with boding apprehension; but in all these cases they are favoured with peculiar tokens of the providence of God. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way." He "will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape." This particular may also be illustrated by facts. Two shall be cited:—

The first is from the earlier ages of the Church,—the period now misnamed "Catholic," when Popery was springing up amid the marshes of a corrupted Christianity. But what period has been destitute of excellency? It is a recorded interview between Gregory of Neocæsarea, by way of distinction called *Thaumaturgus*, (wonder-worker,) on account of his reputed, but possibly legendary, miracles, and one of his flock—a "righteous" man—begging—ay, actually "begging bread." They met at a church-door, and the following colloquy is reported. "Good morning to thee," said Gregory. "I never had an evil morning," replied the beggar. Gregory supposed himself misunderstood, and repeated the salutation, "Peace and prosperity to thee." "I never am other than prosperous," returned the stranger. Gregory here required him to explain himself. "Thou didst wish me a 'good morning,' and I said I never had an evil morning;—'prosperous and happy;' I said 'I never am unhappy;'—for if it rain, hail, or snow, I praise God; if I am pinched with hunger, I praise God; if I be wretched and despised, I still praise God; whatever God gives me, or I suffer, or whatever happens to me, whether agreeable or otherwise, I gladly receive it at his hands as best; and I am resolved to adhere and only cleave to the will of God, into which I have so wholly poured my own will, that whatever He wills, I will do." "But, should the Almighty drown thee in the bottomless pit, wouldst thou then prefer his will?" "Drown me in the bottomless pit! why, certainly, if he should, I have two arms—true humility, which I would put under him, and love, given me from himself, by which I would hold him so fast, that he would be obliged to go down to hell with me: and it were much more to be wished to be in hell with Jesus, than to be in heaven without him."

The second is from our own times. The person whom it concerns is still recollected, and so is his history. Considerably more than thirty years have passed, since, at a lovefeast at Wintringham, on the Yorkshire wolds, he related, in substance, the following particulars. The late Rev. John Storry,* who was present, detailed them to me. He was a venerable man, gravely dressed, but stone blind, and said,—"So many years since (naming the time) I was a farmer in this village, and a malignant persecutor. I was blessed with a wife of decided piety, whom I hated, because she was a Methodist.

* The Rev. John Storry, son of a surgeon of Catterick-Bridge, became a Wesleyan Minister in 1809. He had previously been settled over a congregation at *Thirsk*; but having altered his theological views in consequence of the perusal of "Fletcher's Checks," he relinquished his charge, and offered himself to our Connexion. He died of the cholera in July, 1832. His ministry was characterized by great power and pathos.

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Fruitlessly did I labour to withdraw her from this way; and at length my opposition became so infuriate; that I determined to burn her to death! For this purpose, one Sabbath morning, when she was at her class-meeting, I heated the oven, and as I saw her returning up the village street, hastened to seize her, to accomplish my infernal design, when God seized me. I fell on the threshold, horrified with myself, trembling beneath the eye of God; and weeks passed over me of sorrow and fear, of tears and prayers. I obtained mercy! That was a season of indescribable blessedness! I was surrounded with a family of five children; my wife had become greatly endeared to me, and Providence smiled upon our pursuits. But my heart proved treacherous. I trifled,—and a disease got among my cattle. One died, then another, until I was obliged to sell the rest to pay my debts, and retire into a cottage as a day-labourer. He who sent sanctified the visitation. My children, my wife, were spared; and God restored me to friendship with himself. Again, however, I became lukewarm. He saw fit to bereave me of my children: one was smitten, then a second, until the last was removed! My wife, however, was spared; and God became gracious. But—she was taken! The world was now a desolation; and I was tempted to murmur at the Dispenser of my lot. I was now employed in breaking stones upon the road; and one day it occurred to me, and the temptation was too readily indulged, 'Well, God has done his worst. He has taken my property, my children, my wife. He can do no more!' when, in an instant, I was struck blind! Overwhelmed —bewildered—I fled to him: and, as though a voice had uttered it, I heard, 'I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee.' The promise has been accomplished. Years have passed, but God is still with me. Yes, friends, God is with me; and I shout to prove the Saviour mine!"

These relations are fraught with instruction. We see in one, that in days of what has been called "patristic Christianity," piety was verging into mysticism; and that in the other, God may chastise for sins he has remitted: but both have been employed to show that He specially befriends when other comforts fail. It is scarcely needful to add that the venerable man to whom we last referred has been long an inhabitant of that country, where, so far as even the temporal consequences of sin are concerned, "the people are forgiven all their iniquities."

Several subjects of improvement offer; but we have exceeded our limits. How important is it that we should be righteous before God; "walking in all his commandments and ordinances blamelessly!" And how does this subject speak to the children of such people! Great are your advantages: but fearful your responsibility. "Say not, We have Abraham to our father." "Be ye followers of them, who through faith and patience inherit the promise." The whole may be regarded as a plea for the poor. Let none be discouraged. Many of you are God's poor. Let all beware how they overlook or despise them. "If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother: but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth. Beware that there be not a thought in thy wicked heart, saying, The seventh year, the year of release, is at hand; and thine eye be evil against thy poor brother, and thou givest him nought; and he cry unto the Lord against thee, and it be sin unto thee. Thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him: because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto. For the poor shall never cease out of the land: therefore I command

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thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land." (Deut. xv. 7—11.)

A. E. FARRAR.

ON LYING.

ONE of the earliest propensities of little children is to tell lies. A Christian parent is sometimes struck dumb, for a moment, with surprise, asking, Where could this child have learned to tell a lie? to tell it so promptly—without hesitation, and so confidently? Ah! the grand discovery is nigh! That spirit which worketh in the children of disobedience has been working in that child's heart. "In *him* there is no truth. When *he* speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it." (John viii. 44.)

We have many examples of awful lying in the sacred word.—*Jacob*, influenced and encouraged by his erring mother, feigned himself to be Esau: "Jacob said unto his father, I am Esau thy firstborn: I have done according as thou badest me." (Genesis xxvii. 19.) What may we imagine his feelings to be when he thus imposed upon his aged and sightless father? Was there no dread of *hell* and of *destruction* in him? Did he not feel as though the earth was ready to open and swallow him up alive? He ought to have so felt: but sin possesses a hardening quality. Sinner, beware!

Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the Prophet, is amongst the liars which the holy word of God holds up to scorn and infamy. His master, under God, had healed Naaman, captain of the host of the King of Syria, of the leprosy. The Prophet, to prove his disinterestedness and his disregard of money, refused such presents as Naaman was prepared to give him: but what said Gehazi?—"My master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him. So Gehazi followed after Naaman." On his return, having received presents, "he went in, and stood before his master: and Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said, Thy servant went no whither." No! not after Naaman? No! "thy servant went no whither." Ah! "went not my heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? The leprosy of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out a leper as white as snow." (2 Kings v. 20—27.) Secrecy is no cover for lying, any more than in any other vice. "He that planted the eye, shall he not see? He that formed the ear, shall he not hear?"

Saul the King of Israel was an audacious liar. He had received a commission from Almighty God, through his servant, the Prophet, to "go and smite Amalek,—Utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass," was the command: ample reasons are to be assigned for this command. Did Saul obey? No: "He spared Agag the King of the Amalekites alive, and the best of the sheep, and of the oxen," &c. Yet, he boldly and daringly ventured to say, "I have fulfilled the commandment of the Lord." What a daring there is in sin! How the eyes are closed, and the heart hardened, by it! "I have fulfilled the commandment of the Lord." What! did it not strike you instantly, Saul, that the bleating of the sheep, and the lowing of the oxen, would be swift witnesses against you? Such they were! His sin brought its punishment. On that day his kingdom was taken from him,

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'and given to a neighbour of his, who was better than he." (1 Samuel xv. 1—28.) When will man be wise?

Ananias and Sapphira, in the new Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, are pre-eminent characters in this catalogue of transgressors. They sold a possession, and kept back part of the price, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the feet of the Apostles; wishing those holy men to understand that they had brought the price of *all* their property. Satan had prompted them to this transgression. Reader, peruse the address of Peter to Ananias, and to Sapphira the wife of Ananias, as related in Acts v. 3—11. Is this affecting incident any recommendation of the sin of lying? Other examples might be given.

The sin of lying is attributable to various causes. *Innate depravity* is one cause. "Man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil." In accordance with this abasing fact, our divine Lord tells us, that "from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit," &c., &c. (Mark vii. 21.) Ah! sin and wickedness appear to be interwoven with our very being and existence. We live and move in it. It is the element which man naturally desires, and in which he delights to live.—The hope of escaping some evil, or of procuring some good, is another cause of falsehood and of lies. These considerations influenced some of the persons just alluded to, in their transgressions. Jacob sought a good; Gehazi did the same; Saul sought to shun an evil. But the right hand of the Lord teacheth terrible things! He says, "A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall not escape." (Prov. xix. 5.) "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." (Rev. xxi. 8.) Sin and suffering go hand in hand together.

A determination to be rich, is often a fruitful source of lying. "They that *will be rich*, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." (1 Tim. vi. 9.) Can we reflect for a moment upon the artifices of many tradesmen without perceiving how distinguished a part in them falsehood and deceit take? What! is there not a God who "judgeth the earth? who will give to every man according to his works?" that men will dare deliberately to utter lies and falsehood?

Perhaps another cause of lying may be a restlessness—a careless and indifferent state of mind about anything which respects God and truth!—"I shall have peace, though I walk after the desire of my eyes, and after the delight of my heart,"—is language too common to men. To say, "*The Lord liveth*," might be matter of no consideration and importance to them. With insolent Pharaoh of old, they individually think and say, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice? *I* know not the Lord; neither will *I* obey his voice."

To whatever other causes the sin of lying may be attributed there is one more general and universal, perhaps, than all the rest,—viz., ignorance of God's most holy word, or an utter disbelief of its truth. If men believed the Most High when he says, "All liars shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death," (Rev. xxi. 8,) with every other denunciation of his against liars, would they dare to utter a falsehood knowingly and designedly? No more than they would throw themselves into the devouring flame!

Reader! Beware of lies and vanity. "Speak the truth in love." Remember God is the God of truth, and his laws require "truth in the inward parts." His word and truth say, for your comfort and that of the writer of these lines, "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say that we have

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not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us." (1 John i. 9, 10.)

"Sinners, rejoice: your peace is made;
Your Saviour on the cross hath bled;
Your God, in Jesus reconciled,
On all his works again hath smiled;
Hath grace through Him and blessing given,
To all on earth and all in heaven."

Dec. 4th, 1845. J. KERSHAW.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

IF we would view every object in its true light, and rightly estimate its nature and design, we must consider it with reference to Christ and his Cross. To the Cross of Christ all eternity has looked forward: to the Cross of Christ all eternity will look back. The Cross of Christ was, if I may so express it, the first object which existed in the Divine mind; and with reference to this great object all other objects were created. With reference to the same object every event that takes place in heaven, earth, and hell is directed and overruled. Surely, then, this object ought to engage our undivided attention. We ought to regard this world merely as a stage, on which the Cross of Christ was to be erected, and the great drama of the Crucifixion acted. We ought to regard all that it contains as only the scenes and draperies necessary for its exhibition. We ought to regard the celestial luminaries merely as lamps, by the light of which this stupendous spectacle may be beheld. We ought to view angels, men, and devils, as subordinate actors on the stage, and all the commotions and revolutions of the world as subservient to this one grand design. Separate any part of this creation, or any event that has ever taken place, from its relation to Christ, and it dwindles into insignificance. No sufficient reason can be assigned for its existence, and it appears to have been formed in vain. But when viewed as connected with him, everything becomes important; everything then appears a part of one grand, systematic, harmonious whole; a whole worthy of Him that formed it.—*Payson.*

THE BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.—No. I.

LIVE not so much upon the comforts of God, as upon the God of comforts.—*Mason.*

He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it: he that hath tasted the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.—*Charnock.*

The guilt of one sin is a greater misery than the burden of a thousand crosses.—*Idem.*

Let all seen enjoyments lead you to the unseen Fountain whence they flow.—*Halyburton.*

He that would be little in temptation let him be much in prayer.—*Owen.*

The truly humble Christian never inquires into the faults of his neighbour,—he takes no pleasure in judging them,—he occupies himself solely with his own.—*Athanasius.*

Free will is to us as the hand which can reach every kind of fruit. Adam was free to pluck the poisoned apple, and we are free to gather the remedy.—*Ephraim.*

It is a greater evil not to feel contrition to God, after sin, than to commit sin itself.—*Chrysostom.*

Good works ought to be fortified by prayer, and prayer by good works.—*Jerome.*

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"INSTANT IN SEASON—OUT OF SEASON."

A FRAGMENT.

A WESLEYAN Minister, a few years ago, in passing through the town of H—, had occasion to remain at an inn; when, after partaking of his heavenly Father's morning mercies, he informed the waiter, that it was his usual custom to conduct family prayer wherever he went, and, if it were convenient, he would feel it a pleasure to do so there. Although the family was by no means religious, his kind proposal was accepted; and, notwithstanding it was the "market-day," four members of the family presented themselves before the Lord, and, after reading a suitable portion of his word, prayer and praise were offered to the Most High, in a place where too often his venerable name is blasphemed. After distributing among them a few silent messengers in the form of religious tracts, the man of God took his leave, not without hope but that the bread cast upon the waters would be seen after many days. The same Minister, when travelling some days ago in a Circuit in Gloucestershire, staying with a pious family one evening, was agreeably surprised on leaving his chamber the following morning, by picking up a note addressed to himself, the contents of which were as follows:—"Dear Sir, I want to know more about God." A desire certainly worthy of a seraph: it was expressed, however, in this instance, by a young female, to whom the servant of the Lord had spoken about Jesus, God, and heaven, when formerly passing through the town of H—. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise!"

THEOLOGY.

SERMON.

THE LORD IS OUR KING.

"The Lord is our King, he will save us."—Isaiah xxxiii. 22.

THE people of God have trials peculiar to themselves: they are often assailed by the adversary of mankind, and in consequence suffer various painful exercises which are unknown to the world. At the same time they possess sources of comfort and delight, to which the wicked are entire strangers: so that when their soul is even "cast down within them," they can still trust in the Lord, and cast their burden upon him, who is not only able to sustain them, but who will never suffer the righteous to be moved. We see this exemplified in the chapter whence the text is selected. Judea was invaded by the army of Sennacherib; a mighty host, who spread terror and devastation wherever they appeared. The Prophet commences by describing, in highly figurative language, the sad effects of this invasion.

He then illustrates the fears and apprehensions of those, who were not "Israelites indeed," although they were reckoned among the children of Jacob. "The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites." (Ver. 14.) Amongst the multitudes of believers who compose the Church of Christ, are found those who, "having a form of godliness, deny the power thereof." (2 Tim. iii. 5.) These are at ease in Zion in the time of health and prosperity; but "when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by they are offended." Nevertheless, the godly shall enjoy inward tranquillity amidst outward tumult, and put their trust, not in an arm of flesh, but in the Lord Jehovah. This is the declaration of the inspired writer: "The Lord is our King."

We proceed then to the consideration of,

I. THE CHARACTER OF GOD. "A King."

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II. THE RELATION IN WHICH HIS PEOPLE STAND TO HIM: and,

III. THE ADVANTAGE RESULTING FROM THAT RELATIONSHIP. "He will save us."

The kingly character of the Most High stands prominent on the pages of Holy Writ; while the propriety and significance of the title is acknowledged by all who are capable of judging rightly: let us therefore notice some of the qualifications attendant upon this dignified office.

1. *The King is the head or chief of those by whom he is surrounded.* Thus is the Maker of heaven and earth the sole Governor thereof. He rules both men and angels: he knows the thoughts and intents of the heart of man, and can turn them as seemeth best to his godly wisdom. Even the Heathen who know him not as their Saviour, yet acknowledge his power as a ruler and judge.

2. *A King should enact just and equitable laws by which his subjects may be governed.* God alone possesses that authority without limit: He is the absolute proprietor of all; having made all things, he upholds them by the word of his power, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? (Dan. iv. 35.)

3. *A King performs acts of government. He controls his enemies, punishes the rebellious, and exalts whom he will to offices of dignity.* It was said of Nebuchadnezzar that "all people, nations, and languages, trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up; and whom he would he put down." (Dan. v. 19.) This government was arbitrary and despotic; founded on tyranny, and supported by cruelty. Very different is the regal authority of God. Having all power and all knowledge, shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

We now proceed to consider,

II. THE RELATION IN WHICH HIS PEOPLE STAND TO HIM. "The Lord is OUR King."

What is implied in being the true subjects of the Lord Almighty?

1. *All connexion with other rulers who had obtained dominion over the soul, is renounced.* Although God is our lawful Sovereign, having an absolute and unlimited right to govern the human race, yet are there many adverse powers striving continually to obtain a usurped sway over the hearts of men.

The devil is called "the prince of this world;" (John xii. 31;) "the god of this world." (2 Cor. iv. 4.) What multitudes of men are under his control and subject to his tyranny! "He that committeth sin is of the devil." (1 John iii. 8.) The world has its worshippers. Mammon has his throne in the hearts of thousands; and the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, hold a wide and powerful influence over wicked and unregenerate men. "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." (1 Cor. vi. 11.) Therefore, "being made free from sin and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." (Rom. vi. 22.)

2. *If the Lord be King, he has conquered our enemies, and taken possession of the soul.* The grand adversary has not only obtained an entrance into the heart of man, but he labours to preserve "his mansion in peace." He bolts the door against its rightful owner by ignorance, prejudice, and pride, and he intrenches himself within the walls of the citadel.

But when a stronger than he shall come, the tempter is soon brought to nought. The ambassadors of the Most High are sent forth, clothed in the panoply of heaven, and armed with the mighty weapons of the Gospel, by which they are enabled to pull down the strong holds, and to bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ: and although many have wickedly resisted the striving of the Spirit of divine grace, and repelled the overtures of mercy, yet at length they have submitted themselves to be guided by that love which is stronger than death; and having the understanding illuminated by the light of truth, they have enlisted under the banner of the Saviour, and are resolved by the strength given to them of God to fight manfully against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to be his faithful soldiers and servants to their life's end.

3. *If the Lord be our King, we submit to his government, and conform to his laws.* These are found in the holy Scriptures, where distinct injunctions relating to the mind, as well as the conduct and conversation, are plainly

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laid down. Pride, wrath, malice, and revenge, are to be utterly abolished, with the whole body of sin; whereas every Christian grace is to be cherished, and brought to perfection. The man of God is to let his light shine before men; so that others, seeing his good works, may glorify our Father who is in heaven.

His conversation is "as it becometh the gospel of Christ," and thus he testifies to all around that he is living in conformity to the laws and government of the Lord his God.

4. *The true subjects of the Lord our King are zealous in promoting the interests of his government.* Those who live under the influence of an earthly Sovereign, may be regardless of his power; and the prosperity or declension of his realms may be to them, a concern of no moment. Not so, however, is it with the Christian: he prays devoutly that the kingdom of God may come to every heart, and he is grieved because men obey not the law of the Most High. He is anxious to promote the glory of his heavenly King, by ministering to the necessities of those who leave their native country to preach the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing Heathen, and ceases not to exert himself to the utmost, in the cause of evangelical religion.

III. WHAT ARE THE ADVANTAGES RESULTING FROM THIS RELATIONSHIP? "He will save us." This implies,

1. *That we are in a state of danger.* Salvation means deliverance; and in whatever sense it is used, it carries with it the idea of peril. The fact that we are in a state of trial, proves that we are surrounded by danger. Life and death, heaven and hell, are set before us, and our eternal destiny will be determined by our present character. We are liable to be destroyed by sin, by the power of the devil, by the snares of evil example, by the world, and above all by the treachery of our own hearts: and these things will assuredly work our ruin, unless "He save us."

2. *The promise of the text implies that we can by no means save ourselves.* As we are by nature the children of wrath, and blinded by the god of this world, we are totally unable to distinguish friend from foe, and frequently put the one in place of the other: and even if we possessed this power of acquainting ourselves with the hostile party, we have no moral disposition to free ourselves from their tyranny; and it is not until we receive the light of the grace of God, that we feel the heavy burden of guilt and sin, from which He alone can "save us."

3. *We believe that he will save us,* because it is his will, that all men should be saved and "come unto the knowledge of the truth." (1 Tim. ii. 4.) The pre-eminent character of the Lord Jesus Christ, is that of a Saviour. "I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no saviour." (Isa. xliii. 11.) We are encouraged also by the innumerable millions who are now before the throne, who, although once involved in guilt and condemnation, "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. vii. 14.)

From a review of the subject, we are induced to make the following inquiries:

Is God your King? Are his laws written upon your hearts? Do you willingly submit to his authority? Are his precepts the guide of your life? If so, then exercise acts of *gratitude* towards him. Be thankful that he has conquered you by his grace, and won you to his service. "Let the children of Zion be *joyful* in their King." "Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing." Exert every faculty to *promote his government.* Labour to win souls to Christ, and rest not until Zion become the joy of the whole earth. Be *confident* in him. Let no unworthy doubt arise in your mind respecting the goodness of your King. He may permit you to be involved in straits and difficulties. The waves and billows may go even over your head; but trust his gracious promise, "HE WILL SAVE YOU." Then anticipate the period when he shall advance you to his kingdom. What can equal the honour that he will put upon his faithful subjects? How glorious the salvation with which his chosen ones shall be invested!

When a General has fought nobly and victoriously for his Sovereign, bringing valuable spoils to enrich the regal treasures, and having scattered the enemies of his country, enabling her to enjoy the blessings of peace and prosperity, how cordially is he received at court, how bountiful are the rewards of the royal master! And ere long this shall be your happy lot: you shall not only enter into the joy of your Lord, but shall

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be made "kings and priests unto God and his Father." (Rev. i. 6.) R. T.

THE WAY EVERLASTING.

THIS is the only way that can be worth the pursuit of an immortal being:—a way that may hold on with him through his entire career, and not stop short and deceive him in the middle of his course. Instead of captivating by the magnificence or decorations of its vestibule, and the beauty of its opening scenery, nothing can be more staggering or repulsive. "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Its ensign is a cross; and the discipline it demands of every one who enters it is a course of mortification at his commencement, and a life of humility through his whole career. But, equally different from every other path in which we can possibly tread, it widens and brightens, and grows delightful as we proceed; and gives at length to the astonished eye every charm of real worth, every unmingled beauty of scene, in rich and uncontracted profusion, which every other path makes an empty boast of, and gives them in perpetuity; for death itself is not allowed to destroy the ecstatic prospect. The dark valley of the shadow of death must, indeed, be passed through; but the beams of the sun of righteousness will ever illume it, and display beyond its beclouded vista "the path of life" still spreading, the "fulness of joy" that is in God's presence, the pleasures that are at his right hand for evermore.—*Mason Good.*

HINTS FOR MINISTERS.

"A word to a Minister is worth a word to three or four thousand souls sometimes."

IT is our truest happiness to live entirely for the glory of Christ; to separate between "I" and "the glory of Christ." We are always saying, What have *I* done? was it *my* preaching, *my* sermon, *my* influence? whereas we should be asking, What hath God wrought?

How much more useful might we be, if we were only more free from pride, self-conceit, personal vanity, or some secret sin that our heart knows. O hateful sins! that destroy our peace and ruin souls.

There are two things it is impossible to desire with sufficient ardour,—personal holiness, and the honour of Christ in the salvation of souls.

Make all your services tell for eternity. Speak what you can look back on with comfort when you must be silent.

It is not the tempest, nor the earthquake, nor the fire, but the still small voice of the Spirit, that carries on the glorious work of saving souls.

"To preach the Gospel," said Luther, "is a difficult and a dangerous vocation. Had I understood it beforehand, I never should have given myself to the work, but said with Moses, 'Send by the hand of him whom thou wilt send.' No one should have persuaded me to accept the office."

To stand between the living and the dead, that the plague destroy no more; to stand in the breach, that outbursting wrath proceed no further; what a solemn, what an awful, responsible position is this!—*Free Church Mag.*

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

UNDER every aspect, and with all its accompaniments, death is terrible. In the Scripture it is likened to sleep, and that beautifully, as far as God's people are concerned; but there are, nevertheless, some awful points of difference. The ghastly hue of the countenance, and the weight that hangs upon the eyelids, and the blanched lips, and the changed expression, and the oppressive stillness, all notify the cold and ruthless hand of the last enemy. And then the drapery of the death-chamber, where the eye finds nothing to relieve it between the dead black of the coffin, and the glaring white of the shroud; and the suppressed whisper of the attendants, and the sobbing of the bereaved relatives, and the seclusion from the world that they court, and the utter indifference and sickness of heart which creep over them with respect to worldly things,—all these bespeak the awfulness of death, and demonstrate the sternness of his dark dominion. And then, further, the solemnities of the funeral, the slow march of the funeral procession, the crowding of the silent mourners around the narrow house, the lowering of the coffin into its damp and cold bed, the hollow and awe-striking sound of the earth dropping on its lid, and the closing up of the grave, returning, as it were, the echo of the primeval malediction,—"Dust thou art,

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and unto dust shalt thou return;"—all these things exhibit the vanity and emptiness of what is present and earthly, in contrast with what is future and eternal. And after this, the return of the mourners to the solitude of the weeping family, and the feeling of bereavement and desolation, then most keenly forced upon the soul, and the chair that used to be filled standing empty, and the missing of the fond look, and of the beloved voice, and the thousand little objects that recall the memory of the departed, and feed the fountains of sorrow,—these things tell of the havoc that death works among the purest and sweetest affections of the human heart, and of his power to cloud the fairest hopes, and mar the highest earthly enjoyments of man. Yes, brethren, even when he creeps upon his victims with slow footstep, and with many warnings of his coming; when the wasted strength, and the daily and visible ebbing of life's stream, and the sunken eye, and the faltering tongue, and the growing insensibility to all that is passing at the bed-side, proclaim that the hour of departure is not far distant, and tell the sorrowing relatives that the last struggle will soon be felt, and the spirit will soon quit its earthly tenement; even then—when the mind is thus gradually prepared for his approach—death is full of terror, and the stoutest heart quails before his power. But there is something unspeakably more solemn and appalling, when the merciless enemy plants his dart suddenly in the breast of his victim, and, without one note of warning, brings all the realities of the eternal world into the very midst of life and its pursuits. —*Rev. A. D. Davidson.*

THE GREAT DAY OF ATONEMENT.

Of the several sacrifices under the law, that one which seems most exactly to illustrate the sacrifice of Christ, and which is expressly compared with it by the writer to the Hebrews, is that which was offered for the whole assembly on the solemn anniversary of expiation. The circumstances of this ceremony, whereby atonement was to be made for the sins of the whole Jewish people, seem so strikingly significant, that they deserve a particular detail. On the day appointed for this general expiation, the Priest is commanded to offer a bullock and a goat as sin-offerings—the one for himself, and the other for the people; and having sprinkled the blood of these in due form before the mercy-seat, to lead forth a second goat, denominated the scape-goat; and after laying both his hands on the head of the scape-goat, and confessing over him all the iniquities of the people, to put them upon the head of the goat, and to send the animal, thus bearing the sins of the people, away into the wilderness: in this manner expressing, by an action which cannot be misunderstood, that the atonement, which it is directly affirmed was to be effected by the sacrifice of the sin-offering, consisted in removing from the people their iniquities by a symbolical translation of them to the animal. For it is to be remarked, that the ceremony of the scape-goat is not a *distinct* one: it is a continuation of the process, and is evidently the concluding part and symbolical consummation of the sin-offering; so that the transfer of the iniquities of the people upon the head of the scape-goat, and the bearing them away into the wilderness, manifestly imply that the atonement effected by the sacrifice of the sin-offering, consisted in the transfer and consequent removal of those iniquities. What, then, are we taught to infer from this ceremony?

That, as the atonement under the law, or expiation of the legal transgressions, was represented as a translation of those transgressions, in the act of sacrifice, in which the animal was slain and the people thereby cleansed from their legal impurities, and released from the penalties which had been incurred,—so the great atonement for the sins of mankind was to be effected by the sacrifice of Christ, undergoing, for the restoration of men to the favour of God, that death which had been denounced against sin, and which he suffered in like manner as if the sins of men had been actually transferred to him, as those of the congregation had been symbolically transferred to the sin-offering of the people.—*Archbishop Magee.*

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DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

EXTRAORDINARY DELIVERANCE.

A FEW years ago, a farm-house in the county of Antrim, near Coleraine, being at a considerable distance from water, the master determined to dig for it on the premises. As the ground was sandy, the pit was thirty-six feet deep before water appeared. This being deemed too expensive for a pump, a windlass, rope, and bucket, were procured, and the water was obtained after a tedious operation. One Saturday night the bucket slipped off the hook in the act of drawing up, and of course an exertion must be made to recover it. This was deferred till the next morning, when a boy of sixteen years of age was let down on a chair, fastened to the rope of the windlass. He had just arrived within ten feet of the surface of the water, when the sides of the pit gave way, and, awful to relate, he was literally buried alive, more than twenty feet below the surface of the ground. This produced a strong agitation in the neighbourhood; and every hand that could find room to work was actively engaged in removing the earth, hoping to extricate him alive. This humane proceeding, however, was shortly abandoned, in consequence of a very heavy rain which began to fall, and continued until the evening. Every hope of his life now became extinct, and it was deemed unnecessary to resume the labour until after the Sabbath had expired.

An individual, however, who had travelled more than six miles to worship, near the place, repaired to the spot as he returned home, being attracted by his curiosity. While he stood upon the place, he heard, or fancied that he heard, the voice of the lad proceeding out of the ground. His assertions gave a new stimulus to the neighbours, and again they set to work, and continued to labour hard until the shades of night constrained them to desist. This they would not have done, had they not lost faith in the possibility of his being alive, and in the declaration of the man who asserted that he heard him cry.

On Monday morning the clamours of the boy's mother, a poor widow, alarmed the people again, and they recommenced the arduous task. They continued diligently to remove the earth; and in the evening, as it grew dark, they came to the object of their search, who, to the astonishment of every one present, was still alive, and had sustained no particular injury, although he had been upwards of thirty-six hours under the earth. The boy appeared to be deranged for a few hours after he was extricated; but both body and mind were as well as ever the next day.

There are a few circumstances connected with this extraordinary event, which deserve notice.

1. The arrival of the man after the rain was particularly providential; inasmuch as he excited the people to renew their exertions, from his belief that the lad was still alive.

2. It appears not a little curious, that although the poor fellow shouted as loud as he possibly could, no one ever heard his voice but the individual mentioned, and yet the boy heard every word that was spoken above him. It was next to death itself to him, when he heard them despairing of his life, and going off from the spot, first on account of the rain, and then because it grew dark. He knew this was the case from the conversation of the people, which he could repeat after he recovered.

3. We might be ready to imagine, that if nothing tended to deprive him of life, he might have died in consequence of the cold of the surrounding earth; but so far from this being the case, he was so extremely warm, that suffocation nearly ensued. This produced an unconquerable thirst; and, had his arms been at liberty, he would have taken his own life, if possible, rather than endure the painful sensation.

4. His preservation he ascribed, and that justly, to the rain which fell on Sunday in such a plentiful manner. Had there been no rain, in all probability he would have died before he could be dug out, as we see it took them so long to remove the earth; but the rain ran abundantly down the rope, and tended, not only to keep his frame cool, but to supply him with moisture sufficient to allay his thirst.

I cannot forbear remarking here that the basin which was formed on Sunday morning, and enlarged in the evening around the rope, by the exertions of the people, served to accumulate the quantum of water and to supply the rope more abundantly for his use. Thus we discover a fellow-creature liberated from a most deplorable state of fear and suffering, by a striking combination of natural and providential causes.

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PARENTAL MONITOR.

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF PARENTS.

WHAT man in his senses would undertake the office of a pilot upon a dangerous coast, without a knowledge of navigation? or that of a general of an army, without a knowledge of military tactics? or that of a physician, without a knowledge of medicine and diseases? And who would go on another hour in the office of a parent, without seeking to possess all suitable qualifications? And what are they?

1. *Genuine personal religion.* How can they bring up children in the practice and admonition of the Lord, if they do not know the Lord for themselves? In order to teach religion with any probable effect, we must know it ourselves. That parent will have little ability, and less inclination, to inculcate piety upon his children who has none himself. A graceless parent is a most awful character! O! to see the father and mother of a rising family, with a crowd of young immortals growing up around them, and teaching irreligion to their offspring, and leading them to perdition by the power of their own example! A sheep leading her twin-lambs into the cover of a hungry tiger, would be a shocking sight; but to see parents by their own irreligion, or want of religion, conducting their family to the bottomless pit, is most horrible! No one, then, can rightly discharge the duties of a parent, in the higher reference of the family compact, without that personal religion which consists in repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and a life of habitual holiness. In the absence of this, the highest end of the domestic constitution must be neglected.

2. *Entire government of the temper.* A habit of self-control, a meekness not to be disturbed by the greatest provocation, a patience not to be wearied by long-continued opposition. I say to any father or mother, Are you irritable, petulant? If so, begin this moment the work of subjugating your temper: you are in imminent peril of ruining your family. A passionate mother or father is like a fury, with a sceptre in one hand and a firebrand in the other: and when the King is a fury, the subjects are likely to be furies too; for nothing is more contagious than a bad temper. O how many parents have had to bewail, with weeping eyes and almost broken hearts, the effects of their own irritability, as apparent in the headstrong, passionate dispositions of their children! It is against this evil that the admonition of the Apostle is directed, "*forbearing threatening.*" Passion blinds the judgment, leads to undue severity, fosters partialities; in short, is the source of a thousand evils in the domestic government. An irritable person can never manage discipline with propriety; but is ever prone to correct, when correction should never be administered, in a rage. Parents! I beseech you to control your temper, and acquire a calm, imperturbable disposition; for this only can fit you to rule your household in wisdom, justice, and love.

3. *A habit of discrimination* is a very important qualification in parents; a penetrating insight into character; an acuteness in judging of motives. Such a talent is of immense consequence to the domestic community; and, connected with this, a quickness of discerning disposition, together with an inventive and ingenious faculty of adapting treatment to the varieties of character and propensity, which are continually exhibiting themselves.

4. *Kindness of manner.* An affectionate persuasive address is of great importance. It is desirable for parents to render their company pleasant to their children, to engage their confidence, to exert over them the influence of love, which certainly cannot be done by a cold, churlish, or distant behaviour.

5. *Prudence and good sense* are qualities of such inestimable worth, and depend so much upon education, that all who have the care of children should perpetually exhibit them for imitation. A rash, thoughtless father, or a wild, romantic mother, do incalculable mischief in a family.

6. *Firmness* is essentially requisite in parents: that disposition which, though at the remotest distance from all that is rigid, stern, and cruel, can master its own feelings; and amidst the strongest appeals to the tenderer emotions of the mind, can inflexibly maintain its purpose; and in the way of denying improper requests, or administering correction, can inflict pain on the objects of its affection, whenever duty requires such an exercise of beneficial severity. For want of this disposition, of this fine and noble quality, how many have ruined their children for ever by indulgence!

7. *Varied information and extensive knowledge.* Parents should be able to direct the studies, to answer the inquiries, to correct the mistakes, to regulate the pursuits, and, in short, to superintend the general instruction of their families.

8. *Unvarying and inflexible consistency* should be exhibited by all whom Providence has placed at the head of a household. They should be not only excellent, but *consistently* excellent. An unbroken uniformity should reign over the whole character: nothing contradictory, inexplicable, or irreconcilable should ever be seen.

Let all who are likely to become parents look at this picture, and learn how they are

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to prepare for the performance of their duty: and let those who already sustain this relationship, correct their errors, and supply their defects by this rule.—*The Family Monitor.*

RETAKING THE PLEDGE;

OR,

THE ERRING HUSBAND AND THE AFFECTIONATE WIFE.

A LEAN, pale, haggard-looking man advanced to the table at which sat the patient and good-tempered secretary to the Society, and asked him if his Reverence would be in shortly. A pretty, delicate-looking young woman, very scantily clad, but perfectly clean, was looking over his shoulder as he asked the question. "I think I have seen you before, my good man," said the secretary; "and it's not many weeks ago."

"It was more his brother than he, sir, it was indeed," answered the haggard man's wife, courtesying, and advancing a little before her husband.

He interrupted her: "Don't try to screen me, Nelly, good girl, don't. God knows, Nelly, I don't deserve it from you. See the way I beat her last night, gentlemen, on both arms, like a brute as I was."

"It wasn't you, dear," said the young woman, drawing her thin shawl more closely over her bruised limbs: "it was the strength of the spirits did it, and not himself. He's as quiet a man as there is in the city o' Cork, when he's sober; and as fine a workman; and he wouldn't hurt a hair of my head, barring he was in liquor."

The poor creature's affectionate appeal on behalf of her erring husband was interrupted, by the secretary demanding if he had not taken the pledge before.

"I did, sir!—Stand back, Nelly, and don't try to screen me!—I came here and took it from Father Macleod: and, God forgive me, I broke it too. I broke it last night, or rather all day yesterday, and—"

"Never heed telling any more about it, James dear," said his wife, eagerly; "never heed telling any more about it. A man may be overtaken once, and yet make a fine Christian after all. You wouldn't be sending him from the Priest's knee, sir, because he broke it *once!* when, as I said before, it was his brother was in it, and not he, only for company."

"I had no heart to come this morning—only for her," said the husband: "she remembered his Reverence preaching about there being more joy in heaven over one like me, than over ninety and nine good men. O! if she would only let me tell the wickedness of my past life, and the sin and shame that has followed me—"

"It was the drink, James; it was the drink," reiterated the wife earnestly: "don't be distressing yourself; for it was nothing but the drink. Sure, when sober, there isn't a more loving husband or a tenderer father, on Ireland's ground. And now you'll be true to the pledge, and it's happy we'll be—and prosperous; for the master tould me this blessed morning, that if he could depend on you for soberness, you'd earn your twenty-five shillings a week, and have the credit to be a Monday man; and ye will, James, ye will, for my sake, and for the sake of the children at home."

"Ay," he interrupted, "and for the sake of the broken-hearted mother that bore me; and for the sake of little Mary, that I crippled, in the drink. O! when the sweet look of that babby is on me,—her sweet patient look,—I think the gates of heaven can never be open for such a sinner!"

While he made this confession, his arms hung powerless by his sides; and his pallid face lengthened into an expression of helpless, hopeless, irreclaimable misery. The wife turned away, and burst into tears. Several evinced the quick sympathy of Irish nature; for they shuddered, and murmured, "The Lord be betwixt us and harm, and look down upon them both!" The woman was the first to recover consciousness: impelled by a sudden burst of feeling, she threw her bruised arms round her husband's neck, recalling him to himself by all the tender phrases of Irish affection. We can never forget the agonized earnestness with which the unhappy man took the pledge; the beautiful picture of his gentle and endearing wife as she stood beside him; or the solemn response that followed from a score of voices, "O, then, God strengthen ye to keep it!"—*Ireland: its Scenery, Character, &c., by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE SABBATH EXCURSION.

IT was a bright and beautiful day; the brightest of all days to the eye of the Christian, for it was the Sabbath. The bustle and the hum of trade were still, the bells rung joyously out their welcome summons to the house of prayer,—welcome to the ear and heart of all who know how to value that most blessed of privileges, communion with the Deity; who can exclaim, with the Psalmist, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" who love the place where His honour dwelleth. And there were some such, we trust, within that town, of those who now

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thronged the streets,—who hastened with souls "longing for the courts of the Lord," to take their accustomed places, either in the church or the different chapels open for divine worship: and there were many others, doubtless, who accompanied them as a mere matter of form or custom; the outer-court worshippers; and even though such motives and worship, if relied on, could avail them little in the eye of that God who seeketh to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, yet were they in the way of duty, in the place where prayer is wont to be made,—yes, and to be heard and answered too; within the sound of that preaching by which it has pleased God to save those who believe. Let no one, then, undervalue a steady and regular attendance on the outward ordinances of religion: it is not indeed the main thing, but it is at least something; it may not be the direct path to heaven, but it is tending towards it; and it may with truth be said of those who are careful in the performance of outward duties,—provided they do not, by relying on them, make them into an idol, and themselves into idolaters,—that they are not far from the kingdom of God.

Such was the season within the town; nor was there a want of keeping or of harmony in the surrounding scenery. Nature appeared to have clad itself in its holyday attire: it was in the beginning of Autumn; and the gently sloping hill, the richly cultivated and now teeming valley, the distant craggy rocks, and the wide expanse of ocean dancing and sparkling in the sunbeam, each shone out with a beauty peculiarly its own. Yet was there not wanting, amid that scene of quiet beauty, something to tell of the transitory, the changeful, the uncertain nature of all earthly things. Some few miles distant from the shore, on a part of the Roads, and easily approachable at low water, lay the *débris* of what had lately been that most beautiful and perfect and life-like of all the works of art,—a splendid ship: such at least is the opinion of the writer. The painter, the sculptor, and the architect may each claim for the product of his pencil or his chisel, purity of design; it may be, chasteness, elegance, almost perfection of execution. The time-honoured edifice, with its fretted vaults and richly sculptured columns, the bust of the statuary, or the canvass of the painter, may each possess power and strength and individuality; may each refine our tastes, improve our judgment, increase our enjoyments; but the vessel seems a thing of light, almost of life, endowed with power and motion, as it bounds onward over the vast expanse of waters, leaving no trace on that unruffled breast, and making its owner, man, the monarch of the sea as well as land. And such had this once been; yet now there it lay, not only dismantled, but a perfect wreck, still noble even in its ruins;—there it lay, proclaiming with a voice that could not be misunderstood, that change and destruction and decay is indeed the common lot of all created things: telling, moreover, that that mighty world of waters which now stretched itself out in calm magnificence, peaceful as the sleep of infancy,—its murmurings, soft as the breeze of evening,—had but a few days past lashed itself in idle fury against the rocks at whose feet it was now reposing, and howled as in the madness of its wrath; yet, itself but a mere instrument, fulfilling the behest of Him at whose command "the stormy wind ariseth, and the floods lift up their waves." But now, far as the eye could reach, it lay in quiet beauty, here and there dotted by the distant glistening sail; though for the most part the vessels were at anchor, and not even the cry of the mariner disturbed the peace that reigned around: it lay, its glossy, scarcely-rippled surface, like the deceitful pleasures of this world, telling nothing of the yawning graves that lurked concealed beneath.

Such was the morning, and such the scene, when a party of young persons, themselves as bright and joyous, walked gaily down to the beach, unfastened a little skiff from its moorings, and the young men, having seated their fair companions, unfurled their sails, brought their little vessel round so as to catch the gentle breeze, took to their oars to quicken its progress, while the merry jest and merrier laugh went round, and the little boat bounded cheerily onward towards its destination. That destination was the reef of rocks on which the shipwrecked vessel lay; and the party had designed to spend there what they termed a day of pleasure: nor would there have been anything in that design,—anything in the buoyant spirits which, for the most part, animated the party,—anything in the gay laugh and sprightly conversation, to have condemned, had another day been chosen; but this was the Sabbath, God's own day, designed for far higher and holier purposes, and to spend it thus was indeed to desecrate it—to prove themselves lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God. And there was one of that little party who felt that this was so, and by whose conscience more than once the warning voice was heard, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" and yet her laugh was as gay, her reply as ready, her eye as joyous as that of any of her companions. She had little more than passed the morning of existence, had numbered perhaps her three-and-twentieth summer. We stay not to animadvert on personal attractions, but she possessed a mind of no ordinary capacity; far, very far indeed beyond the common standard; a character of rare occurrence, in which sound judgment and strong affections beautifully blended. She had pious relatives, and there had been a time in her early girlhood, when to have sought her own pleasure on God's holy day, would have been the

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last thing in her thoughts;—when her spirit would have fainted as it were for the courts of the Lord,—when her foot would have been foremost in the house of prayer,—when her voice, so rich and clear and sweet, would have gone up joyously in the song of thanksgiving; but some years had passed away,—she was young, lively, admired; she had mingled with the gay and pleasure-seeking world, and her wit had been extolled, her seriousness laughed at and ridiculed, till she had become ashamed of her religion; and fainter and still fainter had become, by degrees, those feelings which had once been so absorbing,—had once made the happiness of her existence: she had forsaken the fountain of living waters, and hewn out to herself "broken cisterns, which could hold no water." She had "loved the praise of men more than the praise of God;" and now was she happy? Yes, when she could forget—when she could effectually silence the still small voice within her. And this after a long period of backsliding may be done: God's spirit will not always strive with men; and the once awakened conscience may again be lulled into fitful, if not fatal repose. Yet there were moments when it roused itself and spoke; and this was one of these—this bright Sabbath morning, about to be so unworthily employed: but the shore receded from her view, the sound of the distant warning bell died on her ear, and she roused herself from the momentary depression, and turned with a bright eye to meet the happy smile of one who was at that time the dearest object of her affections. He was about her own age, handsome, wealthy, fashionable, warm-hearted; he was an only child, and had sought her hand with the full approval of his parents, who already loved her as their own; in a few months or weeks they were to be united; and what was wanting to her happiness? Nothing that this world could give; and yet, sometimes there was, as we have said, the warning voice, the worm at the bud: it was not happiness.

(To be continued.)

OUR SERVANTS.

CAUTION TO FEMALES.

THAT women are exposed to *insult* and to *injury*, and that *wrongs* are inflicted upon them for which they can obtain little or no *redress* or *recompence*, are facts which are almost daily forced upon our observation. Pity, that in a country where civilization has prevailed, and where the Christian religion has been professed for centuries, it should be possible to prefer this charge against one individual! Pity that man should be found who can assail females with incivility—with rudeness—with brutality; and still more pity that, with the affectation of gallantry, of sympathy, of love, they should lay snares to entangle the innocent and unsuspecting, and inflict upon them the foulest wrong! Yet, we repeat it, the proofs are constantly before us. And were it not that there are persons of a better mind, men and women who care for the concerns of others, and who feel it their duty *to place the unwary on their guard* against the dangers to which they are exposed, these instances would be multiplied to a far greater extent.

Our readers will probably have noticed paragraphs in the public papers, headed "*Cautions to Females.*" In the *Times* newspaper, a few weeks ago, appeared the following:—"Some time ago we published a caution against *certain advertisers*, who offered great inducements to young ladies desirous of some employment. We now *repeat* our caution; and if such advertisements seem to demand any inquiry, we advise ladies not to inquire personally or alone." On another occasion we read, in the same journal, a letter signed "A Daily Governess," in which she assures the editor, that "seven out of ten of his advertisements for governesses and other female occupations, are *false*; first, *to decoy the unwary*, and secondly, to wound the feelings of those more knowing by experience, and more advanced in life." More recently was published a caution to *females travelling by railway carriages*, founded upon a case of insult which had just before occurred. A friend of ours who resided for some time nearly opposite to an *office for registering and hiring servants*, was often struck with the appearance of gentlemen, so called, hovering near the entrance, and endeavouring to get into conversation with the young females who resorted thither in the hope of obtaining situations. On more than one occasion he felt determined to ascertain the nature of these inquiries made by these seeming friends, and gained sufficient information from the girls to convince him that these "gentlemen" were arrant hypocrites, and that their intentions and designs were base and cruel.

Many striking illustrations of the danger to which unprotected females are exposed have been laid before the public: we have before us another of a similar description, from which it will be seen that females are in danger from the artful and designing of *their own sex*, as well as from licentious and depraved males. . . . "A few years ago,"

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says our correspondent, "I received a letter from my father, requesting me to meet my sister, who was coming from Oxford on the following day, on her way to Tottenham, where she was about to finish her education. The coach by which she intended to come being full, she came by one that arrived in London an hour earlier. Not finding her as I expected, and being ignorant of what had become of her, I immediately proceeded to Tottenham to inquire after her, when, to my great joy, I found her safe under the protection of her schoolmistress . . . It appeared that on her way to London in the coach, her only fellow-traveller was a female, who was remarkably attentive to my sister, and very chatty, and pressed her to partake of some *brandy and water* which she had with her in a bottle. She told her that she had some daughters about her age; and, as she had come by a different coach than was intended, it was pretty certain her brother would not be there to meet her, and she would be disgusted at the language she would hear while waiting for her brother; and that, very likely, some impudent fellow or other would insult her; and so on. She then *pressed my sister very strongly to go to her house*, near Covent Garden, for the night, and then in the morning she could go to Tottenham by the stage! Fortunately my sister determined on taking a cab on her arrival at the coach-office, and proceeded immediately to her destination. Her schoolmistress, on being told what had passed, felt convinced that the woman, though dressed in costly apparel, was not a respectable character; and resolved to go the following day to the street in which the woman had told my sister she lived, giving her the number of the house. On inquiry she ascertained that the house was inhabited by degraded females; and, from the description she obtained of the person keeping the house, she was convinced that it was no other than the wretch who had endeavoured to decoy my sister to that horrid abode! Is not this a proof that young females are exposed to danger; and that even when they consider themselves safe, they may be on the brink of destruction?" — *Female's Friend.*

LODGES, BENEFIT-CLUBS, ODD FELLOWS, &c.

(*To the Editor of the Christian Miscellany.*)

THE following Address was occasioned by the baneful influence which the several Lodges had upon the religious character of many members of our societies. Some Leaders and Local Preachers, and not a few private members, in the Dudley, Wolverhampton, Wednesbury, and Birmingham Circuits, belonged to one or other of these lodges, and regularly attended their meetings, which were always held in public-houses, and not unfrequently continued till past midnight; at which meetings there were often profane songs and much noisy revelry.

The late Rev. James Wood, then in Birmingham; the late Rev. George Morley, then in Wednesbury; the late Rev. John S. Pipe, and the Rev. John Rigg, then in Dudley; with myself, deeply deplored the ravages which were made by this moral pestilence, and resolved in our different Circuits to "lay the axe unto the root," by insisting on those who had joined any of these lodges either to renounce their connexion with *them* or with *us*. This by some was thought a severe measure; but we believed it to be a necessary one. *Desperate diseases require desperate remedies.*

Some weeks before the quarterly visitation of the classes, it was announced that an address to the lodges would be delivered on a certain Sabbath afternoon at Tipton, a place where there were several lodges, and which was surrounded by their members.

The number assembled to hear the address was large, and the interest excited was great. Its publication was urgently requested, and cheerfully complied with. The evil was at that time put away not only in Tipton, but throughout the Dudley, and, I believe, also the Birmingham and Wednesbury Circuits.

The evil, however, I am sorry to learn, exists in a few places in our Connexion, and in other sections of the Christian church, to the dishonour of religion and the grief of the pious.

Being as deeply as ever impressed with the religiously deteriorating character of these secret associations; and also being solicited to republish the address, I forward it to you for insertion in the CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY, AND FAMILY VISITER, if it meet your approbation.

JACOB STANLEY.

ADDRESS.

I HAVE long felt an inclination to address the members of those clubs, or associations, called Druids, &c., which, in imitation of Masonry, have assumed the name of Lodges. As many of you belong to one or the other of these, I cannot, perhaps, have a more favourable opportunity than the present for this address. Let me entreat you to hear

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without prejudice; for what I shall say is not intended to give any offence, though, perhaps, it may occasion a little pain. Believe me, *my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that ye may* all *be saved.* I shall beg leave to make a few, and but a few, observations on the *introductory rites*—the *oath*—the *meetings*—and the *general tendency* of such lodges.

First. The *introductory rites.*—What are they? They are such as cannot fail to excite astonishment, pity, or disgust, in every intelligent and pious mind. The person about to be made a member of one of these lodges, is first blindfolded in a neighbouring apartment, and led into the lodge; then he has a *chain put round his neck;* after which he is conducted to the Arch-Druid, whose office it is to administer the oath.* In the mean time, something is burning which throws a ghastly hue over every person and thing in the place; which the newly-created member, when the bandage is removed from his eyes, (which is done as soon as the oath is administered,) views with astonishment and horror. There are other things which are equally ridiculous.

All this is *utterly unchristian.* Jesus Christ came not to *blindfold* those who could see, but to give sight to the blind, and light to them who sit in darkness. He came not to *chain* mankind, but to proclaim liberty to the captive; not to make his creatures resemble *fiends* and *spectres*, but to transform them into his own image.

All this is a *rude imitation of ancient heathenism.* The Spirit of God is uniform in his operations; so also is the spirit of heathenism. Heathenism had its mysteries; persons were initiated into these in the dark:—the rites of initiation, the Apostle says, it was a shame even to speak of; and the initiated person, it is well known, was bound to secrecy. What a resemblance! By these means the *prince of darkness* formerly carried on his infernal purposes; and by these he is endeavouring to give a firm establishment to his kingdom in this and other places.

Secondly. Consider the *oath.*—It is an oath of *secrecy*, and is altogether *illegal*, *irreligious*, and *absurd.*

1. It is *illegal.* According to the laws of our country, no person has a right to administer an oath but a *magistrate*, or *some officer* appointed by Government. But your Arch-Druids and Most Noble Grands, or by whatever name you call them, are not appointed by Government: every time, therefore, that they administer an oath, they break the law of their country, and subject themselves to a legal prosecution. Now every Christian is bound to obey the laws of his country; to be subject, as the Apostle expresses it, *to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake*, except where those ordinances or laws interfere with our duty to God. But the prohibition of unqualified persons to administer oaths does not at all interfere with our duty to God: therefore, for such persons to administer oaths, is to act in direct opposition to the Apostle's doctrine, and is consequently sinful in the sight of God.

2. It is *irreligious.* An oath is a solemn appeal to God for the truth of what we affirm, and should only be made on important occasions. On every ordinary occasion, the doctrine of our Lord and his Apostles is, "Let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay." On every such occasion, he absolutely forbids all swearing: "Swear not at all." Solemn appeals to God, on trivial occasions, indicate want of reverence, and evidently tend to remove that awful sense of the majesty of the Divine Being, which ought continually to influence the human mind. Did the occasion justify it, you might, were it legal, "swear by the Lord." But in some of your lodges, you do *not* swear by the Lord, but by *honour, truth, justice, virtue, &c.* This is downright idolatry; heathenism unmasked! For what are honour, truth, &c., but the gods of the heathen? I hesitate not to say that such swearing is as complete an apostasy from God, as when Israel forsook the Lord, and bowed the knee to Baal, to Moloch, or to Ashtoreth.

3. It is *absurd.* You swear that you will keep that secret which shall be committed to you. This, indeed, is taking a leap in the dark. This is worse than submitting to be bound with a chain. What is it that you are to keep secret? Before you take the oath you know nothing of the secret. It may, for any thing you can *then* know, be something that ought not to be kept secret, but made known;—to what a dilemma must you be reduced! Should you *keep* the secret, you would act contrary to the convictions of your understanding; and should you *reveal* it, you would perjure yourself!!! I do not assert that the *secret* possesses this character; but I do assert that, for anything you knew to the contrary when you took the oath, it actually did possess it.

I said it is an *oath of secrecy.* But why *secrecy?* The thing must be either good or bad, beneficial or hurtful. If the latter, certainly persons professing Christianity should have nothing to do with it: they should "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." But if the former, instead of secrecy, there should be publicity. Error and vice may court the shade, but truth and righteous-

* In some of the lodges the office of administration is performed by the "RIGHT-HAND SUPPORTER," who holds a *naked sword;* in others, by the "MOST WORTHY SECRETARY," who wears a horribly ugly *mask*, with a prodigiously large pair of *spectacles.* The person receives the oath, kneeling upon his right knee.

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ness shine forth, and challenge investigation. Christ is the light of the world, and Christians are lights in a dark place, and are commanded to let their light shine before men. The Apostles never affected secrecy: "We have," they said, "renounced the *hidden* things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, but by MANIFESTATION OF THE TRUTH, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of GOD." But your truth, be it good or bad, is not like theirs; for it is not *manifested*, but *hidden*.

Thirdly. Consider the *meetings*.—Like all other associations, you hold regular meetings for the transaction of the affairs of your society. In some things, however, you differ from others, particularly in the articles of *dress* and *singing*.

A finer subject for satire I have seldom met with, than the antique and dignified appearance which some of you affect. Who could have thought that *Christian men* would have been so much in love with ancient Druids, men who sacrificed human victims, as not only to assume their name, but also to imitate their appearance, by adding to their Christian faces the beard of a goat, or of some other animal? And who could have imagined that any of my *plain, poor* brethren, would have been so fascinated with the charms of greatness, as to throw away their hard-earned money upon medals, scarfs, and robes, somewhat resembling the vestments of heathen Priests? But the subject is too serious for satire.

In other societies there may be *song-singing*, but in yours there *must*. According to one of your rules, the song called "God save the King," must finish your lodge-hours.* To the loyalty of this song there can be no objection; but is there none to its piety? Can you join with drunkards and debauchees in a public-house, in singing this to the glory of God? Is this abstaining from the appearance of evil? Or is it not rather giving your sanction to a custom, which is pregnant with incalculable mischief?

Finally. Consider *their general tendency*. It would require no great depth of penetration, antecedently to the knowledge of the actual effects produced by such associations, to calculate with a shrewdness approaching to certainty. I would not say it is *impossible* for good men to mix with a host of ungodly persons—at a public-house—to hear them sing songs—and appear to be united in affection to them, regularly addressing each by the appellation of brother, without losing some degree of spiritual good; but I do say, it is a difficulty nearly approaching to an *absolute* impossibility. "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burnt?" You pray that you may not be led into temptation; but every time you mix with *these*, you act in direct opposition to the spirit of this prayer. Were you indeed called, in the order of Providence, to attend such meetings, you might then with confidence expect that the "God of all grace" would "keep you from evil." But to rush into danger, and expect to be preserved, is mad presumption. But we are no longer left to conjecture about the effects of such associations: these effects are already visible. The tree has brought forth fruit, by which fruit we know the tree to be bad. *Formerly* you were diligent in your attendance on the means of grace: *now* many of you are negligent. *Formerly* you loved your Preachers, profited by their ministry, and delighted in their company; but *now*, though you hear us, you cannot receive our doctrine, because, forsooth, everything we say is personal. If we preach on separation from the world and sin, woe be to us! Even some of our texts are objected to, as being opposed to the lodges. *Prophesy smooth things: tell us that we may continue in the lodges, join with drunkards and whoremongers, and neglect many of the ordinances of God, and yet be good Christians:* this, at present, seems to be your language. But we will not tell you any such things. Whether you will receive it or not, we will preach the whole counsel of God, and be pure from the blood of all men. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." *Formerly* you considered it your highest honour to be members of a religious society. You said, "This people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God;" and, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I do not prefer Jerusalem above my chief joy." But *now* you prefer the company of *song-singers*. Now some of you say, "*If we cannot be members of both societies, we will continue in the lodges.*" Unhappy men! you are preparing work for repentance. In a little time God will *dis*-lodge us all; and how think you, will you *then* approve of your present choice? What! prefer darkness to light; Belial to Christ? You cannot serve both. "Choose ye, this day, whom ye will serve."

* In addition to "God save the King," they frequently sing "Rule Britannia." They have also their songs of initiation, which are sung on the creation of every new member.

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SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ASS

Is well known for domestic purposes, and is frequently mentioned in Scripture. People of the first quality in Palestine rode on asses. Deborah, in her song, describes the greatest men in Israel as those who "rode on *white asses.*" (Judges v. 10.) Jair of Gilead had thirty sons, who rode on as many asses, and commanded in thirty cities. (Judges x. 4.) Aboon, a Judge of Israel, had forty sons, and thirty grandsons, who rode on seventy asses. (Judges xii. 14.) We read, (Matt. xxi. 4,) that in order to accomplish a prophecy of Zechariah, our Saviour rode on an ass into Jerusalem, in a triumphant manner: this has been made a subject of ridicule by some; but we ought to consider, not only that the greatest men in Israel rode on asses anciently, as we have seen above, but also, that God had thought fit absolutely to prohibit the use of horses, and of chariots for war; (Deut. xvii. 16; Josh. xi. 6;) that David rode on a mule, and ordered Solomon to use it at his coronation; (1 Kings i. 33, 34;) that afterwards, when Solomon and succeeding Princes multiplied horses, they were rebuked for it; (Isa. ii. 6, 7; xxxi. 1; Hos. xiv. 3;) and that the removal of horses is promised in the days of the Messiah. (Hos. i. 7; Mic. v. 10, 11; Zech. ix. 10.) So that, on the whole, we find that this action of our Lord is to be viewed in the light of a recurrence to ancient principles; not merely as an accomplishment of prophecy, but also as a revival of an ancient and venerable Hebrew custom.

Chamor is taken to be the name of the common working ass of Asia; an animal of small stature, frequently represented on Egyptian monuments, with panniers on the back, and usually of a reddish colour. It appears to be a domesticated race of the wild ass of Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Southern Persia, where it is denominated *Gour:* in Scripture it is distinguished by the name of *Orud,* (Job xxxix. 5,) and in the Chaldee of Daniel, *Oredia;* (Dan. v. 21;) both terms being most likely derived from the braying of the animal. In its natural state it never seeks woody, but upland pasture, mountainous and rocky retreats, and it is habituated to stand on the brink of precipices, where, with protruded ears, it surveys the scene below, blowing and at length braying in extreme excitement. This habit is beautifully depicted by Jeremiah when speaking of the *Para* (xvii. 6) and *Orud,* (xlviii. 6,) where, instead of *Orud,* heath, we should read *Orud,* wild ass; for there is no heath, *erica,* in Asia.

By the law of Moses the ass was declared unclean, and therefore was not used as food, excepting, as it would appear, in seasons of

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long-continued famine. This inference, however, is drawn from a case where the term "ass's head" may be explained to mean, not literally the head of an ass, but a certain measure or weight so called, as in 1 Sam. xvi. 20, where it is said that Jesse sent to Saul "an ass of bread;" for, in our version, "laden with" is an addition to the text. Although therefore the famine in Samaria may possibly have compelled the people to eat asses, and a head may have been very dear, still the expression may denote the measure or weight which bore the same name. The prohibition, however, had more probably an economical than a religious purpose: hunting was thus discouraged; and no horses being used, it was of importance to augment the number and improve the qualities of the ass. *(Kitto.)*

The Jews were accused by the Pagans of worshipping the head of an ass. Apion, the grammarian, seems to have been the author of this slander: (Jos. lib. ii. *contra* Apion:) he affirmed that the Jews kept the head of an ass in the sanctuary; that it was discovered there when Antiochus Epiphanes took the temple, and entered into the most holy place. He added that one Zabidus, having secretly got into the temple, carried off the ass's head, and conveyed it to Dora. Suidas (in Damocrito, and in Juda) says, that Damocritus, or Democritus, the historian, averred that the Jews adored the head of an ass, made of gold; and sacrificed a man to it every three, or every seven years, after having cut him in pieces. Plutarch (Symposia, lib. iv., cap. 5) and Tacitus (Hist., lib. v.) were imposed on by this calumny. They repeat that the Hebrews adored an ass out of gratitude for the discovery of a fountain, by one of these creatures in the wilderness, at a time when the army of this nation was parched with thirst, and extremely fatigued. The heathens imputed the same worship to the early Christians. All which assertions do not bear the character of being even cunningly devised slanders.

EAGLES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

We are accustomed to talk of the eagle as an impersonation of magnanimity and activity, a character which he hardly deserves. He is a greedy foul-feeding bird, and lazy until pressed by hunger. With strength of talons and beak to tear open the skin of a camel, he prefers his game kept till it is putrid; and for all his unrivalled strength and quickness of flight, he likes feeding on any carrion better than hunting for himself. If he find a dead sheep, or (his peculiar dainty) a dead and putrid dog, he will gorge himself with this disgusting food till he is hardly able to rise: and more than one instance has come to our knowledge, in the Highlands, of an eagle in that situation being knocked down and killed with a stick. His common food in the Highlands consists of dead sheep, and lambs which he can carry off whole to his nest; and when these fail, white hares and ptarmigan. After floods in the mountain-torrents, or the breaking up of a snow-storm, the eagle revels on the drowned and smothered sheep. Many a time he makes a substantial meal off some stag, who has carried off his death-wound from the hunter's rifle, to die on the hill. When he has young to bring up, he prefers hunting live food, and at that season lambs and fawns are the easiest provisions to be had. Sometimes, but rarely, he takes grouse on the wing. Though not the heroic bird he is called, when hungry, or acting in defence of his young, the eagle is bold enough to attack anything, as a Highlander still alive can testify. Some years ago, in Sutherland, an active lad named Monro, stimulated by the premiums offered by the Farmer's Society, determined to attempt robbing an eagle's nest in his neighbourhood, which appeared to him comparatively easy of access. He took no assistant with him, that there might be no division of the prize-money, and set about scaling the rock alone. Holding on like a cat, by projections of the rock and some roots of ivy, he had mounted to within a few yards of the nest, and was on the point of reaching it, when the female eagle came home, having a young lamb in her talons. Instantly, when she saw the intruder, she dropped her game, made a rapid wheel, and attacked him. Monro had no firm support for his feet, and was obliged to hold with one hand to a root of ivy. The eagle fixed one talon in his shoulder, and the other in his cheek, and thus commenced the battle. Monro had but one hand free; to quit his hold of the ivy with the other was to ensure a fall of one hundred feet. In these circumstances of peril his presence of mind did not forsake him. He remembered what he called "a bit wee knife" in his waistcoat-pocket; this he reached, opened it with his teeth, and with it attacked in his turn the eagle, unable to extricate her talons from his clothes and flesh; and stabbed and cut her about the throat till he killed her. He did not care to carry the adventure further, but descended, without waiting for the return of the other eagle, faint and half blind with his own blood. It is several years ago, but he carries the marks of the eagle's talons in his face and shoulder to this day.—*Quarterly Review.*

GREEN FROG BAROMETERS.

These frogs are used on the Continent as barometers. The first I ever saw was in a shop at Munich. On inquiring of the owner, he informed me he had had it for several years. It was kept in a tall confectioner's glass, about a foot high, with a piece of coarse gauze or muslin tied over the top. At the

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bottom was some wet moss, sufficiently deep for the little creature to hide itself in: this was changed every week or fortnight. It was very fond of flies; but these, the man said, he gave it occasionally, more as a *bonne bouche*, than as a matter of food. A little wooden ladder reached from the bottom to within an inch of the top of the glass. As the weather changed, so did froggy ascend or descend, and if it was to set fair he would sometimes sit for days on the top step; whilst, if bad weather came, he would also for days hide himself in the wet moss. I afterwards mentioned the circumstance to the late Mr. Douce. He expressed a strong desire for one, which, with some difficulty, I procured on my next visit to the Continent. This lived with me for many weeks. I had a basket made, into which the glass dropped, and which I suspended in the carriage. I am quite sure at last the little creature knew me. Its eyes would sparkle when I came up to it. If I gave it a fly, it would suffer the insect to buzz about for perhaps a minute, then make a sudden dart, and swallow it at a mouthful. Unfortunately, Mr. Douce placed it in a glass nearly filled with water, and it died soon after he had it. I have never since been able to procure another. They are extremely interesting, and, in an elegant-shaped glass, would form a most beautiful and useful ornament in any drawing-room as a barometer.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

POETRY.

MISSIONARY SUCCESS AT TAHITI.

(From Mrs. Ellis's "Island Queen.")

Joy to those faithful labourers came at last,
And joy more bright for all the gloomy past.
Years roll'd away, and hope's fair blossoms grown
To richest fruits, through many an isle were strewn.
Friends from afar stepp'd in to share the toil;
Arts grew, and letters, and the teeming soil
Yielded its increase to the' industrious hand,
While peace her blessings pour'd o'er all the land.

* * * * * *

No longer then the listless savage lay
Dreaming in sunshine half his life away;
But, as if waking from some idle sleep,
He sprung to earth, to labour, and to reap
The fruit of toil—each passing hour too short.
Wild fury's victim once, or passion's sport,
His dwelling now he rears with patient skill,
While thoughts of future good his bosom fill.
But who shall count the thousand rills that flow
From that one source of every bliss below,
Religion,—guardian of all other good;
Most prized when felt, most loved when understood?
And here her influence came as comes the shower
Upon the desert, instant in its power;
Calling the grand and beautiful to view,
Clothing the hills in colours bright and new,
Making the valleys rich with wine and oil,
The streams a gladness to the thirsty soil;
Seed time, and harvest,—day, and peaceful night,
Each in its turn a blessing and delight.

EDWARD VI. AND MARY.

(From "Windsor," a Poem; by Thomas Chamberlain.)

Young Edward reigns, a gentle boy and kind;
In peace the Reformation works its way:
Much has been done, and more is yet design'd,
But death commands, and Edward must obey.
His father's reign was like a stormy day,
And his a cheerful sunbeam at its close;
But night comes on, with Mary's bloody sway,
Not with calm quiet and serene repose;
For bigotry the flame of persecution blows.

And hundreds, roasted in the angry fire,—
Men, women, children; yea, and babes unborn,
In all the agonies of heat expire,
While Mary hears their cries with heartless scorn.
Hence, bloody tigress! senseless bigot, hence!
Virtue abhors thee, Mercy gives thee o'er;
Justice shall deal thee fitting recompence,
Thou shameless daughter of the *Scarlet Whore*,
Drunken with horrid draughts of martyrs' hissing gore!

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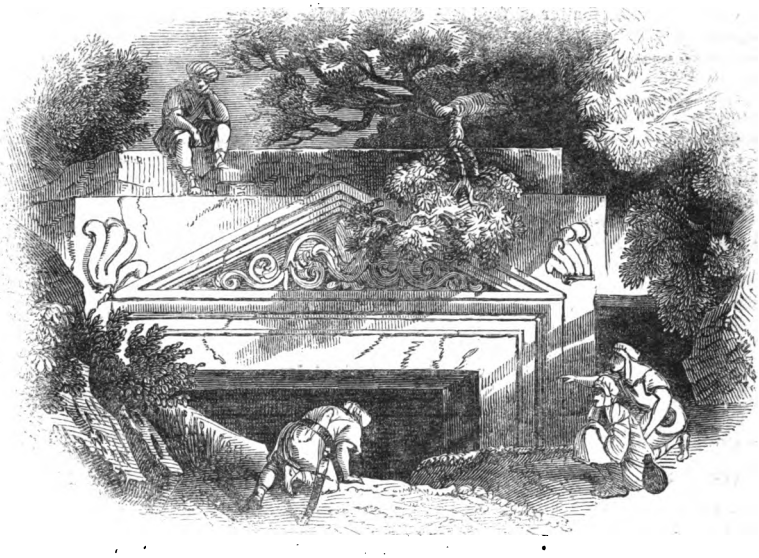
SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE TOMB OF THE KINGS OF JUDAH

Is situated in the valley of Jehoshaphat, a place which is crowded with scriptural reminiscences. The first thing (according to Mr. Maundrell) you are carried to is the well of Nehemiah; so called, because reputed to be the same place from which the restorer of Israel received the fire of the altar, after the Babylonish captivity. (2 Mac. i. 19.) A little higher in the valley, on the left hand, you come to a tree, supposed to mark out the place where the evangelical Prophet was sawn asunder. About one hundred paces higher, on the same side, is the pool of Siloam. It was anciently dignified with a church built over it. But when Mr. Maundrell was there, a tanner made no scruple to dress his hides in it. Going about a furlong farther, on the same side, you come to the fountain of the Blessed Virgin; so called, because she was wont, as is reputed, to resort hither for water; but at what time, and upon what occasions, it is not yet agreed. Over against this fountain, on the other side of the valley, is a village called Siloe, in which Solomon is said to have kept his strange wives: and above the village is a hill called the Mountain of Offence; because there Solomon built the high places mentioned in 1 Kings xi. 7: his wives having perverted his wise head to follow their idolatrous abominations in his declining years. On the same side, and not far distant from Siloe, they show Aceldama, or the Field of Blood; so called, because there it was that Judas, by the just judgment of God, met with his death. (Matt. xxvii. 5; Acts i. 18, 19.) A little farther, on the same side of the valley, several Jewish monuments are shown. Amongst the rest, are two noble pieces of antiquity, which they call the Sepulchre of Zachary, and the Pillar of Absalom. Close by the latter is the Sepulchre of Jehoshaphat, from which the whole valley takes its name. An illustration of this tomb we have inserted above.

The valley is a deep and narrow glen, which runs from north to south, between the Mount of Olives and Mount Moriah; the brook Kedron, flowing through the middle of it, which is dry the greatest part of the year, but has a current of a red colour after storms or in rainy seasons. The Prophet Joel (iii. 2, 12) says, "The Lord will gather all nations together in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there." Many interpreters, Jewish and Christian, conclude from this that the last judgment is to take place in the above-mentioned valley. But there is no reason to suppose that the valley then bore any such name; and more discreet interpreters understand the text to denote a valley in which some great victory was to be won, most probably by Nebuchadnezzar, which should utterly discomfit the ancient enemies of Israel, and resemble the victory which Jehoshaphat obtained over the Ammonites, Moabites, and Edomites.

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(2 Chron. xx. 22—26.) Jehoshaphat in Hebrew signifies "the judgment of God." It is very probable that the valley of Jehoshaphat, that is, of God's judgment, is symbolical, as well as the valley of slaughter, in the same chapter. From this passage, however, the Jews and many Christians have been of opinion, that the last judgment will be solemnized in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

It also possesses much interest as the ancient burying-place of the Jewish people, on account of its vicinity to and connexion with Jerusalem. The followers of Mahomet are also looking for the appearance of their Prophet in this identical spot; and it is even said that they have prepared for him a seat on the ledge of a rock, from whence they expect to receive sentence at his hands. This valley has been for ages the favourite cemetery of the Jews, who at the present time will give a large sum of money for permission to inter their dead in the tomb of their fathers. The valley of Jehoshaphat is also called in Scripture "the valley of Shaveh," (the King's dale or valley,) and "the valley of Melchisedek." The name of the brook, "Kedron," and of the neighbouring Mount of Olives, recall to mind the most touching event of all which are recorded in the sacred writings,—viz.,' the bitter sufferings and anguish of soul endured by the Saviour of men on the night previous to his crucifixion: an anguish little to be understood by those who, not being partakers of his sinless nature, cannot possibly conceive of the extent of suffering endured when he bore the sins of the whole world, and the wrath of an offended God. The Mount of Olives is barren and sombre in its appearance: here and there a few black and withered vines may be seen on its sides; there are also several tufts of stunted olive-trees, while ruins of chapels, oratories, and mosques increase the air of desolation with which these scenes are marked.

The largest of all the tombs in the vicinity of Jerusalem is "the sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin," and was doubtless hewn out for the burial of some person of distinguished rank, or of high estimation among the people. The traveller Pococke thinks it likely to have been the burial-place of Melisendis, Queen of Jerusalem: the authorities for assigning it to the Virgin Mary are very questionable, and it appears improbable that the early Christians should have had it in their power to erect so magnificent a tomb to her memory. In this mausoleum or cave, the Christian sects have each an altar, and even the Turks have an oratory. There are also appropriate chapels in the same cave, to mark the supposed tombs of Joseph, the husband of Mary, and of her parents, Joachim and Anna. The descent to the cave is by a flight of fifty marble steps, each step being twenty feet wide. These are supposed by Dr. E. Clark to be of equal antiquity with the cave itself, though no era can be fixed on with certainty as the date of their construction. The sepulchre of Absalom exhibits twenty-four semi-columns of the Doric order, not fluted; six on each front of the monument. The tomb of Jehoshaphat, or the sepulchre of the Kings, as exhibited above, is said to have been prepared by order of that King, as the place of his own interment, and from which the valley takes its name: it is a kind of grotto, the door of which is finely executed, and is its chief ornament.

CASTING LOTS.

(1 Sam. xiv. 41, 42; 1 Chron. xxvi. 13—16; Prov. xviii. 18.)

To cast lots, where human wisdom was either not able, or not allowed, to decide, appears to have been the custom of all antiquity.

The Hindoos often settle their disputes by casting lots. On particular occasions they do it opposite to the temple; and before they begin they appeal to their gods, that they may show the right. "Let justice be shown!" "Show the innocent!" and appeals of similar import, are often uttered. Should there be a dispute between two people respecting the possession of any given article, the name of each will be written on separate pieces of *olah*, and thrown into a vessel half full of water. A person, who is chosen by mutual agreement, takes out an *olah*, and he whose name is inscribed thereon is deemed to be in the right.

On the death of a parent, the whole of his fields and gardens are often divided amongst his children; and great disputes generally arise as to whom shall be given this or that part of the property. One says, "I will have the field to the east." "No," says another, "I will have that;" and it is not till they have quarrelled and exhausted their store of ingenuity and abuse, that they will consent to settle the matter by lot. The plan they take is as follows:—They draw on the ground the cardinal points of the compass; they then write the names of the parties on separate leaves of the palmira, or cocoa tree, and mix them all together. A little child is then called, and told to take one leaf and place it on any point of the compass he pleases. This being done, the leaf is opened, and to the person whose name is found therein will be given the field or garden which is in that direction.

I think it therefore probable, that the lots eastward, westward, northward, and southward, which fell to Shemeliah, Shuppim, Zechariah, and Obed-edom, were drawn in a manner somewhat similar.

Though an Englishman might not relish such a mode of having a wife assigned to him, yet many a one in the East has no other guide than the lot in that important acquisition.

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Perhaps a young man is either so accomplished, so respectable, or so rich, that many fathers aspire to the honour of calling him "son-in-law." Their daughters are said to be beautiful, wealthy, and of a good family: what is he to do? The name of each young lady is written on a separate piece of *olah*; and then all are mixed together. The youth and his friends then go to the front of the temple; and being seated, a person who is passing at the time is called, and requested to take one of the pieces of *olah* on which a lady's name is inscribed, and place it near the anxious candidate. This being done, it is opened; and she whose name is written there becomes his wife.

Are two men inclined to marry two sisters? A dispute often arises as to whom the youngest shall be given. To cause the "contentions to cease," they have recourse to the lot. The names of the sisters and of the disputants are written on separate pieces of *olah*, and taken to a sacred place; those of the men being put on one side, and the females on the other. A person then, who is unacquainted with the matter, takes a piece of *olah* from each side; and the couple whose names are thus joined together become man and wife. But sometimes a wealthy farmer cannot decide between two young men who are candidates for the hand of his daughter. What can he do? he must settle his doubts by lot. Not long ago, the son of a medical man and another youth, applied for the daughter of a rich merchant. The old gentleman caused two "holy writings" to be drawn up,—the names of the lovers were inscribed thereon. The son of Kandan, the doctor, was drawn forth, and the young lady became his wife. Three Brahmins, also, who were brothers, each ardently desired the hand of one female; and after many disputes it was settled by lot, and the youngest of the three gained the prize.

Medical men are also sometimes selected in the same way. One person tells the afflicted individual that such a doctor has far more skill than the rest; another says, "*He!* what is he but a cow-doctor? How many has he killed? Send for such a person, he will soon cure you." A third gives his counsel: "I know the man for you; he had his knowledge from the gods: send for him." The poor patient at last requests, "Select me one by lot;" and as is his name, so is the doctor. But another thing has to be settled: the medical gentleman intimates that there are two kinds of medicine which appear to him to be equally good; and, therefore, the lot is again to decide which is best. Thus, "the lot causeth contentions to cease."
—*Roberts's Oriental Illustrations.*

RECORDS OF THE CHURCH.

THE DEATH OF ZUINGLIUS.

ZUINGLIUS, or Zwingle, was at the post of danger, the helmet on his head, the sword hanging by his side, the battle-axe in his hand. Scarcely had the action begun, when, stooping to console a dying man, (says J. J. Hottinger,) a stone hurled by the vigorous arm of a Waldsette struck him on the head, and closed his lips. Yet Zwingle arose; when two other blows, which struck him successively on the legs, threw him down again. Twice more he stands up; but a fourth time he receives a thrust from a lance, he staggers, and, sinking beneath so many wounds, falls on his knees. Does not the darkness that is spreading around him announce a still thicker darkness that is about to cover the church? Zwingle turns away from such sad thoughts; once more he uplifts that head which had been so bold, and, gazing with calm eye upon the trickling blood, exclaims, "What evil is this? They can indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul!" These were his last words. He had scarcely uttered them ere he fell backwards. There under a tree, (Zwingle's pear-tree,) in a meadow, he remained lying on his back, with clasped hands and eyes upturned to heaven . . . . . Two of the soldiers who were prowling over the field of battle, having come near the Reformer without recognising him, "Do you wish for a Priest to confess yourself?" asked they. Zwingle, without speaking, (for he had not strength,) made signs in the negative. "If you cannot speak," replied the soldiers, "at least think in thy heart of the Mother of God, and call upon the Saints!" Zwingle again shook his head, and kept his eyes still fixed on heaven. Upon this the irritated soldiers began to curse him. "No doubt," said they, "you are one of the heretics of the city!" One of them, being curious to know who it was, stooped down, and turned Zwingle's head in the direction of a fire that had been lighted near the spot. The soldier immediately let him fall to the ground. "I think," said he, surprised and amazed, "I think it is Zwingle!" At this moment Captain Fockinger, of Unterwalden, a veteran and a pensioner, drew near: he had heard the last words of the soldier. "Zwingle," exclaimed he, "that vile heretic, Zwingle! that rascal! that traitor!" Then raising his sword, so long sold to the stranger, he struck the dying Christian on the throat, ex-

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claiming, in a violent passion, "Die, obstinate heretic!" Yielding under this last blow, the Reformer gave up the ghost: he was doomed to perish by the sword of a mercenary.—*D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation*, vol. iv.

POPERY.

TWENTY POPES APPEARING AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

(*Continued from p.* 121.)

VI.—INNOCENT VIII.

Innocent. DURING my life I had much trouble: the more, therefore, I long for heaven's quiet. St. Peter, be pleased to open the door.

Peter. I hope thou tookest care, above everything, to ensure eternal bliss.

Innocent. Not exactly so. I cared most for the wellbeing of my children.

Peter. Well, such care of a conscientious father is not to be blamed. Hadst thou many children?

Innocent. No; I had but sixteen.

Peter. And wert perhaps in limited circumstances?

Innocent. O, no; but yet to provide for sixteen children according to one's rank is not at all an easy task.

Peter. But who art thou?

Innocent. I was Pope Innocent VIII.

Peter. Thou wert Pope, and hadst sixteen children?

Innocent. Why, is that astonishing? Common Curates generally keep concubines, upon paying a small tax: why then should their head, the Pope, be less favoured than a Curate?

Peter. Then be less favoured henceforth; that ye may know that no whoremonger or unclean person hath part in the kingdom of God and Christ.

VII.—PAUL III.

Paul. I approach thee, St. Peter, with a heart burdened with anxiety and trouble.

Peter. Art thou on ill terms with thy conscience, then?

Paul. Not that: I have long ago cleared scores with my conscience.

Peter. What makes thee, then, so unhappy?

Paul. The painful doubt, whether heaven will offer me as much as I have left behind on earth.

Peter. And what is it thou esteemedst most there?

Paul. All my treasures, amassed with such great success. Ah, would I could have brought them here!

Peter. Then thou wert a worshipper of Mammon.

Paul. If it please thee to call it so. But this servitude was delightful to me.

Peter. Hadst thou much occasion to amass treasures?

Paul. Judge for thyself. I was Pope: how could I want opportunity?

Peter. I pity thee.

Paul. O, unhappy man that I am! Dost thou really feel afraid that heaven will not restore me what I have lost?

Peter. Very much so.

Paul. What can I do then? To go back is impossible. Well, do but open the door: I must learn to submit to my fate.

Peter. Heaven does not grant what thou hast lost, nor does it open its door for thee. Thy mean worldly mind makes thee unworthy of it. We cannot serve God and Mammon.

VIII.—SIXTUS IV.

Sixtus. Tell me, St. Peter, can we amass riches in heaven?

Peter. Why dost thou ask the question?

Sixtus. It was my principal business on earth.

Peter. What means didst thou employ?

Sixtus. Any, without reservation; if they did but answer my purpose. One especially produced me an immense profit.

Peter. What was it?

Sixtus. Thou art sure to admire my ingenuity. I established extensive brothels at Rome.

Peter. How couldst thou do so?

Sixtus. What should prevent me, seeing I was Pope?

Peter. A Pope establish brothels! open with his own hand the door to carnality, to satisfy his thirst for money! This is dreadful.

Sixtus. Why dreadful? The people of Rome did not think it so.

Peter. Get thee gone! Thou disgracest this place. Truly the love of money is the root of all evil.

(*To be continued.*)

CANADIAN POPERY.

THE Canadian Papists believe that the Priest has all authority on earth, and even in heaven and hell; and the belief is quite natural, since he is supposed to possess the power of changing a little piece of bread into God. * * * * Another power belonging to the Priest is that of conjuring away the insects which infest the fields. For this the Priest says some prayers, and throws about a little holy-water, and as soon as that is done the

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insects die. The Priest also commands the elements, and they obey him. At his voice the wind ceases, the fire stays its ravages, &c. But the power which brings him the most profit, is that of *making the devil appear*, and obliging him to execute any work which is assigned him. The common belief is that most of the churches in Canada have been built by the devil; and, in my opinion, the belief is not devoid of foundation.

Those who can make the devil come, can also send him away. Many cases are related in which the Priest has been sent for to send him from certain houses, where he came without being particularly invited. For this he strikes him with a stole, [a band of silk which the Priest puts on his neck, and which hangs down in front, when he says mass,] and throws holy-water on him, which burns him and makes him utter dreadful cries. However, he never goes without taking with him something by way of payment.

The Canadians believe also in the apparition of the dead: this is in consequence of their faith in purgatory. If a soul desires prayers, that it may be relieved under its torment, it appears to a living person, and asks masses. Volumes might be filled with accounts of these dreams.

If any person wish the recovery of a child, or to obtain relief from its pains, a wax taper is burned in the church. If they desire that a soul should not stay long in purgatory, they procure the eelebration of one hundred and one masses; and it is a common provision in wills, that the legatee shall cause one hundred and one masses to be said for the testator. To divert thunder, they throw about holy-water, or make the sign of the cross, or say certain prayers composed for the occasion; after which there is no more danger. If a person has been drowned, and the body cannot be discovered, they have only to throw a piece of bread, that has been blessed on Easter-day, into the water, and it will stay at the place where the body lies. The sign of the cross which, among the Papists, is the mark of a Christian, is employed on many occasions, and is the principal means made use of for sending away the devil. It is said that there is nothing better for putting him to flight, except, perhaps, the holy-water.—*Swiss Mission Register.*

POPERY AT ROME.

On the 14th of January the Vicar-General of the Catholic Church, Cardinal Patrizzi, issued a proclamation to the people of Rome, which runs thus:—"Not a few persons, distinguished for piety, have besought us with earnest prayers to grant permission for the solemn festival of a *novena*, (nine days' service,) in the church of the Jesuits, in order to implore, from Almighty God, the wider spread and lofty increase of the Catholic faith in England. The Holy Father has not only listened favourably to this pious request, but, furthermore, has provided to all the faithful, who take an active part in the ceremony, a partial indulgence of three hundred days for every visit, and a plenary indulgence to those who attend the *novena* five times at least; it being understood that, at the same time, such persons are to approach the confessional and Lord's Supper. This nine days' ceremony is to begin at eleven o'clock, A.M., on the 17th inst., in the church above named. Whether ye look, my Christian brethren, at the first-and noble aim in behalf of which these public prayers are offered to the Almighty, or whether ye calculate the gain of the holy indulgences, by means of which we may shorten the punishment due to our sins,—in either case ye must, in every way, to the best of your strength, interest yourselves in the matter, and take part in this pious exercise, by praying the Giver of all good, and the Father of all mercy, that He will pour out over their realm and its inhabitants His light, and those gifts of grace, for obtaining which alone our prayers will be effectual."—*Times, Feb.* 6.

DELIVERANCE FROM PAPAL BONDAGE.

Signor Ciocci, the author of "Iniquities and Barbarities of the Church of Rome in the Nineteenth Century," informs us that the Rev. Dr. Camillo Mapei, lately a Priest and Canon in the city of Rome, has recently left the Romish Church, and has been married to an English lady at Liverpool; and that the Rev. Mr. Crespi, until lately a Capuchin Monk and Missionary of the Propaganda at Rome, (to which office he was appointed by the present Pope, Gregory XVI.,) has recently arrived in England, and is now zealously engaged as a Protestant Missionary among the poor Italians in London; and also that Mr. Valci, not long since a member of the Church of Rome, who, during three months, has been suffering in a Sardinian dungeon, into which he was cast for distributing Protestant tracts, has just made his escape to this country. The last two gentlemen are co-operating with Signor Ciocci, in his efforts to ameliorate the condition of his poor countrymen in this kingdom. Those who, like Signor Ciocci and his friends, are so well acquainted with the mysteries of the iniquitous Papal system, and who have experienced in their own persons the infliction of its cruelties, and in the gracious providence of Almighty God have been brought "out of Rome," require no urging to a continual warfare against that apostate Church. Why, alas! are Protestants so lukewarm? Must we taste Rome's cruelties before we arise and protest against her abominations?—*Protestant Advocate.*

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MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

BAKING IN THE EAST.

We are informed by an Eastern traveller, that in the cities and villages of Barbary there are *public* ovens; but that among the Bedouins (who live in tents) and the Kabyles (who live in miserable hovels in the mountains) their bread, made into thin cakes, is baked either immediately upon the coals, or else in a shallow earthen vessel like a fryingpan.

In the deserts of Arabia, bread is frequently baked on the ground, heated for that purpose by fire. The cakes are covered with ashes and coals, and turned several times until sufficiently hard. Some of the Arabians, however, have in their tents stones or copper plates made on purpose for baking.

In Persia they use iron plates, which are small and convex: the bread, being spread out as thin as a skin, is soon prepared. The bread made on the shores of the Black Sea is about an inch thick, and baked upon the hearth. These people make a fire in the middle of a room. When the bread is ready for baking, they sweep a corner of the hearth, lay the bread there, and cover it with hot ashes and embers. In a quarter of an hour they turn it. This bread is very good.

Another method, common through all Asia, is this: They make an oven in the ground, four or five feet deep, and three in diameter, and plaster it well with mortar. When it is hot, they place the bread (which is generally long, and not thicker than a finger) against the sides, and it is baked in a moment.

There are several other contrivances for baking bread common in the East; we shall, however, mention but one more: this is used by the Arabs about Mount Carmel, who make a fire in a great *stone pitcher*, and when it is heated, they mix meal and water, as we do to make paste for gluing things together, which they apply with the hollow of their hands to the outside of the pitcher; and this extremely soft paste spreading itself on it, is baked in an instant. The heat of the vessel having dried up all the moisture, the bread comes off as thin as our wafers; and the operation is so speedily performed, that in a very little time a sufficient quantity is made.

Travellers agree that the Eastern bread is made in small, thin, moist cakes: it must be eaten new, and is good for nothing when kept longer than a day. This, however, admits of exceptions, as they have several sorts of bread and cakes. "Some," Rauwolff tells us, "done with yolk of eggs; some mixed with different kinds of seeds,—as of *sesamum*, *coriander*, and wild *garden saffron*,' which are also strewed upon it." He also mentions a variety of biscuits prepared for travelling. Some of these, taken with them from Egypt, will last to Mecca and back again.

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GENERAL RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

THE situation of the Russian Jews becomes every day more unbearable: every fresh account brings intelligence of the cruel oppression exercised against them. Whether such oppression proceeds from a political or religious cause, humanity sighs to behold the rights of many hundred thousands, and their holiest feelings, thus trampled down; to see no means left untried to annihilate the whole of a religious confession; to witness the defenceless breathing out their lives under inexpressible misery, or driven to the last stage of despair. We read the newspaper accounts, are greatly moved, and pity the poor sufferers; but is this enough? We hear even more than we read, and are grieved that the nineteenth century should be witness of such events: is it enough, that we merely sigh, and then seek to get rid of our painful emotions? It is an insult on a religious faith, which is sought to be put down; and with whom does it lie to step forth with a powerful manifestation in its defence? Surely the brotherhood of the same faith. The Jew has on earth no patron of his religion: no political influence, armed with force and power, bends at will that which opposes it: he has but one help, the great Patron and Watchman who never slumbers nor sleeps. But our trust in Him should not produce inactivity, but zeal and courage to undertake what is needful. Our times have exhibited associations for many projects, apparently impracticable, which yet by united efforts have been accomplished: it is therefore an imperative duty on our co-religionists to unite together, and publicly declare their sympathy. Will not Christians help?

MEMOIR.

SARAH BARTON, OF HOLLOWAY DERBYSHIRE.

SARAH BARTON, the subject of the following short account, was born at Holloway, in Derbyshire. On the 27th of November, 1824, she was deprived of her father, when not quite twelve months old, and was left to the care of her mother, to whom she was most dutiful and affectionate. At best, she was but a delicate subject, and of late years, had an abiding impression, that life would not be prolonged. Like many others, a great proportion of her first years were spent in the ways of the world. That so much time should have been thus employed in worldliness and sin, was afterwards a subject of deep regret. In the month of January, 1844, a Local Preacher from Sheffield came to conduct a religious service at Lea, a short distance from Holloway. Curiosity was a strong inducement to Sarah, to go with others to hear him. She felt nothing particularly impressive under the word; but at the following prayer-meeting her mind was greatly affected with a sense of her lost condition. When she came up to the communion-rails, the Preacher inquired, "What Jesus Christ came into the world for." She promptly replied, "To save them that are lost;" and after a short time she was enabled, during the meeting, to venture herself as a lost sinner on the merits and mediation of the Saviour for pardon and acceptance, and was forthwith filled with joy unspeakable. Having found grace with God, she realized many happy days and weeks. When any temptation or persecution assailed her for the truth, which naturally tended to discouragement, she would comfort herself, and even others, with the sentiment of the Psalmist, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him." When her hands were engaged in her daily employment, she would frequently be singing some of her favourite hymns.

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

Looking back to the time when she first gave herself to the Lord, with a heart filled with gratitude and her eyes overflowing with tears, she would say and sing,

"O happy day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

She loved the communion of saints. Hence she was regularly at her class-meeting. Indeed, she was seldom absent from any of the means of grace: when health and opportunity served, never. As a Sabbath-school teacher she was exemplary: punctual in her attendance; and by kindness and affection she won a suitable return from the children. Her growing experience and confidence were altogether scriptural, and, indeed, remarkable. She often quoted that passage as expressive of her religious state: "I know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The last time she met in class, she thought her life would not be long, and with great feeling she said,—

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"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers."

She bore her affliction, with which she was soon after visited, with Christian patience and resignation: not a murmuring word escaped her lips. When questioned respecting her recovery, she expressed no anxiety respecting it: when asked of the foundation of her hope, her reply was,

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

Her last expressions were those of exclusive confidence in the merits and intercession of our Divine Redeemer, and her last *act* was to join in prayer with fervency, to commend herself into His hand, who is able to keep that which is committed to him unto that day! She fell asleep in Jesus, October 3d, 1845.

ROBERT HARRISON.

ANECDOTES.

BISHOP LATIMER.

IN a sermon preached by Latimer, before Edward VI., March 8th, 1549, he gives this account of his family:—"My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost; and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the King a harness, with himself and his horse; and when he came to the place, he received the King's pages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me at school, or else I had not been able to preach before the King's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles apiece; and brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did of the said farm: where he that now hath it, payeth sixteen pounds by the year, or more; and is not able to do anything for his Prince, for himself, or for his children; or give a cup of drink to the poor."—*Malcolm's Anecdotes.*

NAPOLEON.

ONE day, when Napoleon was on his voyage to St. Helena, he perceived the Master of the vessel, who, not having the honour of an epaulet, although responsible for the safe-conduct of the vessel, as a pilot would be, avoided coming in his way. He walked straight to him, questioned him about his rank and functions on board, conversed long with him, and concluded by saying to him, "Come and dine with me to-morrow." The astonished Master could not believe that the invitation was not a malicious trick of the midshipman who interpreted: it was obliged to be repeated to him, accompanied by an explanation of the Emperor's custom of honouring merit in whatever rank he found it. "But," said the poor man, quite overcome with so much honour, "the Admiral and my Captain will not like a Master to sit at their table." "Very well," answered the Emperor, "if they do not, so much the worse for them: you shall dine with me in my cabin." This was a pleasure to the whole crew, and formed the subject of general conversation among us. When the Admiral rejoined the Emperor, and learned what had just passed, he affected much graciousness in assuring him, that any one invited by him to the honour of sitting at his table, was by this circumstance alone placed above all rules of discipline and of etiquette; and sending for the Master, he assured him that he would be welcome to dinner next day.— *Count Montholon's History of Napoleon's Captivity at St. Helena.*

JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN said that he had seven abominations of which he greatly complained: 1. An inclination to unbelief. 2. Forgetfulness of the love and mercy of Christ. 3. Trust and confidence in his own works. 4. Wandering thoughts and coldness in prayer. 5. Neglect of watchfulness and prayer. 6. Proneness to murmur against God and man. 7. Mixing with duties self-will, self-love, pride, impatience, positiveness.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

WHILE at Weymouth the King came on board to take a sail, (the San Fiorenzo being under repair,) and soon afterwards two boats came alongside, containing Lord Loughborough and Mr. Wyndham. They remained a long time in conversation with His Majesty; who seemed much agitated, and on one occasion raised his hat with both hands off his head, and exclaimed, "Never! I would sooner lose my crown." Captain Durham and Sir Harry Neale, who were walking the deck at the time, supposed the subject that agitated the King so much was the Catholic question, about which the Ministers had come to see His Majesty.—*Memoir of Admiral Sir Philip Durham.*

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THE REV. JAMES L'ENFANT.

JAMES L'ENFANT, a learned French divine in the seventeenth century, is stated to have dreamed at the end of May, 1728, that he was ordered to preach before the King.

He excused himself, alleging that he was not prepared; and not knowing what subject he should select, was directed to preach from these words, "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die and not live." (Isaiah xxxviii. 1.) He related this dream to some of his friends, but said nothing of it to his wife for fear of alarming her.

It is not known whether this dream made any impression on him or not, for he was not at all credulous or superstitious; but it is certain that he made the utmost haste to finish his history of the War of the Hussites, and the Council of Basil.

On Sunday, July the 25th, following, he preached in his turn; but on the Thursday after, the 29th of the same month, he was seized with a slight attack of the palsy, and died on the 4th of August.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Berry, Mr. Robert,	Walkeringham,	Gainsborough,	36	Feb. 1st, 1846.
Bland, Mrs.,	Middlesborough,	Stockton,	37	Nov. 14th, 1845.
Branston, Mrs.,		Newark,	66	Feb. 27th, 1846.
Brogden, Mrs.,	Tockwith,	Knaresborough,	54	Jan. 13th, 1846.
Butters, Mr. V.,	Hibaldstow,	Brigg,	65	Feb. 10th, 1846.
Candler, Mrs.,		Colchester,	75	Feb. 6th, 1846.
Cave, Mrs.,	Enfield,	Eighth London,	27	Jan. 21st, 1846.
Dash, Miss Mary,		St. Mawes,	41	Jan. 15th, 1846.
Denham, Miss,		Banwell,	38	Feb. 15th, 1846.
Digby, Mr. Leonard,		Middleham,	77	Feb. 13th, 1846.
Earle, Mr. Jos.,		Falmouth,	73	Feb. 2d, 1846.
Fellows, Mrs.,	Pimlico,	Seventh London,	87	Feb. 11th, 1846.
Firth, William,	Batley,	Birstal,	35	Dec. 31st, 1845.
Forrest, Mrs.,	East Bridgeford,	Bingham,	68	Feb. 14th, 1846.
Fourness, Mrs.,		Halifax,	84	Feb. 25th, 1846.
Green, Mr.,		Wolsingham,	68	Feb. 8th, 1846.
Jackson, W. T., Esq.,		Loughborough,	33	Feb. 1st, 1846.
Jackson, Mr. E. K.,		York,	29	Feb. 13th, 1846.
Jose, Mrs. Philippa,	Mawnan,	Falmouth,	50	Feb. 3d, 1846.
Kidd, Rev. William,	Wesleyan Minister,	Dublin,	82	Feb. 18th, 1846.
Lomas, Miss,	Exmouth-Terrace,	Manchester,	29	Jan. 21st, 1846.
Murray, Mrs.,	Heworth,	Gateshead,	82	Jan. 21st, 1846.
Oliver, Josiah,	Baldock,	Biggleswade,	26	Dec. 13th, 1845.
Pearson, Rev. William,	Wesleyan Minister,	Cardiff,	77	Feb. 22d, 1846.
Price, Mr. R., jun.,	Lantwit-Major,	Cardiff,	21	Oct. 11th, 1845.
Robinson, Mr. Henry,		Colchester,	17	Feb. 10th, 1846.
Rogers, Mrs. Eliza,	Mawnan,	Falmouth,	78	Jan. 17th, 1846.
Skevington, Rev. John,	Wesleyan Missionary,	New-Zealand,		Sept. 21st, 1845.
Stobart, Mrs. Ann,		Hexham,	80	Feb. 21st, 1846.
Underwood, Mrs.,	Cam,	Dursley,	66	Feb. 12th, 1846.
Watson, Mr. Robert,	Scarrington,	Bingham,	71	Feb. 24th, 1846.
Werrett, Mrs.,	Totterdown,	Bristol, S.,	36	Feb. 4th, 1846.
White, Mrs.,	Wigmore-Street,	Sixth London	42	Feb. 28th, 1846.
Whitfield, Mr. Thomas,	Garrigill,	Alston,	68	Dec. 16th, 1845.
Winstanley, Mr. Rob.,		Warrington,	54	Feb. 16th, 1846.
Wood, James, Esq.,		Bristol,	65	Mar. 19th, 1846.

THOMS, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER, 12, WARWICK-SQUARE, LONDON.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JUNE, 1846.

HISTORICAL FACTS AND DOCTRINES OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

I.—HOLY SCRIPTURE.

In a list of prohibited books, appended to the proceedings of the Council of Trent, is the following passage:—

"Since it is manifest, by experience, that if the Holy Bible, in a modern language, were allowed promiscuously, without distinction, more mischief than benefit would accrue therefrom, through people's rashness: on this account, let it depend upon the judgment of the Bishop or Inquisitor, with the advice of the Priest or Confessor, to allow the reading of the Bible translated by Catholics into a modern tongue, to those who they shall be satisfied may receive no damage from such reading, but an increase of faith and piety; which allowance let them have in writing: and whoever shall presume, without such licence, to have or read them, cannot receive the absolution of their sins till they have first given up their Bibles to the Ordinary." See also Pius IV., Sixtus V., Clement VIII., in *Ind. Lib. Prohib.*,—*Bellarm. de Verb. Dei*, ii., sect. xv., &c., &c. In an Index, subsequently published by Clement VIII., it is observed, that "by this new impression and edition before-mentioned, no power is given to Bishops, Inquisitors, &c., to allow the buying, talking of, or keeping, any Bible in a known tongue, since hitherto, by the command and practice of the Holy Roman Universal Inquisition, they have been deprived of the power of giving such licences."

In Spain, in an Index of Books prohibited, published there by the authority of the General Inquisitor, the sixth rule runs thus:—"*The Bible, in a modern tongue, with all its parts, is prohibited.*" (*Azorius, Inst. Mor.*, viii. 26, sect. iii., iv.)

So here, then, we see that the Scriptures are not to be read but by permission first obtained from certain officers, and afterwards those officers are left without power to grant such permission!

Here we may remark, that this licence, limited and delusive as it is, is only to be granted to those "who they shall be satisfied may receive no damage from such reading." "This," says Clarkson, very justly, "they are highly concerned for, even as much as those who have villanous designs, and would accomplish them without observance and control, are concerned to shun the light. They know full well the Scripture condemns Popery. We may well say they know it, when themselves confess that both their worship

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and their doctrine is contrary and repugnant to Scripture, (*Consil. de Stabiliendi Rom. Sed.*, p. 6,) and allege this as the reason why they would have as little of the Scripture as can be known to any. From their own mouths we have the reason why they would never have suffered the Bible to be exposed in a vulgar tongue, if it could have been avoided. The Protestant translation made that impossible; and the Papists among them who had a mind to look into the word of God, might have made use of these if no other had been provided; to prevent which, they were forced to translate it: and yet their own translations (which are so strange a disguise of Scripture) they dare not trust to the common view. They are in the Index of forbidden Books, published by Pius IV., and an unpardonable sin the Papists consider it for any to read them but such as can procure a licence from a Bishop or Inquisitor; that is, only those who, they are confident, will not be moved by what they meet with against Popery. And yet, (as if so great restraint were too much liberty for so dangerous a thing as the word of God,) in the after-edition of the Index, by Clement VIII., he declares, that no new faculty is granted to Bishops or Inquisitors to grant any licence for reading the Bible; since, by the mandate and usage of the Church of Rome, and the Universal Inquisition, all power of granting such licences is taken away."—*Clarkson*, c. ii., sect. iv., p. 76.

So great was their antipathy to the holy Scriptures, and their apprehensions of exposing the crafty delusions of their Church, provided the contents of the sacred writings were made known to the people, that Tindall, the martyr,(said to be an ancestor of Sir Nich. Conyngham Tindall, who drew up the late Popish Bill,) was betrayed, strangled, and burnt, at Villefort, in Flanders, in 1536, for no other cause than that of translating the New Testament, and a part of the Old, into the English language. A learned Popish Doctor, with whom he had contended in argument some years before, was at length driven by Tindall to that issue, that he burst out in these blasphemous words:—"We were better to be without God's laws than the Pope's!" To which Tindall, with godly zeal, replied, "I defy the Pope and all his laws;" and added, that, If God spared his life, he would, ere many years, cause a ploughboy to know more of the Scriptures than the Popish Doctor did. He was as good as his word. He went abroad on purpose to have leisure and quiet for printing his translations, which he did, though under great privations and inconveniences. On one occasion, sailing to Hamburg, for the purpose of putting to press his translation of the Book of Deuteronomy, he suffered shipwreck on the coast of Holland, and lost all his books, writings, and copies. He, however, again set to work, and, with the help of Coverdale, and in spite of the continued opposition of Priests and Papists, he had his manuscripts again ready in less than a year, and had it printed accordingly.

Bishop Burnet, in his "History of the Reformation," (folio, vol. i., book ii., p. 159,) relates a pleasant story on this subject. He says, "There were some at Antwerp, Tindall, Jove, Constantine, with a few more, that were every year writing and printing new books, chiefly against the corruptions of the Clergy, the superstition of pilgrimages, of worshipping images, saints, and relics, and against relying on those things which were then called in the common style, *good works;* in opposition to which they wrote much about faith in Christ, with a true evangelical obedience, as the only means by which men could be saved. The book that had the greatest authority and influence was Tindall's translation of the New Testament, of which the Bishops made great complaints, and said it was full of errors. But Tonstall, then Bishop of London, being a man of invincible moderation, would do nobody hurt, yet endeavoured as he could to get their books into his hands. So being at

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Antwerp in the year 1529, as he returned from his embassy at the treaty of Cambray, he sent for one Packington, an English merchant there, and desired him to see how many New Testaments of Tindall's translation he might have for money. Packington, who was a secret favourer of Tindall, told him what the Bishop proposed. Tindall was very glad of it; for, being convinced of some faults in his work, he was designing a new and more correct edition; but he was poor, and the former impression not being sold off, he could not go about it: so he gave Packington all the copies that lay in his hands, for which the Bishop paid the price, and brought them over, and burnt them publicly in Cheapside. This had such an hateful appearance in it, being generally called a burning of the word of God, that people from hence concluded there must be a visible contrariety between that book and the doctrines of those who so handled it; by which both their prejudice against the Clergy, and their desire of reading the New Testament, was increased. So that next year, when the second edition was finished, many more were brought over; and Constantine being taken in England, the Lord Chancellor, in a private examination, promised him that no hurt should be done him, if he would reveal who encouraged and supported them at Antwerp; which he accepted of, and told that the greatest encouragement they had was from the Bishop of London, who had bought up half the impression. This made all that heard of it laugh heartily, though more judicious persons discerned the great temper of that learned Bishop in it." Thus God gave Tindall wisdom to counteract the cunning of the old serpent, and made the devil's agents to be, unwittingly, the means of setting forth the pure truth. The Popish Clergy, in order to restrain the desire of the people to see Tindall's work, pretended that they would shortly set forth an authorized translation; but it was delayed from time to time, and at last ended in issuing a paper which (according to Spelman) contained, among other things, this declaration:— "It being proposed to them, whether it was necessary to set forth the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, they were of opinion that though it had been sometimes done, yet *it was not necessary*." No, it was not expedient, if they would uphold their craft; and thus all hope of a translation from them vanished.

Cardinal Bellarmine says, "The laity do not receive any benefit from reading the Scriptures, but are betrayed into errors, both in the doctrine of faith, and of manners; for many heresies have been occasioned by Scriptures misunderstood." (*De Verb. Dei*, ii., 15.) This is the *dictum* of one of the greatest theologians of the Roman Church; but it is in direct opposition to an inspired Apostle, who says, that "the Scriptures *are able to make a man wise unto salvation*, through faith which is in Christ Jesus;" and adds, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works." (2 Tim. iii. 15—17.) Besides, if Bellarmine's objection is good for anything at all, it is wrongly applied; for it is not the ignorant and illiterate that are the instigators and defenders of error: they, on the contrary, stand the more in need of this "*instruction in righteousness*," because they *are* ignorant; but it is the subtle sophist, the acute logician, the man of great natural and acquired abilities, whose parts and learning are directed in a perverted channel and to a pernicious end: these are the men who have broached, propagated, and defended error to this day; witness Arius, Socinus, and even Bellarmine himself; these are the men that turn the truth to bane: therefore he is quite out in his conclusion; and as it is to the poor that the Gospel is to be preached, so, if "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul," put it

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into the hands of the unconverted; if "the entrance of God's word giveth light," send it to those who sit in ignorance and mental darkness, that they may, by the blessing of God on his own word, be "enlightened with the light of life." PHILALETHES.

(*To be continued occasionally.*)

FROM THE POOR-HOUSE TO HEAVEN.

A WESLEYAN Minister was one day visiting a member of his flock, who, in the order of God's providence, was where occasionally Wesleyans are found,—in the *Poor-house*. She had passed her threescore years and ten; had long been known as "an Israelite indeed;" and was just on the verge of the eternal world: "the outward man was perishing, but the inward man was renewed day by day." While in conversation with her on the comforts, prospects, and rewards of religion, the Minister saw an unusual lustre beaming from her countenance, and the calmness of Christian triumph glistening in her eye. Addressing her by name, he said, "Will you tell me what thought it was that passed through your mind which was the cause of your appearing so joyful?" The reply of the "old disciple" was, "*O Sir, I was just thinking, what a change it will be, from the* POOR-HOUSE TO HEAVEN!" G. J.

THE READING AND PREACHING OF THE WORD.

THAT you may grow in grace, advance in holiness, and acquire increased likeness to the Saviour's image, and meetness for his presence, the Spirit must enlighten your understanding and impress your heart while you are employed in reading God's holy word; and you must be fervent in prayer for his enlightening and sanctifying operation, under a deep conviction that it is only when his voice says, "Let there be light," that there is light beaming from the sacred page, and, like the sunshine of heaven, brightening, warming, and gladdening wherever its blessed beams descend.

With this reliance on the Spirit, read with fixed attention, concentrating all the faculties of your mind on the work: with deep reverence, regarding it as the word of God, as much as if his voice were addressing you: with a sincere desire to discover the mind of the Spirit: with self-application, seeking what God has to say to you, examining yourself by each precept, drawing the proper inference from each promise, taking the intended warning from every threatening, gaining the full instruction of every example, entering into the import of every doctrine; and whenever some bright glimpse of the promised glory reserved in heaven for you sheds celestial splendour round the sacred page, endeavouring to become prepared for such a heaven.

If you desire to obtain profit to your soul from your attendance on the ministry of the word, and this being your object in going to the house of God, go in the full confidence that let who will deliver God's message, it is only the Holy Spirit that can bring it with power to your heart; that if Paul were to return to earth, or the angel Gabriel descend from heaven, to proclaim to you the message of redeeming love or to enforce the holy precepts of the Gospel of salvation, even their ministry would be really profitable only so far as it was made so by the accompanying blessings of the Spirit; and that that same Spirit could make the ministrations of the weakest servant of the Saviour as efficacious in conveying spiritual strength, joy, and consolation to your soul, as those of the chief of the Apostles, or the loftiest of the seraphim around the throne of God.—*Rev. Hugh White.*

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EXPOSITORY PREACHING.

Before I leave the department of preaching, allow me to refer your consideration to one particular kind of address, I mean the *expository*, which I am sorry to say is far too little practised in the English modern pulpit. To this your attention has been directed by your able and excellent Theological Tutor. I know it has been supposed, or at any rate said, that the people do not like exposition. I believe the contrary to be the fact, and that it is the Ministers and not the people that are not fond of it. If it have been tried and produced dislike, it must be from one or other of these causes: either it has been conducted too much like the German exegesis, in which there is so much minute and anxious verbal criticism as to be almost tedious even to a scholar; or else it has been carried on in such a loose and slovenly manner as to disgust even a superficial hearer and thinker, and to produce the conviction, that it has been taken up from mere indolence. A bad exposition is usually the worst of all bad sermons. If it be well done, and this is not a difficulty beyond the reach of any one who will give himself the trouble to make the acquisition, the people are sure to like it. There are so many advantages connected with it, that it is surprising to me it should not be adopted by all Preachers. How much perplexity and waste of time does it save in the selection of texts and subjects; what an opportunity does it afford to introduce topics into the pulpit which we should neglect but for this method; topics which, if they did not come in regular course, would be set down to personality on the part of the Preacher! If the Minister take the view of the passage which his hearers have previously formed, they are pleased with him for thinking as they do: if he bring out a view which did not occur to them, they give him credit for a deeper insight into the meaning of a passage than they possessed. It leads to an extended acquaintance with the Bible, both on the part of Ministers and people. So far as my own experience goes, having practised this method from the commencement of my ministry, I can bear emphatic testimony to its acceptableness, although I make no pretensions to be a skilful expositor. If you feel a difficulty at commencing what might be called a regular exposition so early in your ministry, begin with a consecutive course of sermons, for which the eighth chapter of the Romans would furnish a fine field, or the eleventh of Hebrews; or occasionally take a long parable or fact of the New Testament, and procure for yourself the tact, and produce in your people the taste, for this method of instruction. But be sure and let it be done well, and rendered interesting, as it certainly may be with pains-taking; and you will have no cause to complain of a want of relish for it. Some Ministers give short, current remarks on the chapters which they read in the course of the service, and preach a sermon afterwards. For my own part, I have a feeling which makes me wish that God's own word, unattended by any remark of my own, should be heard during a part of the service allotted to public worship.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

THE BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.—No. II.

In evil things, Satan separates the end from the means; in good things, the means from the end.—*P. Henry.*

The force of gunpowder is not shown till a spark lights on it. So till temptation comes, we know not ourselves.—*M. Henry.*

The approaches of sin are like the conduct of Jael. It "brings forth butter in a lordly dish." It bids high for the soul. But when it has fascinated and lulled the victim, the nail and hammer are behind.—*Cecil.*

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THEOLOGY.

GOSPEL HARVEST, AND CHRISTIAN'S DUTY.

A SERMON.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DE WITT, D.D., NEW-YORK.

"THEN saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."—Matt. ix. 37, 38.

THE words of our text were spoken by Jesus to his disciples, as he contemplated the multitudes destitute of the means of religious instruction. "He was moved with compassion on them because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd." (Ver. 36.) The compassion that dwelt in the heart of Jesus is not foreign to the hearts of his people; for they are of one spirit with him.

The text presents, firstly, an argument for Missionary efforts. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." And, secondly, urges a duty in relation to them. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest," &c.

I. AN ARGUMENT FOR MISSIONARY EFFORTS: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." This harvest will be gathered when the Christian religion shall universally prevail.

1. *It is great in view of the field which it will cover.*

"The field is the world." (Matt. xiii. 38.) As yet Christianity has extended its influence to but a small part of the earth; and where that influence has been found, it has been partial in its character. Here and there a spot has appeared in some degree verdant, amid a surrounding wide-spread arid desert. But the desert, in all its extent, will be cultivated and rendered fruitful. All obstacles will be overcome, and the whole earth exhibit the triumphs of truth. Benighted, degraded, and oppressed Africa shall become enlightened, elevated, and disenthralled. The wall of China (like that of Jericho) shall fall at the sound of the Gospel. The castes of the Hindoos shall be broken, and one bond, in the faith and service of Christ, shall unite them.

The Heathen shall everywhere "cast their idols to the moles and to the bats," and worship "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." The worship of the false Prophet shall cease; and the pure light and peaceful influence of Christianity shall spread over the regions where Mohammedanism exerts its sway. The isles shall receive the law of the Lord; all the perversions of the religion of Jesus shall be removed, and the truth be received in love, and exhibit its fruits wherever possessed! Then shall be realized

"——— Scenes surpassing fable,
Yet true!—scenes of accomplish'd bliss!"

2. *The harvest is great in view of its many blessings.*

The religion of Christ blesses the life which now is, and prepares for happiness in the life to come. It exalts the intellectual character of man; it restores that balance and harmony in the intellectual and moral powers of man, which are so important in the proper cultivation of both; it corrects those prejudices, and subdues those corruptions, which prevent the investigation and reception of truth.

Take the map of the world, and select those countries where Paganism, Mohammedanism, and Popery bear sway, and let the following inquiries receive an answer. Are knowledge and intellectual cultivation generally diffused? Are civil and religious liberty enjoyed? Is the female character elevated and respected? Are the duties of domestic life discharged, and its delights mutually participated? Do purity and peace pervade the community? The negative of these inquiries appears in full view. If we take the contrast, and mark the countries where the Bible has shed its influence, we discover the blessings adverted to, all following in the train.

But the religion of Christ sustains its distinguishing and commanding value as a revelation of truth and grace, and as the great instrument of our deliverance from everlasting death. The truths peculiar to it respect man's fallen and ruined state; redemption through the atoning merits of the divine Saviour; the regenerating and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit in restoring to that holiness "without which no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. xii. 14.) These truths, and others immediately connected with them, constitute the vitality of the religion of the Gospel.

3. *The harvest must appear great in view of the instrumentality it requires.*

The great result is to be accomplished

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by the faithful use of those means which God has in his wisdom and goodness appointed. As in the natural world, means must be used in preparation for harvest; and as, ordinarily, the product will correspond to the skill and diligence with which the means are employed; so also, in the spiritual world, means are equally necessary; and a like correspondence in the product will exist. "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." (1 Cor. i. 21.)

As we look farther through the Heathen world, how large and waste is the field; while, in parts remote from each other, a solitary labourer is found! The regularly ordained Missionaries from different Christian denominations among the six hundred millions of Heathen in different parts of the world, as far as ascertained, amount to about six hundred and fifty. They are, in some cases, aided by Assistants, and Native Teachers. Still, how emphatically is the harvest great, and the labourers few! while some parts of the field are already white for the harvest.

4. *The harvest is great in view of the means and prospects furnished by Providence.*

God, in advancing his kingdom on earth, prepares the way in arranging the events of his providence. He raises up instruments qualified for his work; and often opens the way before them, as they go forth crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God." (Isai. xl. 3.) The Bible Society multiplies copies of the Scriptures, in the various languages of the world, and supplies the place of the gift of tongues. It is needless to specify the various forms of Christian charity which, commencing with infancy, lays the basis of a scriptural and religious education, and follows man in every course and state of life; and seeks to apply the best relief of sin, and want, and woe. The efforts of the present day for arresting and turning back that fell destroyer, intemperance, which has annually slain its thousands and tens of thousands, and which has interposed such formidable obstacles to the success of the Gospel, are of incalculable worth.

The spirit of Missions which characterizes the present period, commenced with the revival of religion in the churches. Domestic and foreign Missions have grown and strengthened in connexion with the power of religion. The era of foreign efforts is identified with the prosperity of religion at home. The events which have recently transpired mark the present as an interesting crisis in the history of the world. The Christian will, with care, study the pages of prophecy, and the movements of Providence, and mark the light which they mutually shed on each other.

II. THE TEXT URGES OUR DUTY IN RELATION TO MISSIONARY EFFORTS: "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest." The discharge of the duty enjoined by our Saviour supposes,

1. *That we cherish a deep and constant sense of our dependence upon divine grace.*

The private Christian, in the divine life, is "clothed with humility;" lives a life of faith in the Son of God; and seeks continued supplies of the grace and help of the Spirit. So the Christian church should always be found in the attitude of "leaning upon her Beloved," (Sol. Song, viii. 5,) and should realize that all her springs are in God.

2. *This duty requires habitual and fervent remembrance in our private devotions.*

Love to the Redeemer's cause is not a transient emotion in the Christian's heart; but it is a fixed principle and growing habit of soul. He "prefers Jerusalem above his chief joy." He should then be frequent, fervent, importunate, and persevering in his intercession.

3. *This duty requires union in Christians.*

Addressing his assembled disciples, Jesus said, "Pray ye." (Matt. vi. 9.) The true disciples of Jesus are united in spirit and service. The words of our Saviour's prayer are memorable: "That they may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." (John xvii. 21.) What Christian can be reluctant to engage in a service so delightful and animating, as united prayer for the coming of Christ's kingdom on earth?

4. *This duty requires the use of all proper means for suitably training labourers for the Missionary field.*

In our favoured churches, where the Spirit's influence is enjoyed, let the subject of foreign Missions be presented in just prominence. In our theological seminaries, let a careful inquiry and deep interest be cultivated and cherished among their members, who shall soon go forth to preside in the churches of our own land, to give a tone to their sentiments and

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feelings, or else to enter themselves upon the glorious work.

5. *This duty requires that all the churches of Christ should systematically and efficiently aid in the promotion of the cause of Missions.*

It cannot be necessary to argue the duty of professed Christians to give their prayers, their property, and labours to this cause. The Christian judgment needs not be convinced; but the Christian conscience needs to be awakened, and the heart affected. Christians should learn to give, not from the impulse of momentary excitement, but from the deliberate conviction of duty, in the discharge of which the heart seeks its highest joy. Systematically, I say, because it is to be regretted that so many churches so readily relax their efforts, until some new impulse be given, which soon spends itself. These are like the mountain streams, fed by sudden showers, which soon pass away.

APPLICATION.—Let every Pastor present the claims of this cause prominently before his people, and feel that its prosperity is identified with the success of his labours at home. Let information be generally extended, and every means to excite interest, and combine effort, be employed. While, in opposing the march of truth, various errors and conflicting interests combine, let the church of God arise in her strength, and in unbroken columns march onward, under the banners of her great Captain, from victory to victory. While the enemy opposes and rages, we remember, "They that be with us are more than they that be with them." (2 Kings vi. 16.) God's truth is great, and must finally triumph.

WHAT IS IT TO PREACH CHRIST?

To preach Christ, is so to exhibit him in his sufferings that the transgressor may learn from hence the awful character of sin; so to contrast the majesty of his person with the anguish he endured, that the stout heart may begin to bleed, and, seeing the dreadful penalty of disobedience in the vicarious agonies of the garden and the cross, may be led to flee from the wrath to come. It is so to display the merit of his sacrifice, as at once to answer the inquiry now anxiously made, "What shall I do to be saved?" setting forth his satisfaction as in itself complete; and, encouraging, nay, commanding the penitent, by faith, to lay hold of this altar, because the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. It is so to magnify the law and make it honourable, that its holy requirements, shall be made to minister to the glory of the cross; showing the believer that in Christ this law has had its full accomplishment, and that faith, while it embraces the atonement of the Son of God, lays hold of his obedience; and that the sinner is made complete in him. From this, as from a pure and ever-gushing fountain, morals, holiness, the duties of life, its charities, and responsibilities, arise. They must be argued upon these premises. They must be enforced by these motives. Christ having paid our ransom in his own blood, has a right to our devoted service. "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits, which are his." What other motive can compare with this? What else can so subdue the iron heart of man, or impart to it such energy? Hence, too, the work of the Holy Spirit is deduced. It is the Lord Jesus Christ who sends him as a Comforter, and directs him to instruct his church. All the blessings of which the Spirit is the author are the purchase of his own blood.—*Rev. J. B. Marsden.*

EVANGELICAL HOLINESS.

THE spirit lusts against the flesh, and struggles with it in the soul, as Jacob did with Esau, until he had cast him out: the seed of God wars continually against the seed of the serpent, raging and wrestling, like Jehu; shooting, and stabbing, and strangling all he meets with, till none at all remain of the family of Ahab, who had formerly been his master. O! how does the devout soul long to have Christ's victory carried on in itself, to have Christ going on in him, conquering and to conquer, till at length the very last enemy be subdued, that the Prince of peace may ride triumphantly through all the regions of his heart and life, and not so much as a dog move his tongue against him! The godly soul puts itself under the banner of Christ, fights under the conduct of the Angel of God's presence, and so marches up undauntedly against the children of Anak, those earthly loves, and sensual affections, which are indeed taller and stronger than all other enemies that encounter it in this wilderness-state: and the gracious God is not wanting to such endeavours; he "remembereth his promise, helpeth his servants,"

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even that promise, (Isai. xl. 31,) that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." A true Israelite, impregnated with this noble principle, is not like those slothful Israelites, who were content with what they had got of the holy land, and either could not, or cared not to, enlarge their border; but he makes war upon the remainder of the Canaanites, and is never at rest till he have, with Sarah, cast out the bond-woman, and her son too. You may see an emblem of such a soul in Moses, holding up his hands all the day long, till Amalek was quite discomfited. A godly man reckons that the image of God is the glory and ornament of the soul; it is the lustre, and brightness, and beauty of the soul, as the soul is of the body. Holiness is not only the duty, but the highest honour and dignity of which any created nature is capable; and therefore the soul, which has its senses exercised to discern good and evil, pursues after it, as after its full and proper perfection.—*Samuel Shaw, on a "Discovery of true Religion."*

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

If you are a Christian, the throne of grace is yours. Your Father is seated on it. Your Saviour has sprinkled it with his own blood. The Holy Spirit draws you secretly to kneel before it; and the promise, when there, is, "Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it." What an honour to approach the King of Kings! Were we to have an audience with an earthly Monarch, we should deem it an era in our history, and boast of it through life. But you, and I, and others may have audience with the King of the universe. Nay, we have liberty to approach him at any time, and under any circumstances. Have we wants? He can supply them. Are we in trouble? He can extricate us. Do afflictions press our souls? He can mitigate and remove them. Does sin pollute our joys? With him is the fountain of cleansing. Does Satan vex our souls? He invites us to his arms as our refuge. All relief and every blessing is from God.—*John Newton.*

THE CHARACTER OF PRAYER.

Prayer must be *confidential;* for it is the utterance of one who has been brought nigh to God, and taught to feel at home with him even in his holy habitation, yea, most at home with him there.

But prayer must be *reverential* too. It is priestly service; and all that pertains to such holy exercise must be most reverentially performed. There is no room for levity, or indifference, or frivolity. All is solemn—infinitely solemn. Blessed, yet solemn. Confidential, yet solemn. Loving, yet solemn. The place is holy, the Being is holy, the service is holy, the things sought for are holy. "God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him."

But prayer must be *importunate* too. It is not merely the expression of a wish, but it is the fixing of the heart upon a thing. "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Prayer is the utterance of a man in deepest earnest. The thing sought for is beyond his reach and power, and this makes him in earnest; for he feels that he cannot do without it. It is in the power of another who has promised to give it for the asking; and this makes him in earnest. It is a thing of too much importance to be delayed or postponed; and this makes him in earnest. He sets his whole soul upon it, and he pours out the fulness of his soul before God. To beseech, to entreat, to cry aloud, to wrestle, to make supplication,—these are some of the expressions used in Scripture, which show the earnestness and importunity implied in prayer. Doubtless mere fervour is nothing, unless it be *believing* and evangelical. For sometimes earnestness is really the utterance of our unbelief. Occasionally we are earnest because we think God is unwilling to hear, and we would fain win him over, or force him, by our earnestness to give us what we seek. This *unbelieving* ardour is displeasing to God. It is, in fact, just the earnestness of the Priests of Baal or Carmel, when they cried all day long, and cut themselves with knives to induce their deaf gods to hear them. But the true earnestness is that of faith, not of unbelief; earnestness which derives its intensity, not from the idea that God is unwilling to hear and to bless, but from the very opposite feeling, kindling into more fervent importunity by keeping ever in view God's willingness to answer, his desire and delight to bless.

But prayer must be *unwearied.* It is a continual service that we are called to. It is a continual burnt-offering that is to be laid upon the altar, and continual incense that is to ascend up from our censers. Both because of the very nature of the service, and because of the blessings to be obtained, there must be a holding

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on, a persevering, and continuing instant in prayer, a praying without ceasing. Luther prayed never less than *three* hours a day; John Welsh, *eight*. Many another saint has given us a pattern of perseverance in prayer, as if their knees were always bent, and their censers always burning. These are surely examples for our imitation; instances recorded to stir us up from our languor and sloth. Look into one of the closets of these holy men, or listen even at their closet-door; go and return again, and look and listen. Do you not see, do you not hear, something that at once solemnizes and rebukes? What are our closets now? How little frequented; and even when used, how different the sounds that echo round their walls! Where are the days of fasting and supplication? Where are the groanings which cannot be uttered; the strong crying and tears; the continual pleading with God; the ordering of our cause before him; the heaping up of arguments; the speaking with him as friend with friend; the refusing to let him go until the blessing come?

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

REV. OLIVER HEYWOOD.

"JESUS said to his disciples, When I sent you without purse or scrip, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing, Lord."

The spirit of persecution raged so hotly against the Rev. Oliver Heywood, that this worthy man was under the necessity of taking leave of his dear family, and going he knew not whither. But the question was, how should he be equipped for his journey? He had a horse, but the little money that remained must be left for the support of the family, for whom Mr. Heywood was much more concerned than for himself. One winter's morning, when it was yet dark, the horse was saddled, and this good man, after bidding adieu to his affectionate wife, and saluting his children in their beds, set out, like Abraham, when he left his father's house, not knowing whither he went. He moved silently along in by-ways for some time, for fear of being seen, till he got out of the neighbourhood. Having not one farthing in his pocket, to bear his travelling expenses, he committed himself to the protection of Providence. He determined at length to leave his horse at full liberty to go what way it would, and thus travelled on for a considerable part of the day, till both man and beast stood in great need of refreshment. Towards evening, the horse bent its course to a farm-house, a little out of the road. Mr. Heywood called at the door, and a clean, decent woman came out to inquire what he wanted. "I have reason," said he, "to make an apology for the liberty I have taken, being an entire stranger in these parts. My horse stands in need as well as myself of refreshment for the night: if you could, any way, make it convenient to furnish my horse with a little hay, and a stand under cover, and myself with a seat by your fire-side, I ask no more." The good woman, a little surprised at his request, told him she would consult her husband. After a few minutes they both came to the door, and Mr. Heywood repeated his solicitation: but told them he had no money to satisfy them for any trouble they might have on his account; yet he hoped God would reward them. They immediately desired him to alight: the master led the horse into the stable, and the mistress took the stranger into the house, invited him to sit down, stirred up the fire, and began to prepare him something to eat. Mr. Heywood told her that he was concerned to see her give herself so much trouble; that, being unable to make her any recompence, he did not request either a supper or a bed, but only that he might sit by the fireside till morning. The mistress assured him that for an act of hospitality she did not expect any reward; and that though the accommodations which her house would afford, were but indifferent, he should be welcome to them, and therefore she hoped he would make himself easy. After supper they all sat down before the fire, and the master of the house desired to know of the stranger what countryman he was. "I was born," said he, "in Lancashire; but I have a wife and family in the neighbourhood of Halifax." "That is a town," said the farmer, "where I have been; and some years ago, I had a little acquaintance with several persons there. Pray do you know Mr. S. and Mr. D.? and is old Mr. F. yet alive?" The stranger gave suitable answers to these and many other inquiries. At length the kind hostess asked him, "If he knew anything of one Mr. Oliver Heywood, who was formerly a Minister of some chapel, not far from Halifax, but was now, on some account or other, forbidden to preach." The stranger replied, "There is a great deal of noise and talk about that man: some speak well and some very ill of him: for my own part, I can say little in his favour." "I believe," said the farmer, "he is of that *sect which is everywhere spoken against;* but pray do you personally know him? and what is it that

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inclines you to form such an indifferent opinion of his character?" "I do know something of him," said the stranger; "but as I do not choose to propagate an ill-report of any one, if you please, we will talk on some other subject." After keeping the farmer and his wife in suspense for some time, who were a little uneasy at what he had said, he told them that he was the poor outcast of whom they had made so many kind inquiries. All was then surprise, and joy, and thankfulness, that the merciful Providence had brought him under their roof. The master of the house said, "Mr. Heywood, I am glad to see you, having long had a sincere regard for you, from the favourable reports I have always heard of you. The night is not far spent: I have a few neighbours who love the Gospel: if you will give us a word of exhortation, I will run and acquaint them. This is an obscure place; and as your coming here is not known, I hope we shall have no interruption." Mr. Heywood consented: a small congregation was gathered; and he preached to them with that fervour, affection, and enlargement, which attending circumstances served to inspire. On this joyful occasion, a small collection was voluntarily made by the hearers to help the poor traveller on his way.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.

CONSIDER *the influence of power which the judicious parent acquires over the child, and the beneficial purposes to which this power, in such hands, naturally tends.*

Witness the power which Abraham must have acquired over Isaac, when you see him yield to his father on the top of Mount Moriah; for I have no idea that any violence was used. Witness the influence of this son over Jacob, when called upon to discover the object of his highest veneration by solemn oath. Then you hear him swear "by the *fear* of his *father* Isaac." See him also on the way to Egypt, yet afraid to go down; and, as soon as he arrives at Beersheba, the border of Canaan, lest he should plant his foot on forbidden ground, see him solemnly recognise his connexion with Isaac. There he offers sacrifices to the God *of his father Isaac;* and the Almighty as strikingly adverts to this. He replied in a vision of the night, "I am God, the God of *thy father:* I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will also surely bring thee up; and Joseph shall put his hand on thine eyes."—Dead or alive, (as though the Lord had said,) it matters not; for my promise of blessing extends to thee and thine beyond the grave: still "*I* will bring thee up." So Joseph, under God, was the instrument employed; closing his father's eyes in death, and bringing up his body into the land of promise. Witness the influence of Jacob on Joseph. One day, when yet only a lad, Jacob had said to him, "What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I, and thy mother, and thy brethren, indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?" Yet Joseph lived to show the old man how all this might be true, and how he could still retain for *him* the highest regard and affection. See him, though "Lord of all Egypt," bowing before his venerable parent, and venerating and cherishing him, bringing even his children to receive their old grandfather's blessing; and see him afterwards, in company with his brethren, and in exact compliance with his father's request, carrying the bones of the Patriarch up into Canaan with so much respect. Witness the influence of his parents on Moses. Here was education too—that powerful engine—standing in the way, and which, so far as it went, must have chained him down to Egypt: but all is as nothing before the influence of his nursing mother and father. The choice of Moses is ascribed, indeed, to faith; for nothing else could account for it: but "faith cometh by hearing;" and in the court of Pharaoh, or from Pharaoh's daughter, what had he heard, if his parents had not instilled into his mind their own principles?

But I need not here multiply examples, with which the sacred Scriptures abound; otherwise one might dwell on the influence and power of many parents: the influence of such a mother as Hannah over such a son as Samuel; the influence of the grandmother of Timothy on his mother, and of his mother on him, the man of whom even Paul said afterwards, "I have no man like-minded," or so dear to me.—*C. Anderson.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A SABBATH EXCURSION.

(*Concluded from p.* 145.)

THE little skiff speedily reached its destination: the young people sprung joyously on shore, and scrambled up the reef to where the wreck lay: they had brought provisions with them; there was ample room for spreading them within the deserted cabin. Part of

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the time was spent in examining the vessel, part in rambling along the reef, part in partaking of their cheerful meal, and the day was passed in gay, almost riotous, spirits, thoughtless of the past and reckless of the future.

The tide, which was going out when they embarked, had now for some hours turned, and was within a short period of high water, when suddenly a change came over the scene; the wind freshened, the tide swelled rapidly, and the waves that had before been little more than a gentle ripple, now rose with a moaning sound, and dashed one after another against the reefs. The young men, startled from their revel, rushed on deck. To their dismay they found that the boat was already surrounded with the waves: it had not yet been washed from its moorings, but there was every reason to fear that such an event must shortly take place; and how to reach it was the difficulty. It was in comparatively deep water. For themselves this would perhaps be practicable; but for their more timid companions there was danger as well as difficulty. And to remain where they were was impossible: the water rose so rapidly, that there was every reason to fear that the wreck itself might be speedily engulfed. Instant and vigorous efforts were necessary. They were made: they were successful. The lately joyous, thoughtless girls were now seated in the boat, half dead with fear; but the worst was not yet passed: how was that little boat to live in what was now indeed a stormy sea? We need not dwell on the terrors of the next hour: it was passed in active exertion, or sometimes painful consultation, by the young men; in constrained and fearful silence, broken occasionally by sudden exclamations of dread as some larger wave drew near threatening to engulf them altogether, by their more fearful companions. And now how felt the backslider? How did the whole scene of her past life rush on her memory; the vows broken; the privileges abused; the mercies trampled on; the Spirit of God resisted! She might be said to have lived a life of anguish in that hour.

At length they neared the welcome shore, and she could no longer restrain her feelings. She spoke of the transgression of which they had all been guilty, herself in particular; expressed her deep conviction that the storm had arisen for their punishment; and her firm determination that if it should please God to hear her prayers, and to bring her safely to land, she would never waste another Sabbath-day. "And, even now," she said, "it may not be too late to redeem a part of this: the chapel will be open, the service will have little more than begun, and I shall go there at once."

No one opposed her resolve: the danger was not yet quite past, and perhaps some of them at least felt half disposed to adopt her resolution. A short time elapsed, and the prayer of that penitent was answered: they were all safely landed; wet through, indeed, by the surge and wave, and worn out with terror and fatigue, but not seriously injured. "And now," said Miss B., "that God has in mercy spared us, I shall go direct to chapel: it is but half-past six: who will go with me?" "You cannot possibly mean it, Sarah," returned the young man to whom it was principally addressed: "it would be the height of folly, madness, to do so. You must hasten home, and change your dress directly: you will get your death of cold if you attempt it." "I have been nearer death to-day, Samuel, than cold will bring me," she replied; "and yet God has heard my prayer, and spared me. I have broken too many vows: I will not break the one I have now made while I was in trouble. I beg of you to go with me; but if you will not, I will go alone."

Her young friends crowded round her: entreaty, expostulation, even ridicule, to which she had once been so open, were tried: such a figure as she was in her habit, still almost dripping, and draggled with the sand, every one would smile at her. All were tried, but tried in vain. She had made her resolve, and in a better strength than her own she kept it. Even he who was most interested in her welfare, and who rightly judged that his own entreaties would have most influence, at length gave up the attempt. He left her, and she hastened onwards toward the chapel with a determined step, but with an aching heart, as she feared that the present separation would be too surely the forerunner of one that she then deemed would be fatal to her happiness: but she had, as we have said, made her resolve; and if it were necessary to pluck out even "the right eye," she would abide by it.

She entered the house of God: the service was considerably advanced, as, self-condemned and half fearful to meet the eye of those who knew her, and who might judge from her attire how awfully that day had been abused, she noiselessly entered and stole into a seat. The second singing had ceased. The Preacher announced his text. She started at the voice, for it was one painfully familiar to her: she lifted up her eye, it rested on a countenance of singular sweetness and placidity; but the sight of which filled her repentant heart with deepest anguish. The Preacher had been formerly known to her, in those happy days of girlhood when she too had trod willingly in the paths of pleasantness and peace; when she too had called the Sabbath a delight, honourable. Years had passed away, and he had been, in the providence of God, far distant, publishing in other towns, and, in some instances, in other lands, the same blessed Gospel. She had heard of his return into that part of his Master's vineyard, but she had not before seen him; and now her eye fell before that calm, but, as she thought, reproving glance. She felt as if he had

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singled her out a second time. He announced his text; and now those sacred words fell on her ear, nay more, on her awakened conscience. Had not those words been selected especially for her? had not he known of her transgression? or rather, had not the God he served guided his servant in the choice? They were indeed wonderfully adapted to her case: "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways."

She listened with the most earnest attention, with the deepest contrition. The blessed effects of this day passed not from her heart and memory. Her penitential prayers were heard. He who hath said, "Return unto me, ye backsliding children, and I will return unto you;" He who healeth our backslidings, was there to hear and to answer.

From that time she became a zealous, a consistent, and an influential member of the Wesleyan society. It was her happy lot, for such in truth she deemed it, to become, some two years after, the wife of that very Minister. She lived for many years, cheering him onward in his heavenward course, the helper of his faith, partaker of the same joy, traveller to the same happy home, adorning in all things the doctrine of God her Saviour, an ensample to all around how Christians ought to walk: and many were those to whom that ensample was a blessing; many who shall rise up in that day and call her blessed. She lived to smooth her husband's dying pillow; to hear that he had entered into rest, without a murmur; and but with one simple heartfelt prayer, "My Father, take me to him," for eighteen short days she mourned his loss, as Christians mourn, and then,

> "The soul had o'ertaken its mate
> And caught him again in the sky."

Their ashes mingle in the same tomb; their happy spirits have joined the quickly increasing multitude "which no man can number," and are even now singing that new song, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, be glory for ever and ever."

She was *my mother*.

Mere Lodge, Liverpool. S. E. A.

OUR SERVANTS.

THE RELATION OF MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

This is a relation which will continue to the end of time. Equality of condition is alike contrary to the nature of things, and to the appointment of God. Some must toil, and others direct; some command, and others obey: nor is this order contrary to the real interest of the multitude, as at first sight it might appear. The acquisition of wealth by a few affords more abundant employment to the many; and in a well-ordered, thriving, and industrious state, except in seasons of peculiar distress, it is evident that the comforts of the lower classes are greater than could be attained were the land equally divided among them, and so left to their own cultivation that no one should be the servant of another. To preserve such a state of things would be impossible; and could it be done, no arts but of the rudest kind, no manufactures, and no commerce could exist. The very first attempt to introduce these would necessarily create the two classes of workmen and employers; of the many who toil with the hands, and the few who labour with the mind, in directing the operations: and thus the equality would be destroyed.

It is not, however, to be denied, that, through the bad principles and violent passions of man, the relations of servant and master have been a source of great evil and misery. The more, therefore, is that religion to be valued, which, since these relations must exist, restrains the evil that is incident to them, and shows how they may be made sources of mutual benevolence and happiness. Wherever the practical influence of religion has not been felt, servants have generally been more or less treated with contempt, contumely, harshness, and oppression. They, on the contrary, are, from their natural corruption, inclined to resent authority, to indulge selfishness, and to commit fraud, either by withholding the just *quantum* of labour, or by direct theft. From the conflict of these evils in servants and in masters, too often result suspicion, cunning, over-reaching, malignant passions, contemptuous and irritating speeches, the loss of principle in the servant, and of kind and equitable feeling on the part of the master.

The direct manner in which the precepts of the New Testament tend to remedy these evils cannot but be remarked. Government in masters, as well as in fathers, is an appointment of God, though differing in circumstances; and it is therefore to be honoured. "Let as many servants as are under the yoke, count their own masters worthy of all honour;" a direction which enjoins both respectful thoughts, and humility, and propriety of external demeanour towards them. Obedience to their commands in all things lawful is next enforced; which obedience is to be grounded on principle and conscience, on "singleness of heart, as unto Christ;" thus serving a master with the same sincerity, the same desire to do the appointed work well, as is required of us by Christ. This service is

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also to be cheerful, and not wrung out merely by a sense of duty: "Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers;" not having respect simply to the approbation of the master; but "as the servants of Christ," making profession of his religion, "doing the will of God" in this branch of duty, "from the heart," with alacrity and good feeling. The duties of servants, stated in these brief precepts, might easily be shown to comprehend every particular which can be justly required of persons in this station; and the whole is enforced by a sanction which could have no place but in a revelation from God,—"knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free." (Eph. vi. 5—8.) In other words, even the common duties of servants, when faithfully, cheerfully, and piously performed, are by Christianity made rewardable actions: "Of the Lord ye shall receive a reward."—*The Rev. Richard Watson.*

ANTIQUITIES.

THE CORACLE

Is a boat of great antiquity, and was in constant use among the ancient people of Britain. As the inhabitants from their first arrival in this island continued to pass and repass to Gaul, and sometimes to navigate the German Ocean; and as the Irish not only traded with Britain, but maintained their intercourse occasionally with Spain, the languages of the people abound in terms connected with shipping. Cæsar mentions an engagement he had with the combined fleets of the Veneti and Britons, in which the ships are stated to have been built of oaken planks, so firmly constructed that the *beaks* of the Roman ships could scarce make an impression on them. The usual kind of vessels, however, which were used by the British and Irish, were the *curwgyl*, or *currach*, formed of osier-twigs covered with hide. Small boats of this size, and in shape like a walnut-shell, are still used on the rivers of Wales and Ireland. They constitute the *vitilia navigia* of Pliny. That historian informs us, that Timæus, an ancient writer, affirmed that the Britons used to visit an island at the distance of six days' sail in boats of wattles, and covered with skins.

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Solinus, another historian, who is supposed to have lived at Rome during the third century, states that in his time the communication between Britain and Ireland was kept up on both sides by means of these vessels; and from Lucan we learn not only that Cæsar took advantage of them, but they were equally used on the Nile and the Po, as by the Britons. We have noticed the modern coracle much in use on the banks of the Dee, for the purpose of salmon-fishing. But they have lost the original cause of their name; the wicker-work being no longer covered with *coria*, or hides, but with oiled cloth, or with canvass strongly pitched, stretched upon a frame of wicker-work. It is from five to six feet long, and four feet broad, and, as formerly, it is guided by a paddle. It is incapable of carrying more than one person conveniently, and can be managed only by those who are accustomed to this sort of conveyance.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CAT.—THE GOLDFINCH.

I ONCE had a favourite female black cat, which was very fond of game. When she had a family of young grimalkins about her, she always kept them well stocked with provisions. At one time when she had kittens in an old shed, I happened to discover a nest of four young rabbits in a south border of early pease that was not well protected from game. I killed three of the young rabbits, which, to all appearance, were not more than two or three days old. I took them with the live one to the cat for breakfast; and I was quite astonished to observe that she at once adopted and fondly protected this live rabbit, and encouraged it to suck, which it immediately did. She nursed it with her two kittens, and the rabbit suckled during the whole time that the kittens were allowed to suck; and it grew a good-sized rabbit, but it continued to be very wild, running out of sight behind the baskets, tools, &c., at the approach of any one. When the old cat left off suckling her family, the poor rabbit died, to my sorrow, because I considered that this was owing to inattention, in not giving it its natural food; for it had no relish for mice, rats, birds, and game, which the old cat brought for her family. However, I learned something by this disaster; for having heard it said by many people that birds will only feed their young for a short time when confined in a cage, when they find that they cannot succeed in procuring their release, the parents or old birds will procure for them unnatural or poisonous food, and destroy them,—I at once concluded that this was an erroneous idea, and that it was only the duty of the parents to procure food for their offspring for a certain time, and to teach them how to feed, and where to find their food, and then, when the young are strong and able, leave them to search and shift for themselves. I procured a nest of five young goldfinches, put them into a cage, took them some distance to a safe situation, and hung them up in the cage; the old birds, who no doubt were watching and following me, at once came joyously to the cage, and fed them, and so continued to do for about twenty days. They then left off feeding them, but kept near the spot, chirping and singing to them. I finished their parental duty, and did not forget to perform it properly; for I took care to place plenty of seeds inside the cage the same day in which I placed the birds therein; but I had no farther trouble than the pleasure of observing the old parents leaving their young to feed themselves, which they did effectually. In a short time the five birds grew very strongly, four of which turned out to be cocks: the hen I allowed to fly away, and by accident one of the cocks flew away. One I gave away, and two I have now, which, though four years old this spring, are at this moment singing beautifully. They are so tame and familiar, that they begin to chirrup, and seem always pleased to see me come into the house. I have two cats and two other birds that follow me in company all over the garden in an evening: and they all feed out of the same dish without falling out, or the cats taking undue advantage of the birds. On throwing them a bit of food, all eagerly run to see which shall have it, coming in contact with each other occasionally.—*James Barnes, Bicton Gardens, in "Gardeners' Chronicle."*

ARAB HORSES.

THESE are noble animals, and are no less remarkable for their chivalrous dispositions than for their strength and endurance: gallant, yet docile; fiery, yet gentle; full of mettle, yet patient as a camel. They are very ferocious to each other, but suffer little children to pull about and play with them. Their beauty is not remarkable, at least to an English eye. They seldom exceed fourteen and a half or at most fifteen hands in height; they have not good barrels, their chest is narrow, the pastern too much bent, and their quarters are seldom well-turned. I only speak of these as defects in what would be considered symmetry in Europe: experience has proved to me that they argue no defect in

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Asia. The head is beautiful; the expansive forehead, the brilliant prominent eye, and the delicately-shaped ear, would testify to nobleness in any animal: the high withers, and the shoulder well thrown back, the fine clean limbs, with their bunches of starting muscle, and the silken skin, beneath which all the veins are visible, show proofs of blood that never can deceive. The choicest horses come from the remoter parts of the desert, and cannot be said to have a price, as nothing but the direst necessity will induce their owners to part with them. There are three great classes recognised,—the Kochlani, the Kadischi, and the Atteschi. The first are said to derive their blood from Solomon's stables, the second are of a mixed race, and the third have no claim to gentle breeding. The Kochlani are, as may be supposed, extremely scarce; but a great deal of their blood is distributed among the nameless breeds; and I never saw an exception to docility, high spirit, and endurance, even among the hacks of Beyrout and Jerusalem. A friend of mine rode his horse from Cairo to Suez, eighty-five miles, in twelve hours, and resting for twelve more, returned within the following twelve: during these journeys the horse had no refreshment, except a gulp of water once to cool the bit. I have been on the same horse for twenty-four hours on one occasion, and for upwards of thirty on another, without any rest or refreshment, except once, for half an hour, when a few handfuls of barley were the only food. In both these instances the horses never tasted water throughout their journeys. — *Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross."*

LION-HUNTING IN KORDOFAN.

They trace out the lair where one of these animals generally takes its noon-day repose; but the nature of the ground must be such that the tree under which it sleeps is isolated, or at least somewhat distant from the other trees. If the ground be advantageous, the Negro betakes himself to the scene of action four hours before mid-day, and climbs the tree opposite to that under which the animal takes his nap. During this time he knows the lion to be out in search of prey, and is sure that he will return to indulge in his *siesta* when the heat increases, between ten and eleven o'clock. The lion does not trouble himself about the business of the man on the tree, even if he should happen to see him; and his adversary remains perfectly quiet till between twelve and one. The huntsman is furnished with a sack full of small stones, and a few sharp spears. When the sand on the ground is burning hot, so that animals even cannot walk about, the hunter begins to pelt the lion with stones, always aiming at his head; and the Negroes are very expert marksmen. The proud King of the beasts utterly disregards the first three or four stones, and does not consider it even worth while to rise; but the blows upon his head thickening, and being, perhaps, hit in the eye, the audacity appears too great to be borne with patience, and he sets up a frightful roar as a signal of revenge. With one leap he is at the foot of the tree on which the disturber of his rest is perched, but receives a lance in his body: his roar now becomes more terrific, not that the wound is so irritating to him at this moment as the burning sand painful to his feet, and he retires once more to his lair. Another stone hits him, he becomes furious, makes a second charge at the tree, and is welcomed by one, two, or more spears. He now takes to flight, yelling and howling with pain; but the loss of blood soon exhausts his strength; and the huntsman, who keeps him in sight from the tree, has in a short time the pleasure of seeing the royal beast stretch its carcase on the plains. The number of lions in this province is not very considerable; but they frequently enter villages for prey, and carry away a head of cattle before their visit is even suspected. In the day-time they are neither heard nor seen; for they generally lie crouching in a dense covert, or sleeping beneath a shady tree. But early in the morning, as soon as the sun begins to cast its rays on the sandy billows of the desert, the royal animal rises from his lair to sally forth in quest of prey. His voice may then be heard in the distance: it commences with a low murmuring, which gradually increases, until it at last becomes a fearful and terrific roar, like the rolling of thunder, and is audible at the distance of two miles. The whole animal kingdom trembles, and evinces the greatest fear when the King of the beasts is heard: the sheep tremble as if attacked with ague, place their heads together, and endeavour to hide themselves; the horses break out into a sweat with fear; and the dogs hurry away as fast as they can to find a place of refuge. In fine, all the beasts are seized with the most unequivocal terror when the lion makes his approach known. Should a caravan happen to be near the spot, it is impossible to keep the camels together: they leap about in all directions, and are scattered abroad under the influence of fear. I myself once had the opportunity of witnessing a scene of this kind. On arriving in my travels at the walls of Semmeria, we suddenly heard a murmuring noise afar, resembling the rolling of balls in an empty barrel; but we were soon acquainted with its true cause when it gradually increased to that terrible thunder-like roar. With the first perception of this noise the camels belonging to our caravan suddenly took fright, and instantly separated in all directions. The men and the cases were thrown off; and if one of the riders happened to keep his seat at the first alarm, he was subsequently necessitated to leap down, to avoid being felled by the branches of the trees; for we were, unfortunately, near a forest

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of mimosas, and every one was in danger of being torn by their large spines. This confusion, however, did not last long, for the lion took quite an opposite direction to the route of our caravan; but a whole day was lost in collecting the goods that had been thrown off, or torn down by the trees, and one of the camels strayed to a great distance.—*Pallme's Travels:* a Bohemian by birth, and connected with one of the mercantile houses established by the Austrian manufacturers in Cairo. Ignatius Pallme visited in 1837 the most distant portion of the countries under the government of the Viceroy of Egypt, for the purpose of exploring new channels of traffic with central Africa. Few European travellers have penetrated to the southern regions which Mr. Pallme visited: still fewer have returned.

THE TOAD.

That poor, despised, and harmless reptile is admirable in its proportions, and has an eye of such transcendent beauty, that when I find one I place it on my hand to view it more minutely. Its skin, too, so completely adapted to the subterraneous places into which it goes for shelter, is well worthy the attention of the philosopher. As this little animal is innocuous, I feel sorrow when I see it trampled under foot by inconsiderate people, who have learned from their grandmothers that it is full of venom.—*From Essays on Natural History, by Charles Waterton, Esq.*

POETRY.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubble which on water stood,
E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in and paid to-night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The stream dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester.

HAPPINESS.

"Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

Stoop down until you throughly see
Into Christ's law, that rules the free:
Take care you see and catch the whole,
Then cling to it with heart and soul;
No hearer only that forgets,
But one who straight to working sets:
Be such, and be (such work pursuing)
Blest in the deed and in the doing.

S. R.

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTER FROM MRS. FLETCHER TO THE YOUNG MEN'S CLUB AT MADELEY.*

My friends, I have a weight upon my mind, because, some years ago, when the church was shut up, and you had a sermon preached to you in my room, it was my intention to have spoken a few words to you; but hasting away as you did, the moment the service was ended, the opportunity was lost. The desire, however, to address you has continued on my mind ever since: and I now wish to say in writing, the sum of what I intended to have spoken.

I feel a great love for your precious souls; and would entreat you to remember that eternity is at hand. You must be for ever happy, or for ever miserable:—Take thought in time! Remember Jesus Christ hath said, in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Would you know what this new birth is? I will explain it. We are all sinful: we were born in sin; with an evil nature, a heart disposed to, and inclining us to love the world, and every-

* Some time before the death of Mrs. Fletcher, the church at Madeley being closed, the Bishop of the diocese allowed the service to be performed in the Wesleyan place of worship. During that interval the Clergyman delivered a discourse to the members of a club, consisting chiefly of young men. Mrs. Fletcher had found the spiritual destitution of those persons laid upon her mind; and had prepared to give them an exhortation, after the sermon: but as they made a considerable noise at rising, after the blessing was pronounced, and then hurrying away, she was prevented. This was often regretted by her; and she said twice or three times, "I wish I had begun speaking before they had got off their knees." One day, when drawing near her last moments, and being very ill, and scarcely able to hold a pen, she wrote the following piece.

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thing contrary to the law of God. We have no knowledge of God; nor have we, naturally, any desire to walk in his ways. Supposing a man could enter heaven in this state, it would be impossible for him to be happy. Holiness would be as painful to him as light would be to one whose eyes are sore. God's method to prepare a person for his kingdom and glory, is to enlighten his mind. He shines into the soul, gives the sinner to see his sad state by nature; and by which light he also perceives he is going on as swiftly towards hell as the moments pass away. It is then the poor sinner begins to cry for mercy; and O, how ready is the Lord to relieve that soul! Christ came into the world to seek and to save them that are lost. Yes, he came to save you; and when he shall reveal his love in your heart, you will feel a change resembling that of a child when born into the world: it had eyes before, but did not see; it had ears, but did not hear; it finds itself in a new world. So it will be with you when you feel the love of God shed abroad in your heart, and his Spirit witnessing with your spirit that Jesus Christ died in your stead; and that through his sacrifice for you, your sins are forgiven. St. Paul says, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." This new creation begins with the new birth, and goes on to be perfected as faith increases in the soul.

But when a man receives a sense of pardon, there is a mighty change takes place. His will, which before was opposed to the divine will, now chooses the ways of the Lord. The affections, which were placed on sinful objects, are now set upon things above. Sin is abhorred; and the pardoned penitent, beholding the wonderful love of Jesus, exclaims, "I love him because he first loved me."

Before this new creation was known by him, he accounted himself as good as his neighbours, and better than some; but now he sees that sin was mixed in all his best performances, and his cry is, "I have nothing to plead, but Jesus hath borne all my sins upon the tree; and I rely alone on him whose word tells me that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing to them their trespasses: therefore myself, with all my sins, I cast on my atoning God." Love, filling the heart, is the beginning of heaven. Would you enjoy this heaven upon earth? Come then, my dear neighbours, it is offered unto you.

I see myself very near the grave. Old age and weakness prevent me meeting you; but with my dying voice I would entreat you to hearken to the invitations of the Lord. When the hour of separation between soul and body shall arrive, how solemn and important it will be! But, alas! perhaps your senses will be gone: then all power to call upon the Lord will be gone for ever. O suffer me to say once again, Take thought in time! Draw nigh to God in prayer, and beseech him to lead you into the way of life. Choose the Lord's people for your companions; and attend the means of grace. Be joined to the saints of God below, if you would be joined to them above. We shall all be gathered to our own people at death. Who are your people? Do you belong to the company of the world? Or can you say, with David, "My delight is with the excellent of the earth?" O may the glory of the Lord go forth as brightness, and his salvation as a lamp that burneth, is the sincere and dying prayer of

MARY FLETCHER.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

BANNER.

WHEREVER large bodies of men are congregated together for a common purpose, some signs of distinction are necessary, if not for the maintenance of discipline, yet for the accomplishment of their object. *Ensigns*, banners, or standards, must, in consequence, have been employed by the Hebrews soon after their liberation from Egyptian bondage. Accordingly, such means of distinction were in common use in the wanderings over the desert. In Numbers i. 52; ii. 2, &c., we find that each of the twelve tribes had its own banner or standard, round which all who belonged to the same tribe were to rally, and by the guidance of which they were to march. (Compare Isai. xi. 10; xlix. 22.) War, especially, necessitates the use of ensigns; and for this unworthy purpose standards were employed among the Israelites, (Jer. iv. 6, 21,) as also in token of victory. (Jer. l. 2; Cant. vi. 4.)

What the Hebrew standards were, or what they bore upon them, cannot be determined with certainty; though, if we set much value on the statements of the Rabbins in regard to the question, we could easily furnish many details. There are two Hebrew words which are translated variously *banner*, *sign*, *ensign*, *sail*, (Isai. xxxiii. 23,) *standard*. Both these terms are derived from words whose root-meaning is, "to shine," "to glitter." Whence it would appear that some metal, probably brass, was employed at first for standards, as undoubtedly it was among other ancient nations. In process of time, however, some species of coloured cloth seems to have come into use, so forming banners, (in the present sense of the word,) "flags," and "colours;" an inference which we deduce

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from one of these two words being employed in Isaiah xxxiii. 23, (compare Ezek. xxvii. 7,) to denote the sail of a ship.

We may also arrive at a probable conjecture respecting the distinctive character of the Hebrew standards. If the ensigns of the twelve tribes were all of brass, how were they known from each other? The employment of different colours seems the most obvious expedient. But the diversities thus gained would not be sufficiently marked and decided for the purpose. Forms would be far better, as admitting of the greatest contrariety. But what forms? This seems to have been decided by the highest authority known among a nomad people,—their Chief or Emir; for Jacob, in his dying blessing, assigned the characteristics of the several tribes, thus determining, as their coat of arms, so the figure of their standards:—"Judah is a lion's whelp;" "Issachar is a strong ass, crouching down between two burdens;" "Dan shall be a serpent;" "Naphtali is a hind let loose;" "Joseph is a fruitful bough." (Gen. xlix.) Nor are these tokens taken at random: they are in each case emblematical of some historical or personal peculiarity. And it is scarcely credible that, when so obvious and so suitable a resource as this was at hand, Moses should have adopted the ensigns of his people as chance might offer, or caprice dictate. Certainly these distinctive tokens were not soon lost from memory. To them the Saviour himself owes two of his appellations, the Lion and the Lamb.

The benediction, whence we derive the escutcheons of the Hebrews, was pronounced in Egypt; and here Moses would find himself only confirmed in adopting the symbolical ensigns suggested by the dying Patriarch. In Egypt each battalion and each company had its particular standard, which represented a sacred subject,—a King's name, a sacred boat, a sacred animal, or some emblematical device; the objects chosen being such as were regarded by the troops with a superstitious feeling of respect, in order to afford aid in rousing and sustaining their courage. Nor are instances wanting, in Roman history, of the wonderful effect produced in rallying a discomfited host by a timely display of the sacred standards of the army. Plutarch even goes so far as to refer the origin of animal worship among the Egyptians to the emblem chosen by Osiris as his ensign.—*The People's Dictionary.*

NATHAN AND DAVID.

When David conceived the idea of building a temple to Jehovah, the design and motives seemed to Nathan, the Prophet, so good, that he ventured to approve of it without the divine authority; but the night following he received the divine command, which prevented the King from executing this great work. (2 Sam. vii. 2, *et seq.*; 1 Chron. xvii.) Nathan does not again appear in the sacred history, till he comes forward in the name of the Lord to reprove David, and to denounce dire judgment for his frightful crime in the matter of Uriah and Bathsheba.

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This he does by exciting the King's indignation, and leading him to condemn himself, by reciting to him the very striking parable of the traveller and the lamb. Then, changing the voice of a suppliant for that of a Judge, and a commissioned Prophet, he exclaims, "Thou art the man!" and proceeds to announce the evils which were to embitter the remainder of his reign. (2 Sam. xii. 1; compare Psalm li.) The lamentations of the repentant King drew forth some mitigation of punishment; but the troubled history of the remainder of his reign shows how completely God's righteous doom was fulfilled. The child conceived in adultery died; but when Bathsheba's second son was born, the Prophet gave him the name of Jedidiah; (beloved of Jehovah;) although he is better known by that of Solomon. (2 Sam. xii. 24, 25.) He recognised in this young Prince the successor of David; and it was in a great measure through his interposition that the design of Adonijah to seize the crown was unsuccessful. (1 Kings i. 8, *et seq.*) Nathan probably died soon after the accession of Solomon; for his name does not again historically occur. It is generally supposed that Solomon was brought up under his care. His sons occupied high places in this King's court. (1 Kings v. 5.) He assisted David by his counsels, when he re-organized the public worship; (2 Chron. xxix. 25;) and he composed annals of the times in which he lived: (1 Chron. xxix. 29; 2 Chron. ix. 29:) but these have not been preserved to us. In Zechariah xii. 12, the name of Nathan occurs as representing the great family of the Prophets.—*Kitto.*

ANECDOTES.

EMPEROR OF THE HOLY GHOST.

In Southey's "Travels in Spain" we are furnished with an account of the following singular, perhaps we should say superstitious and blasphemous, Portuguese custom:—

"Easter Sunday is the accession-day of the Emperor of the Holy Ghost. This great personage is a little boy: his reign lasts only till Trinity, but his privileges are for life, and singular ones they are; for he is allowed to commit any crime without incurring the punishment of death, except high treason: for which he may be beheaded. On most eminences his standard is erected; a high pole, with a flag bearing a dove: his retinue parade the streets with similar flags, proffering them to all good Catholics to kiss, and receiving money in return, which is expended in a feast on Whit-Sunday, at which the Emperor presides in person. There is an Emperor in every parish, where any families choose privileges so dearly purchased for their son: for the expense is considerable. Good Catholics give ducks, fowls, pies, rabbits, &c., dressed out with ribbon, as offerings to his infantine and imperial Holiness. These are sold, and regularly purchased at a high price, as being consecrated. The money goes to the Emperor's treasury: each Emperor dines without his parish church, in public, under an awning, with music playing, and abundance of rockets flying in the face of the sun."

BISHOP SHERLOCK.

A poor woman brought her child to the church to be baptized, which having been performed, the Clerk demanded of her the Parson's due, which was a shilling; but she pleaded poverty, declaring herself unable to pay it. The Clerk, however, insisted upon it; for the Parson, he said, would have his due; upon which the poor woman, with great reluctance and murmuring, paid the demand. But Dr. Sherlock, who intended to make her amends, sent her word by his servant that he would come and drink tea with her. At this the woman was enraged, and said, "What should he come to drink tea with me for? He has already distressed me enough by taking the shilling from me; and would he distress me more?" The servant, however, pacified her, and gave her a shilling for the tea. In the afternoon the Doctor came, and being seated, he told her she did very well in paying the shilling, as he could not mitigate the legal dues of the church, for such a custom might injure his successor; but having found, upon inquiry, that she bore a very good character, and that her husband was honest and industrious, he gave her ten guineas to relieve her family from the miseries in which he saw them, and to purchase some household necessaries, of which they were quite destitute, having sold all for their support.

DOCTOR WATTS.

Dr. Watts was remarkable for his vivacity in conversation, although he was never forward in the display of it. Being one day in a coffee-room with some friends, he overheard a gentleman say, "What! is that the great Dr. Watts?" The Doctor, who was of low stature, turned suddenly round, and, with great good humour, repeated a verse from one of his lyric poems, which produced a silent admiration of his modesty and talents:—

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or mete the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man."

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The poetical precocity of this gentleman was so remarkable, that he may absolutely be said to have lisped in numbers. To check his propensity to rhyme, even in common conversation, his father was once about to chastise him, when the unfortunate little delinquent preferred the following petition:—

"Pray, father, on me pity take,
And verses I no more will make."

RECORDS OF THE CHURCH.

IGNATIUS.

AN EXAMPLE OF PRIMITIVE FAITH.

TRAJAN, the Roman Emperor, commanded the martyrdom of Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch. This holy man is supposed to be the person whom, when an infant, Christ took into his arms, and showed to his disciples. And it is also said that he received the Gospel from St. John the Evangelist. He boldly defended the faith of Christ before the Emperor, for which he was grievously tormented, by scourging, his flesh burned by papers dipped in oil, and torn by red-hot pincers, &c.

But before he suffered martyrdom, he wrote to several churches, to confirm them in the faith of the Gospel. In his "Epistle to the Ephesians," he observes, "Though I am in bonds for the name of Christ, I am not as yet perfect in Christ Jesus. Now I begin to be a disciple." Surprising language! What deep humility! An aged Bishop, the disciple of St. John, just about going to martyrdom, yet says, "Now I begin to be a disciple." What a lesson to Christians, to acknowledge themselves "less than the least!" Again, in a letter to the Magnesians, he says, "It becomes us not only to be *called*, but to *be* Christians."

In an epistle to the Romans he says, "Living, but in love with dying, I write unto you: my love is crucified, and there is not in me a fire of love towards anything of an earthly matter, but living water: and he that speaks within me says, 'Come unto the Father.'" In his letter to the Philadelphians, he says, "Children of the light, avoid wicked doctrines: follow as sheep your Pastor. If any do not preach Christ Jesus, they are to be funeral pillars, and monuments of the dead, upon whom names only are inscribed. Where division and anger is, God is not." And elsewhere he says, that "good and wicked men are like true and counterfeit money: the one seems to be good, and is not; the other both seems to be, and is, good." And, again, "Grace flowing from the blessed Spirit of God makes the soul like a fountain, whose water is pure, wholesome, and clear." Mark how ready he was to suffer for Christ. "Let fire, cross, breaking of bones, quartering my members, crushing my body, or all the torments that men and devils can invent, befall me, so that I may enjoy my Lord Jesus. It is better for me to die for Christ Jesus, than to reign over the ends of the earth." Such was the holy and heavenly man who was torn to pieces by lions, in the year 107 or 108. He zealously supported the Divinity of Christ.

MISSIONARY FACTS.

IGNORANCE OF THE BUSHMEN OF AFRICA.

A BUSHMAN family, coming for water, remained at the waggons. It consisted of the husband and his wife, a younger brother, two daughters, eleven and twelve years of age, and a child of about eighteen months, which the mother continued to suckle. The man had a bow, and a quiver full of poisoned arrows. They had part of the entrails of a zebra filled with water, from which they frequently drank, and then filled five ostrich-shells with water to carry home. We gave the man a piece of tobacco, for which he nodded, and uttered some words in a low tone, expressive of thanks; but on giving him the skin of a sheep killed in the morning, he added to his former expressions of gratitude, by knocking with his elbows against his sides. Inquiring how long it was since he had washed his skin, which was extremely dirty, after considering a little, he said he could not tell, but that it must be a long time. His wife laughed heartily at the question. One of the daughters, after grinding the tobacco between two stones into snuff, mixed it with the white ashes of the fire: the mother then took a pinch of the composition, putting the remainder into a piece of goat's skin, among the hair, and folded it up for future use.—*Campbell's Travels.*

INGENUITY OF THE MATEEBES.

"ON the 5th of April, 1820," says Mr. C., "I visited a smith, who makes knives and assagais, or spears. His implements were few, having a stone for an anvil, a rough-made iron hammer, the head of which might weigh about a pound, and two small bellows

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made of skin, with a piece of cow-horn at one end, through which the blast went, the other end being open like a purse, and sewed to two round pieces of wood. These bellows were laid upon the ground opposite the fire, with a heavy stone to keep the under-side steady. He effected a blast by quickly raising and depressing the upper side of the bellows, and with equal ease blew both at the same time. The iron which he wrought came from the north-east, higher up the country." —*Ibid.*

CRUELTY OF HEATHENISM.

Two Bush-girls, whom I wished to see, in consequence of what I had heard of their history, were brought to the waggons. The eldest, whom they have named Flora, was about ten years of age; the youngest, Sabina, was only two years and a half old. When their mother died, their grandmother insisted that they should be thrown into the same grave with her, and buried alive; but this was prevented by the interference of Adam Kok. Being disappointed in her cruel purpose, she afterwards threatened to murder them; when Kok told her that, if she did so, she should be severely punished; which made her desert the kraal, and leave the children to be supported by any one who chose to do it. Kok, having many children dependent on him, asked his son to take them under his protection. There was a third and elder girl, whom I did not see.

An institution at Griqua-Town, for receiving, supporting, and educating orphan Bushmen children, might save many lives, and be of essential service to the children themselves. The expense would be comparatively trifling. A few pounds annually laid out in the purchase of beads, would procure a sufficient number of cows from the natives higher up the country to support the institution.—*Ibid.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPUCHIN FRIARS.

A VOITURE broke down in a rough road, near the small town of Gondrecourt, and it became necessary to repair it. There was a good deal to do, and but few workmen; so that there was every prospect of a pretty long delay. The traveller, desirous of filling up the interval agreeably, sauntered towards a Capuchin friary, which he espied at a little distance, very pleasantly situated on a rising mount. He rung the bell, and on one of the Fathers making his appearance, politely stated the circumstance which caused his detention, and requested to be admitted in the meanwhile to partake of the hospitality of their convent. The Capuchins have little, but what they have they bestow freely. They gave the stranger a welcome reception; and on entering into conversation with him, were greatly pleased to find that they had not, for a long time, received within their walls a more agreeable or entertaining guest. On everything he had something pertinent to say, and said it in such a way as if it gave him a world of pains to differ in sentiment with any human being. During a plain dinner, of which they invited him to partake, the conversation turned on theology, or, as it has been sarcastically termed, the Capuchin philosophy. The stranger showed he knew almost as much about it as the Fathers themselves; and seemed to know the more that he agreed with their opinions of the subject. They spoke of the different Capuchin houses in France, Germany, and Italy: the stranger proved to be better informed of this interesting part of geography than they could possibly have imagined, and was particularly happy in illustrating the talent which the sons of St. Francis have for finding out beautiful situations. Some traits were mentioned of the humility of the good St. Francis d'Assize: the stranger admired them, and admired in his turn some others of which the Fathers were ignorant. The fraternity became in the end quite enchanted with their guest, and as the best service they could do him, proposed that he should become one of their order. The stranger, still meek and complying, replied that he would think of it; that he felt deeply sensible of the honour which they proposed to him; that he was sorely afraid they judged too favourably of his mind and temper; but that he would institute a strict self-examination, and perhaps the day might ere long arrive when he would seek among them that happiness which the vain world could never afford. A messenger now announced that the voiture was repaired and ready: the whole convent were in affliction, nor was the stranger suffered to part without an interchange of the warmest assurances of everlasting esteem and remembrance. The reader may be curious to know who the individual was who had thus gained the hearts of the Capuchins. It was M. de Voltaire.

A TIGER FIGHT IN JAVA.

THE exhibition took place on an extensive plain near the town, just after daybreak. A square of men, armed with native spears, was formed three deep, and one hundred yards across. Inside this square was placed a box, resembling in shape a coffin, but much larger, containing a royal tiger, fresh from his native forests, which had been brought to

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town the day previously for this express purpose. Imagine everything ready; the square formed, the box in its centre, and a silent multitude looking on; some perched on trees, some on the coach-boxes of the numerous carriages, others on horseback, and thousands on foot; whilst the native Chief of the district, with his friends, and the European officials of the place, occupied a gay pavilion, placed in an advantageous situation for viewing the coming strife. A native Javan, in full dress, is now seen advancing into the square, followed by two coolies or porters, one carrying a bundle of straw, the other a lighted torch. The straw is thrown over the box, and the torch-bearer stands ready to set fire to it at the end where the tiger's head is, the box being too narrow to permit his turning round in it. The leading native then lifts a sliding door at the other extremity of the box, carefully covering the opening thus made with mats, to prevent the light from penetrating, and inducing his royal highness to back out too soon. This operation completed, the straw is set on fire. The native and his two coolies now retire slowly, keeping time to Javanese music as they make their way outside the square. By this time the fire has got fair hold of the box, filling it with smoke, and the tiger begins his retreat, his berth becoming rather warm. Presently his hind-quarters appear issuing through the sliding doorway, its covering of mat readily yielding to the pressure: by degrees, his hind-feet gain firm footing outside, and his whole body is soon displayed. On appearing, he seemed rather confused for a few seconds, and, laying himself quietly down, looked all around upon his foes, and gave a roar that made the welkin ring, and my young heart quake a little. He then rose, deliberately shook himself, turned towards the rising sun, set off, first at a walk, then at a trot, which he gradually increased to a smart canter, till within a few yards of the points of the spears pointed at him; he then came to the charge, and made a spring that surprised me, and I fancy every one present. I am afraid to say how high he leaped, but he was on the *descent* before a single spear touched him. This leap was evidently made with the intention of getting clear of the men and their spears too: and he most certainly would have accomplished it, had he not leaped too soon, and fallen within the square,—the height of the spring was quite sufficient for the purpose. As it was, when on the descent, the spears of the six men nearest him being pointed at his breast, one of them inflicted a frightful wound. On reaching the ground, the noble beast struggled hard for his liberty; but, finding his efforts of no avail, he ultimately started off at full gallop to the opposite side of the square, where he renewed his exertions, though with less vigour than that displayed on his first attempt, and with no better success. He then gallopped twice round the square, just at the point of the spears. Not a man advanced to touch him, it being a rule that the tiger must come within the range of the spears before they can be used. He was ultimately killed while making a third attempt to escape, and thus ended the sport.

His first charge was very brilliant and exciting; his second much less so; his third and last very feeble. Immediately after the tiger's death, the same ceremonies were gone through with a leopard, who took the spearmen rather by surprise, and, instead of trying to leap over their heads, darted in under their spears, got among their feet, and effected his retreat, to the no small consternation of the surrounding multitude, who soon scattered in all directions. He was, however, pursued by the men he had baffled, and was killed under a bridge in the immediate neighbourhood.

CATCHING AN ALLIGATOR.

The intrepid fisherman killed a sucking-pig, and ran a moderately thick stick through the entire length of its body, which he cut open. To the middle of this stick he attached an iron chain, eight or ten feet long, by means of a clamp, and then further elongated the chain by fastening a cord to it. Armed with two strong barbed iron lances, he went on board his light canoe, and put out a short distance from the shore, while we remained in the hut, watching his proceedings with great interest and curiosity. At a venture he threw the pig into the river, and scarcely a minute had elapsed, ere a pair of enormous widely-extended jaws rose above the surface, and quickly disappeared with the treacherous prize. The fisherman took advantage of this moment, to fasten the end of the rope to his canoe, and also, to attach his two lances by long ropes to the boat. The voracious animal soon devoured his booty, and drew the boat, which, of course, followed his every movement, first to one side of the river, and then to the other, always seeking the deepest water. The rope being continually drawn tighter and tighter, the alligator darted with great violence above the surface, whereupon the Negro vigorously thrust the lance at his head, and the monster again dived. Certain of approaching victory, he stood calmly with uplifted lance, watching for an opportunity of throwing it again, whenever his adversary might rise above the surface. We were much astonished at the man's patient assiduity; for there was once a pause of half an hour, during which the animal did not appear; but as he gradually became weaker, he rose more frequently, and at last always with his jaws wide open. The numerous wounds inflicted by the lance, and consequent loss of blood, so completely exhausted the poor alligator, that he had great difficulty in drawing the boat after him; but

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suddenly collecting all his remaining strength, he pulled the boat on one side with such violence, that the fisherman fell into the water. In an instant he dexterously flung himself into the boat, and continued to strike his antagonist with his harpoon. The combat lasted near an hour and a half, when the alligator yielded, without resistance, to the superior force of the Negro, who gradually brought his boat alongside of us, and then, suddenly leaping on shore, fastened the rope to a cocoa-palm in front of his hut. He then fearlessly approached the animal, which was nearly covered with water, and deprived him of all possibility of escape, by inflicting several deep wounds.

Life was not extinct, when the alligator was abandoned to his fate, but it was devoted to inevitable death; and when we gave the man his promised guerdon, he observed coolly, that he would gladly exhibit a similar proof of his skill every day.

This animal was twenty feet long.—*Tuckey's Visit to S. W. Africa.*

EASTERN SALUTATIONS.

The Eastern salutations differ considerably, according to the difference of rank of the persons they salute.

"The common salutation," Sandys says, "is laying the right hand on the bosom, and a little declining their bodies; but when they salute a person of great rank, they bow almost to the ground, and kiss the hem of his garment." Egmont and Heyman, agreeably to this, tell us, that two Greek noblemen that introduced them to the exiled Cham of Tartary, who resided at Scio, kissed his robe at their entrance, and that they took their leave of him with the same ceremonies; and Dr. Pococke, that when he attended the English Consul on a visit of ceremony which he made the Pasha of Tripoli, upon his return from meeting the Mecca caravan, the two Dragomen (or interpreters of the Consul) kissed the Pasha's garment, and put it to their foreheads, as soon as he was seated, when he granted a request that was made, and when they went away. Pitts, Le Bruyn, and Thevenot, agree with Sandys also in the accounts they give of the common salutation. Which compliment the last-mentioned author tells us, he saw the Grand Signior himself pay the people, when he rode through the streets of Constantinople in great state: "He saluted all the people, having his right hand constantly on his breast, bowing first to one side, and then to the other; and the people,

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with a low and respectful voice, wished him all happiness and prosperity." This form of salutation, then, between equals, is what superiors also sometimes use to those that are much below them. Dr. Shaw observes, that in these respects the Arabs were just the same two or three thousand years ago as they are now; and ceremonies of the like kind, we may believe, were used anciently among the neighbouring people too, as they are at this time. So our Lord represents a servant as falling down at his master's feet when he had a favour to beg; and an inferior servant as paying the same compliment to the first, who was, it seems, a servant of a higher class. (Matt. xviii. 26, 29.) In like manner the Evangelist Luke tells us, that Jairus fell down at our Lord's feet when he begged he would go and heal his daughter; (ch. viii. 41;) that St. Peter fell at the feet of Jesus, after the present Arab mode, I presume; (ch. v. 8;) and he represents the woman troubled with the issue of blood, as touching the hem of his garment, which, I suppose, means kissing it. (Ch. viii. 44.) The other inhabitants of that country, we find, used the same ceremonies: so the Syro-Phœnician woman fell at our Lord's feet; (Mark vii. 25, 26;) not to mention the instances of remoter antiquity in the Old Testament.—*Harmer.*

THE LATE SIR PHILIP DURHAM'S ESCAPE FROM THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

One of Mr. Durham's earlier adventures was to keep his head above water when the "Royal George" went down; one of his later, to recover some property from that vessel, when it had been fifty-nine years under water. The escape was very narrow, and accomplished only by characteristic promptitude. "I pulled off my coat, and leapt overboard. I soon got hold of a hammock that had floated off the deck. At this moment I was twice carried down by a marine, whom I shook off by tearing the waistcoat loose by which he clung. I then, by throwing my arms about, got hold of a spar, and was carried into the wake of the ship, when I got hold of the signal halyards (a curious circumstance, as I was signal officer). I continued to hang by them until one of the seamen swam up, and said, 'Give me hold of those halyards, and I will tow you up.' This he did, and I sat on the mast-head for near an hour. [When the "Royal George" finally settled down, her masts stood nearly upright, the cap of her bowsprit appeared above water, and the Admiral's flag remained flying at the mizen topmast-head.] It is a curious fact, that the body of the marine who clung to Mr. Durham was washed on shore about a fortnight afterwards, with the waistcoat firmly twisted round his arm; a pencil-case, bearing Mr. Durham's initials, was found in the pocket, and restored to its owner. Another interesting relic of the wreck was recovered during Colonel Pasley's operations in 1841, and which Sir Philip identified as having been his property: it was a stamp he employed for marking his books, linen, &c. The types were in a perfect state of preservation, though they had been in the great deep for nearly sixty years."—*Memoir by Captain Murray.*

VARIOUS MODES OF PREACHING.

Mr. Rowland Hill was a great observer of the different modes of preaching, and once drew up, in his peculiar style, a string of characteristics of the various kinds of pulpit orators. He thus describes them:—*Bold manner.* The man who preaches what he feels without fear or diffidence. *Self-confident.* A man who goes by nobody's judgment but his own. *Rash.* A Preacher who says what comes uppermost, without any consideration. *Rambling.* A man that says all that pops in his mind without any connexion. *Stiff.* One who pins himself down to think and speak without any deviation. *Powerful.* The man who preaches from the bottom of his heart the truth of the Gospel with energy, to the consciences of his people. *Finical.* Minces out fine words with nothing in them. *Sober.* The man who lulls you fast asleep. *Elegant.* The man who employs all his brains upon dressing words, without ever aiming at the heart. *Conceited.* Vainly aims at everything, and says nothing. *Welsh manner.* A man that bawls out very good things till he can bawl no longer. * * * * *Dogmatic.* A man who goes by his own brains, right or wrong. *Peevish.* One who picks into everybody's thoughts, and thinks no one right but himself. *Fanciful.* One who, instead of being led by wisdom, runs after a thousand visionary whimsies and conceits. *Self-important.* Thinks nobody like himself. *Noisy.* A loud roar, and nothing in it. *Genteel.* The vain fool that is fond of dressing up words without meaning.—He once said of a man who knew the truth, and seemed afraid to preach it in its fulness, "He preaches the Gospel as the donkey mumbles the thistle, very cautiously." A very fine Dissenter, with a Doctor's degree, fresh from the north, once paid him a visit: he fidgetted about all the time he was talking. When he left the room, Mr. Hill lifted up his eyes, and said, in his most comic tone of voice, "Only think that a D.D. degree should ever be converted into a pedestal for a puppy!"—*Life of the Rev. R. Hill.*

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BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. DOBSON,

Of Jarrow, Durham.

MRS. ELIZABETH DOBSON was born on the last day of February, 1813. Her parents were members of the Wesleyan-Methodist society at Sunderland, of which her father was a pious Class-Leader. She was early taught the ways of the Lord, not only under the parental roof, but by the Wesleyan ministry, and also in the Wesleyan Sabbath-school, in which she became a diligent Teacher. While yet young, she was bereft of her parents, and, consequently, became the subject of orphan vicissitude; but she never wholly lost the benefit of early religious training. It was not, however, till about the twenty-fifth year of her age that she found the pearl of great price. By repentance towards God, and faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ, she obtained the forgiveness of sins; received the Spirit of adoption, crying, Abba, Father; experienced the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost; and, from that time, brought forth gracious fruit. And now, having given herself to the God of her father, she gave herself to her father's people; joined the Wesleyan society, and continued a consistent and approved member till she joined the church above.

In September, 1843, she was married to Mr. Dobson. For some time they resided in the North-Shields Circuit, and then removed to Jarrow, in the South-Shields Circuit, where, in consequence of delicate health, Mrs. Dobson was unable to attend the means of grace. She was, however, resigned to the will of God, and enjoyed at home no small measure of his supporting and sanctifying grace. At this place she was confined of her only child. After the first few days, which gave good hope of recovery, unfavourable symptoms appeared, and it soon became evident that the time of her departure was at hand. The trial was sharp, but her love to her Saviour was stronger than all earthly attachments. Her treasure and heart were in heaven. She had much bodily pain, but she bore it with great meekness and patience. Hearing one of the neighbours remark that her affliction was great, she said, "If you suffered as much as I do, you would suffer a great deal; but what are my sufferings compared to those endured for me by the great Redeemer?" I had the pleasure of visiting her the day before she died; and never shall I forget the interview. The scene was one on which angels might have gazed with pleasure. When I entered the room, she was singing those beautiful lines:

"My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'Tis heaven below."

As soon as she saw me, she said, "Come and talk with a dying Christian." I did so: and truly her conversation was in heaven. She spoke of earthly things as shadowy and transient, and of the glories of paradise as substantial and eternal, in a way which clearly evinced the possession of a meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light.

In her last hours her faith was eminently triumphant. "I love my child," said she, "and I love my husband; but the good God who now sustains me in the hour of trial, is able to save them both unto everlasting life." Thus, saved by grace, and ready for glory, her happy spirit fled to its mansion above, near the midnight of the 14th of March, 1845.

"With songs let us follow her flight,
And mount with her spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love."

JOHN TROTTER.

POPERY.

TWENTY POPES APPEARING AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

(*Continued from p. 155.*)

IX.—ALEXANDER VI.

Alexander. AM I indeed before the door of heaven? I had not reckoned so.

Peter. Not reckoned so! What dost thou mean?

Alexander. A very mischievous trick has been played me. I dug a ditch for others, and am fallen into it myself.

Peter. That is the usual way: but be pleased to be more explicit.

Alexander. See! There were some Cardinals whom I hated intensely. How was I to get rid of them? I knew a trick. Some bottles of poisoned wine were to send them to eternal sleep; but, by some silly mistake, I drank them myself: and thus thou seest me here much sooner than I intended.

Peter. But why didst thou desire to poison just Cardinals?

Alexander. Did not they surround me? Being Pope, were they not always in my way?

Peter. But even if they had been guilty, thou shouldst not have endeavoured to poison them.

Alexander. Guilty or not, that was nothing

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to me. I hated them, that was enough; and why not poison them? It is a fact, that certain deeds are best performed in secret.

Peter. Evil certainly shuns the light.

Alexander. The pretended difference between good and evil, right and wrong, is what I never cared for. I lived to enjoy, and every means for that purpose was welcome to me.

Peter. How could they elect thee Pope with such principles?

Alexander. In the usual way I should not have been elected, for I was considered one of the most vicious men in Italy; and was so, according to what the mob call virtue and vice; but I resorted to bribery, a means which is as safe as it is convenient.

Peter. And didst thou always keep to these principles whilst thou wert Pope?

Alexander. Decidedly. I wanted enjoyment, no matter where or how I obtained it; and I can tell thee I have tasted it in full draughts. O!.....

Peter. Who was this Lucretia?

Alexander. My concubine and my daughter.

Peter. Thy daughter and thy concubine?

Alexander. Even so.....

Peter. Then thou didst not even dread the horrid crime of incest?

Alexander. Incest! All such foolish prejudices I had long ago rejected.....

Peter. Then thy daughter was married?

Alexander. Four times. From her four husbands she was either divorced, or she killed them, just as she thought most convenient.

Peter. The daughter was an honour to the father.

Alexander. I tell thee, yes: we understood one another, and she was worthy to be my daughter. Therefore she was my darling in every respect.

Peter. According to this thou seemest to have regarded the Papal See only as a safe retreat for voluptuousness and lewdness.

Alexander. That is true. However, I provided well for my children, of whom I had six before I was chosen Pope.

Peter. In what manner didst thou provide for them?

Alexander. In the shortest and easiest manner. I contrived to find rich husbands for my daughters, and gave archbishoprics to my four sons, or seized upon portions of the Pope's estate, which I gave to them. The noble and rich families of Rome were indeed sorely cheated; but I could not help them, as I wished to give their riches to my sons.

Peter. This was certainly short and easy; but was it honest? I suppose thou didst not care for this?

Alexander. I never did. If I had heeded such considerations, and had my hands thus bound, I should rather not have been Pope at all. How, for instance, could I have decided that important question between the Spaniards and Portuguese, if it could only have been done by honesty?

Peter. What contest was that?

Alexander. The Spaniards had discovered large tracts of country westward, and the Portuguese eastward, and taken possession of them; but they had got into dispute about them, and brought the affair before my tribunal. To say the truth, the matter did not concern me. How could I claim a right to decide about those countries which were not mine, and which I had never heard of? But that did not trouble me for a moment. I behaved like my predecessors, considering the whole earth my own, as the vicegerent of Christ, and decided the question off-hand.

Peter. And how didst thou decide?

Alexander. I drew a line from the north pole to the south pole, declaring that all the countries which were to be reached by sailing westward from this line, should belong to the Spaniards, and those by sailing eastward to the Portuguese. Perhaps thou wilt think this was not honest, but it was well considered.

Peter. Thou thinkest so; but I look upon it as ridiculous.

Alexander. How so?

Peter. Not to speak of thy presumption and impudence in this affair, I ask whether thou didst not see that both parties, when sailing on in the direction prescribed, would be sure to meet, and again come into contact? Didst thou, who calledst thyself infallible, not perceive what would be the infallible result of thy decision?

Alexander. I do not understand thee.

Peter. But I dare say thou wilt understand me, when I tell thee that thou art here entirely out of place.

Alexander. I thought so, but deemed the question worth a trial.

Peter. Sodom and Gomorrah perished on account of their profligacy; but greater wickedness was not displayed there than thou hast committed.

Alexander. Don't trouble thyself any further. I shall look for my equal, and go to old father Satan.

[*Note.*—It has not been proved to a certainty that Pope Alexander died of poison, which he had intended for others. But is there any reason for doubt?]

(*To be continued.*)

POPERY IN NEW-ZEALAND.

The Roman Catholic Priests in this country are Frenchmen, and the Jesuitical art pursued by them in their endeavours to make proselytes, and to induce the Heathen to embrace their creed, are perfectly in character with the proceedings of their brethren in other parts of the world, and the New-Zealanders on every hand are invited to embrace

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the doctrines and customs of the Roman Church, and many are recognised as converts. It is, however, a pleasing fact, that the New Testament Scriptures are extensively circulated, and there is still a continued call for them. The New-Zealanders, in general, are an inquiring people; and as they must have the *why* and the *wherefore* for everything new proposed to them, it is hoped that with the word of God in their hands they will find out the truth, and that the truth will make them free from the Romish system of bondage. Some of the best-informed nations connected with us, who have long made the word of God their study day and night, are sometimes brought into collision with the Priests, and the merits of Protestantism and Popery are discussed, and the nakedness of the latter is exposed by the New-Zealanders. A short time since, the Priest in Hokianga told one of the Protestant Chiefs, named Raniera, that Martin Luther, John Calvin, and John Wesley, were rotten branches, cut off from the parent root, the Romish Church, which is sound and flourishing. When they conversed together, they were near a *karaka* tree, a beautiful, laurel-like evergreen, and *which was rotting at the root*, while the branches were healthy, and bearing fruit. "There," exclaimed Raniera, "is an emblem of your Church! Your Church is dead or dying; but the Protestant Churches are alive. You build upon Peter; but they build upon Christ."

Raniera on this occasion questioned him respecting his warrant for the worship of images; and the Priest adduced the command of God to Moses to make a serpent of brass, as recorded in Numbers xxi. The Chief told him he was wrong,—that the serpent was a type of Christ; and referred to the passage in John iii. 14: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life:" and he appeared confounded. This needs no comment.

WILLIAM WOON.

SIR EDWARD COKE'S OPINION OF THE JESUITS.

THE cat having a long time preyed upon the mice, the poor creatures, at last, for their safety, contained themselves within their holes; but the cat finding his prey to cease, as being known to the mice that he was indeed their enemy and a. cat, deviseth this course following, namely, changeth his hue, getting on a religious habit, shaveth his crown, walks gravely by their holes, and yet perceiving that the mice kept their holes, and looking out, suspected the worst, he formally, and father-like, said unto them: "*Quod fueram non sum, frater, caput aspice tonsum;*"—"O brother, I am not as you take me for, no more a cat; see my habit and shaven crown." Hereupon some of the more credulous and bold among them were again, by this deceit, snatched up; and therefore, when afterwards he came, as before, to entice them forth, they would come out no more, but answered, "*Cor tibi restat idem, vix tibi præsto fidem;*"—"Talk what you can, we will never believe you; you bear still a cat's heart within you." And so here the Jesuits, yea and Priests too; for they are all joined in the tails, like Sampson's foxes: Ephraim against Manasseh, and Manasseh against Ephraim; and both against Judah.—*Speech of Sir E. Coke, Lord Chief Justice of England, in Roscoe's "British Lawyer."*

A SPECIMEN OF POPISH MIRACLES.

A MOST curious and laughable circumstance happened in the course of a contest at one of the Madonna churches, containing an image of the Virgin, which was held in the greatest repute by the inhabitants, in consequence of the numerous miracles said to be performed by it in former times. The Priests thought, that making this image speak in favour of their patron, Don Miguel, would be an irrefutable argument with the people for his pretensions. With this intention, a *novena* was ordered in honour of the image, and the church splendidly decorated for its celebration. The people assembled in crowds from all parts of the city to pay their *devoirs* to the Virgin, and to hear the panegyric delivered in her honour. The Preacher, after enumerating the many benefits, temporal and spiritual, which the people derived from their devotion to the Queen of heaven, and after relating the many miracles performed by the image then and there worshipped, turning toward the image itself, and casting himself on his knees before it, (in which idolatrous act he was imitated by his audience,) he addressed to it a fervent prayer, for the good of the Church, and implored it to manifest, by a miracle, whether she was well pleased that Don Miguel should reign over the kingdom of Portugal. The image, *mirabile dictu!* bowed its head, in sign of assent, three times in succession, before the eyes of the assembled multitude, all of which, with one voice, simultaneously cried out, "*A miracle! a miracle! Long live Miguel I., the chosen of the Virgin, and the beloved of heaven.*" This miracle was repeated frequently on the following days of the festival, and in presence of a still greater concourse, attracted by its fame, which spread in an incredibly short time, not only through Lisbon, but through the greater part of Portugal. It was even repeated by the Miguelite officers to their soldiers at the head of the ranks, and had, as it was intended, the effect of exciting their zeal in the cause of the petty tyrant; as Miguel proved himself to be for the comparatively short time that he was in possession of the usurped throne.

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The last day but one, however, of its acting was destined to open the eyes of the people, and to give them an idea of what priestcraft is capable of, in order to arrive at its ends. At the close of the sermon, and when the Preacher turned, as usual, to apostrophize the image, and implore it to signify its assent and pleasure to Miguel's government, by moving the head, as it had done the seven preceding days, since the commencement of the *novena*, the image retained its inanimate position, to the great disappointment of the people, whose expectations were so highly wound up, and to the consternation of the Priests, who were privy to the cheat. The request was repeated with some additional flowers of rhetoric from the Preacher, and the most stunning vociferations from the people; but all in vain; the image neither moved its head, nor changed its position. At length, on the orator repeating the request the third time, and hinting that the Virgin was angry, on account of the presence of some freemasons, who mingled through curiosity among the crowd of worshippers, a voice was heard issuing from the inside of the image, and complainingly crying out, "It is not my fault that the Virgin does not move her head; for I have pulled the cord till it broke, and what can I do more?" The voice was distinctly heard by every one; but the speaker was invisible. At last, one of those who were present, more courageous than the rest, attempted to approach the image, but was repulsed repeatedly by the Priests, who well knew the consequence of the discovery; but, being seconded by some others equally desirous of unravelling the mystery, he at length succeeded in coming close to it, and on removing the folds of the garments, with which such-like images are decked out, he found an opening in the side, large enough for the admittance of a full-grown boy, whom he pulled out from the *viscera* of the Virgin, and who was immediately recognised as the nephew of the Bishop, placed there by his uncle; for what purpose, it does not require an extraordinary degree of acuteness to guess. The whole secret was now explained: the people met the discovery with the ridicule it so well merited, and little was wanting that they did not massacre on the spot the impostors who got up the cheat. These thought it their best plan to consult for their own safety by flight, which they immediately made good through the doors of the sacristy, amid the hisses and curses of the infuriated populace.—*Six Years in Monasteries of Italy.*

EDUCATION.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE attempt is being made in certain of the most obscure and squalid parts of the metropolis, where rooms are opened at night for the gratuitous instruction of all comers, children or adults, under the title of Ragged Schools. The name implies the purpose. They who are too ragged, wretched, filthy, and forlorn, to enter any other place; who could gain admission into no charity-school, and who would be driven from any church-door; are invited to come in here, and find some people not depraved willing to teach them something, and show them some sympathy, and stretch a hand out, which is not the iron hand of law, for their correction.

For the instruction, and as a first step in the reformation of such unhappy beings, the Ragged Schools were founded. I was first attracted to the subject, and, indeed, was first made conscious of their existence, about two years ago, or more, by seeing an advertisement in the papers, dated from West-street, Saffron-hill, stating "that a room had been opened and supported in that wretched neighbourhood for upwards of twelve months, where religious instruction had been imparted to the poor," and explaining, in a few words, what was meant by Ragged Schools as a generic term, including, then, four or five similar places of instruction. I wrote to the masters of this particular school to make some further inquiries, and went myself soon afterwards.

It was a hot summer night, and the air of Field-lane and Saffron-hill was not improved by such weather, nor were the people in those streets very sober or honest company. Being unacquainted with the exact locality of the school, I was fain to make some inquiries about it. These were very jocosely received in general; but everybody knew where it was, and gave the right direction to it. The prevailing idea among the loungers (the greater part of them the very sweepings of the streets and station-houses) seemed to be that the teachers were quixotic, and the school upon the whole "a lark." But there was certainly a kind of rough respect for the intention, and, as I have said, no body denied the school or its whereabout, or refused assistance in directing to it.

It consisted, at that time, of either two or three—I forget which—miserable rooms, upstairs in a miserable house. In the best of these, the pupils in the female-school were being taught to read and write: and though there were among the number many wretched creatures, steeped in degradation to the lips, they were tolerably quiet, and listened with apparent earnestness and patience to their instructers. The appearance of this room

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was sad and melancholy, of course; how could it be otherwise? but, on the whole, encouraging.

The close, low chamber at the back, in which the boys were crowded, was so foul and stifling as to be at first almost insupportable. But its moral aspect was so far worse than its physical, that this was soon forgotten. Huddled together on a bench about the room, and shown out by some flaring candles, stuck against the wall, were a crowd of boys, varying from mere infants to young men,—sellers of fruit, herbs, lucifer-matches, flints, sleepers under the dry arches of bridges, young thieves, and beggars; with nothing natural to youth about them; with nothing frank, ingenuous, or pleasant in their faces; low-browed, vicious, cunning, wicked; abandoned of all help but this, speeding downward to destruction, and unutterably ignorant.

This, reader, was one room, as full as it could hold: but these were only grains in sample of a multitude that are perpetually sifting through these schools; in sample of a multitude who had within them once, and perhaps have now, the elements of men as good as you or I, and, may-be, infinitely better; in sample of a multitude among whose doomed and sinful ranks (O think of this, and think of them!) the child of any man upon this earth, however lofty his degree, must, as by destiny and fate, be found, if, at his birth, it were consigned to such an infancy and nurture as these fallen creatures had.

This was the class I saw at the Ragged School. They could not be trusted with books: they could only be instructed orally; they were difficult of reduction to anything like attention, obedience, or decent behaviour; their benighted ignorance in reference to the Deity, or to any social duty, (how could they guess at any social duty, being so discarded by all social teachers but the jailer and the hangman?) was terrible to see. Yet even here, and among these, something had been done already. The Ragged School was of recent date, and very poor; but it had inculcated some association with the name of the Almighty which was not an oath; and had taught them to look forward in a hymn (they sang it) to another life, which would correct the miseries and woes of this.—*Daily News.*

TABLE-TALK.

THE CALUMET, OR PIPE OF PEACE.

The calumet is held in great reverence by the North American Indians, and is used in transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out; the stem is of cane, alder, or some kind of light wood, painted with different colours, and decorated with the heads, tails, and feathers of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf, or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance, or on any serious occasion, or solemn engagement; this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe, and all its ornaments, are red; sometimes it is red only on one side; and by the disposition of the feathers, &c., one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be as it were a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons; for as they think that smoking tends to disperse the vapours of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, they introduced it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees; and as a pledge of their performance thereof, it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with: so that smoking among them at the same pipe, is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup. When a lover visits his mistress, which is always at night, he gently presents the lighted calumet to her. If she extinguishes it, she admits his addresses; but if she permits it to burn unnoticed, he retires disappointed and sad.—*Travels in North America.*

A LARGE FAMILY.

An epitaph in Lincoln cathedral runs as follows:—"Here lieth the body of Michael Honeywood, D.D., who was grandchild, and one of the three hundred and sixty-seven persons that Mary, the wife of Robert Honeywood, Esq., did see before she died lawfully descended from her; namely, sixteen children her own, one hundred and fourteen grandchildren, two hundred and twenty-eight of the third generation, and nine in the fourth. Mrs. Honeywood died in the year 1605, and in the seventy-eighth year of her age."

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LYNCHING IN FLORIDA.

A DREADFUL case of lynching recently took place on the border line between Georgia and Florida. A man named Yeomans was captured in December last by a set of regulators, for stealing Negroes, both slave and free, and selling them in other States. It appears he had been previously arrested, but had obtained his release under a writ of *habeas corpus*. The regulators retook him, tried, and convicted him, after their fashion, and sentenced him to death by a vote of six to one. When the unhappy man found that his doom was sealed, our account says he "fell as though he had been shot, but soon recovered, and asked the presiding officer to pray for him. He called upon a Preacher of the Gospel, three or four of whom were present, participating in the proceedings, to pray for the prisoner; and, strange to say, every man present knelt upon the ground, and joined in a most solemn and impressive prayer to God, that he would grant the wretched criminal that mercy which they themselves were in the act of refusing him!" What a melancholy picture does this account present of the dehumanizing and demoralizing tendency of slavery!

QUAINT IDEA OF PLEASURE IN HEAVEN.

JEREMY TAYLOR, speaking of the widow of a blacksmith who was constantly labouring to procure the necessaries of life, thus beautifully but quaintly portrays her character:—"Thus she lived, poor, patient, and resigned. Her heart was a passion-flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ. Her ideas of heaven were few and simple. She rejected the doctrine that it was the place of constant activity, and not of repose, and believed that when she at length reached it, she should work no more, *but sit always in a clean white apron, and sing psalms.*"

METHOD OF FIXING PENCIL AND CHALK DRAWINGS.

FOR pencil-drawings, a thin solution of isinglass answers the purpose. It should be allowed to run over the drawing, or be very carefully applied with a soft camel's-hair pencil. For chalk-drawings, make a thin solution of size, put it in a flat dish, pass the drawing from one side to the other under the liquid, taking care that the liquid comes in contact with every part of it. The friction of a camel's-hair pencil would injure the drawing. When it is completely wetted, fasten it to the edge of a table, or to a string, by means of two or three pins, until dry. Crayon or charcoal drawings would be spoiled by this process, and for fixing them the paper should be washed over with a solution of size in the first instance. When quite dry, the surface is in a good state for making the drawing: after which it should be inverted, and held horizontally over steam. The steam melts the size, which absorbs the charcoal or crayon, and when it has again become dry, the drawing is fixed. This process may be repeated several times during the progress of a drawing, the effect being increased each time.—*Pharmaceutical Journal.*

TAILORS.

SIR JOHN HARKWOOD was usually styled Joannes Acutus, from the sharpness, it is said, of his needle or his sword. Fuller, the historian, says, he turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield. He was the son of a tanner, was bound apprentice to a tailor, and pressed for a soldier. He served under Edward III., and was knighted; distinguished himself at the battle of Poictiers, where he gained the esteem of the Black Prince, and finished his military career in the pay of the Florentines. He died in 1394, at Hedington, in Essex, his native place, where there is a monument to his memory. Sir Ralph Blackwell was his fellow-apprentice, also knighted for his bravery by Edward III., married his master's daughter, and founded Blackwell-Hall. John Speed, the historian, was a Cheshire tailor; and John Stowe, the antiquary, was also a tailor: he was born in London, in 1525, and lived to the age of eighty. Benjamin Robins was the son of a tailor at Bath: he compiled Lord Anson's "Voyage round the World." Elliot's regiment of light-horse was chiefly composed of tailors; and the first man who suggested the idea of abolishing the slave-trade was Thomas Woolman, a Quaker and tailor of New-Jersey. He published many tracts on this species of traffic, went great distances to consult individuals on the subject, on which business he came to England, and went to York, where he caught the small-pox, and died October 7th, 1772.—*Old Magazine.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

NICOMEDE. (JUNE 1ST.)

NICOMEDE was a pupil of St. Peter, and was discovered to be a Christian by his burying Felicula, a martyr, in a very honourable manner. He was beaten to death with leaden plummets, on account of his religion, in the reign of Domitian.

This day is kept by the Jews, in remem-

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brance of their being prevented by Jeroboam from bringing the first-fruits to Jerusalem.

On the 3d the Jews commemorate the death of Rabbi Simeon, son of Gamaliel, and also that of Rabbi Hananiah, burnt alive by the Romans, and the law with him.

ST. BONIFACE. (JUNE 5TH.)

BONIFACE was a SAXON Presbyter, born in England, and at first called Winfrid. He was sent as a Missionary, by Pope Gregory II., into Germany, where he made so many converts that he was distinguished by the title of the *German Apostle*. He was created Bishop of Ments in the year 145. Boniface was one of the first Priests of his day, and was also a great friend and admirer of the venerable Bede. He was murdered in a barbarous manner by the populace near Utrecht, while preaching the Christian religion.

ST. BARNABAS. (JUNE. 11TH.)

OUR saint's proper name was Joses: he was descended of the tribe of Levi, and born at Cyprus. His parents, being rich, had him educated at Jerusalem, under the care of Gamaliel, a learned Jew; and, after his conversion, he preached the Gospel with Paul, in various countries, for fourteen years. Barnabas suffered martyrdom at Salamis, in his native island: being shut up all night in the synagogue by some Jews, he was, the next morning, cruelly tortured, and afterwards stoned to death. The epistle which he wrote is considered genuine, though not admitted into the canon of the church.

ST. ALBAN. (JUNE 17TH.)

ST. ALBAN, the first Christian martyr in this island, suffered in 303. He was converted to Christianity by Amphialus, a Priest of Carleon, in Monmouthshire, who, flying from persecution, was hospitably entertained by St. Alban, at Verulam, in Hertfordshire, now called from him St. Alban's. Amphialus, being closely pursued, made his escape, dressed in St. Alban's clothes. This, however, being soon discovered, exposed St. Alban to the fury of the Pagans; and our saint, refusing to perform the sacrifice to their gods, was first miserably tortured, and then put to death.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Baker, Mrs. Agnes,	Mevagissey,	St. Austle,	70	Feb. 22d, 1846.
Bateson, Miss,	Wortley,	Bramley,		Jan. 26th, 1846.
Candell, Mrs.,	Carnew,	Newtownbarry,		Jan. 9th, 1846.
Chapman, Miss,		Margate,	18	Jan. 25th, 1846.
Cooksey, Mrs.,	Kidderminster,	Stourport,	61	Mar. 5th, 1846.
Dearlove, Mrs.,	Higham-Park,	Higham-Ferrers,	61	Dec. 1st, 1845.
Dolman, Mr. William,	Burton,	Burton-on-Trent,	40	Mar. 8th, 1846.
Fisher, Mrs. Ann,	Briston,	Holt,	75	Jan. 10th, 1846.
Gregory, Mr. R.,		Blyth,	75	Feb. 21st, 1846.
Gurr, Mrs. Caroline,		Dover,	84	Sept. 25th, 1845.
Hall, Mrs.,		Birmingham West,	74	Feb. 18th, 1846.
Harlow, Mrs.,	Minster,	Margate,	70	Jan. 27th, 1846.
Hill, Mrs. Sarah,		Luton,	75	Mar. 2d, 1846.
Keys, Mrs.,	Bailieborough,	County of Cavan,	63	Mar. 3d, 1846.
Lucas, Miss,	Carlingford,	Dundalk,	24	Mar. 6th, 1846.
Matthews, Mrs.,	Barnsbury-Park,	Eighth London,	81	Mar. 12th, 1846.
Noton, Mr. Michael,	Winkbourne,	Mansfield,	72	Feb. 15th, 1846.
Oldfield, Mr. Thomas,	Cheetham-Hill	Manchester,	27	Mar. 7th, 1846.
Plows, Mrs.,		Birmingham West,	58	Jan. 15th, 1846.
Richardson, Mrs.,		Wigton,	74	Feb. 2d, 1846.
Shaw, Mrs.,	Southampton,			Mar. 18th, 1846.
Short, Mr. William,	SouthKillingholme	Barton,	79	Mar. 3d, 1846.
Skinner, Mrs.,	Seaton,	Axminster,	34	Mar. 3d, 1846.
Sperry, Mrs.,		Derby,		Jan. 29th, 1846.
Stobart, Mrs.,		Hexham,	80	Feb. 21st, 1846.
Tabb, Mrs.,	Commercial-road,	Third London,	26	Mar. 15th, 1846.
Tilcock, Mrs.,		St. Alban's,	70	Feb. 16th, 1846.
Trevor, Mr. Joseph,	Hemswell,	Gainsborough,	74	Mar. 7th, 1846.
Walker, Mrs.,	Keswick,	Wigton,	28	Jan. 30th, 1846.
Wilson, Mr. William,	Watford,	St. Alban's,	63	Feb. 2d, 1846.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

JULY, 1846.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION DEFENDED.

That such a work would meet with no opposition, and be subject to no censure, would scarcely be expected. "On eagles' wings immortal slander flies." Slander is so sure of advocates, so fruitful in expedients, and so congenial with human corruption, that the most consistent piety, and fervent zeal, often form the ground-work for the severest censures. "Whenever a grave formalist feels it his duty to sneer at those operations of religion upon the passions which he has never felt, he has only to call them *Methodistical*, and he feels he has uttered a good pungent thing. It is equally convenient to a profligate, or a coxcomb, whose propriety of character is to be supported by laughing indiscriminately at all the symptoms of religion; the one to evince that his courage is not sapped by conscience, and the other to make the best advantage of his instinct of catching at impiety as a substitute for sense. Each feels that he has manfully set them down by calling them *Methodism*." A full developement of all that ill-informed or illiberal individuals have uttered concerning our proceedings, would be as useless as it would be impracticable; but a few of the more common and popular objections to the work it may not be amiss to notice.

It is said, that there is nothing but confusion in our assemblies; and God being not "the author of confusion, but of peace," it is, therefore, of course, inferred that our proceedings cannot have the divine sanction. But, in reply, I must be allowed to say, that confusion is a mere accidental attendant on our worship, and not an integral part of it. I have no disposition to blink the subject; but during the dark evenings of winter, among the immense crowds that took their stations near the doors of our chapels, many behaved disorderly; they came for no other purpose; "it is as sport to fools to do mischief." These irregularities, however, so far from meeting with our concurrence, were the subjects of our entire disapprobation and sincere regret. But it should be recollected, such is the disordered state of our world, that there is much accidental evil resulting from the accomplishment of the greatest good, and that the existence of the former is no conclusive argument against the latter. Indeed, every part of Christianity is liable to *accidental evil*: "the birth of Christ was the *accidental* cause of the slaughter of the infants by the order of Herod; the fasting of Christ in the wilderness was the *accidental* cause of Satan's horrid temptations; the miracles of Christ *accidentally* occasioned the blasphemies of the Scribes and Pharisees; the

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resurrection of Christ was the *accidental* cause of the rulers suborning the soldiers to say, 'His disciples came and stole him away while we were asleep;' and even the existence of the word of God is the *accidental* cause of men wresting it to their own destruction. The confusion, against which the Apostle strove to guard the Corinthians, was that of five or six persons praying, or singing, or speaking in divers languages, at the same time: 'one begins to sing a psalm; another to deliver a doctrine; another to speak in an unknown tongue; another to declare what has been revealed unto him; another to interpret what the former is speaking;' in consequence of which, no one was distinctly heard, and the assembly degenerated 'into a kind of tumultuous riot.'" That such confusion could not be created in our meetings, must, for a special reason, be obvious to all. And everything that approximated to a distant semblance of it, was invariably discountenanced. But if the confusion which we are slanderously reported to tolerate in our worship springs from the sighing of contrite spirits, or the cries of penitent suppliants, or the exultations of redeemed captives, then we have no solicitude to rebut the charge: this glorious irregularity we most cheerfully tolerate, and devoutly pray for an unlimited repetition of it. "Better that men be disorderly saved, than orderly damned; and that the church be disorderly preserved, than orderly destroyed." "For if God is pleased," said President Edwards, "to convince the consciences of persons, so that they cannot avoid great outward manifestations, even to the interrupting and breaking off those public means they were attending, I do not think this is confusion, or an unhappy interruption, any more than if a company should meet in a field to pray for rain, and should be broken off from their exercise by a plentiful shower. Would to God that all public assemblies in the land were broken off from their public exercises with such confusion as this the next Sabbath-day! We need not be sorry for the breaking the order of the means, by obtaining the end to which that order is directed. He that is going a journey to fetch a treasure, need not be sorry that he is stopped, by meeting the treasure in the midst of his journey." And even on the supposition, that the alleged charge of confusion in our meetings was specifically such as the Apostle had cautioned the Corinthians against, and that we had given it our entire concurrence and approbation; yet, unless our designs were really hypocritical, and we, like the ancient Pharisees, had for a "pretence made long prayers;" infirmity, not impiety, weakness, but not wickedness, would be the only ground upon which public censure could be justified. It was a saying of Paley, that "the wildest opinion that was ever entertained in matters of religion is more rational than unconcern about these matters: upon this subject nothing is so absurd as indifference, no folly so contemptible as thoughtlessness and levity. Be the particular doctrines of the Methodists what they may, the professors of those doctrines appear to be in earnest about them; and a man who is in earnest about religion cannot be a bad man, much less a fit subject of derision." Had our

> "Gentle theologues, of calmer kind,
> Who, cold themselves, think ardour comes from hell,"

been swayed by this sentiment, they would have suspended their censures, until they had examined whether the frigid monotony of their devotions be not as offensive in the sight of God, as the imaginary wildness of ours.

Another objection to this work is founded on the suddenness of the change which many profess to have undergone. To some, it appears utterly inexplicable how such a transformation of character can be effected in so short a time. To be convicted in the conscience for sin, to bring forth fruits meet

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for repentance, to be justified by faith, and obtain peace with God, and all in the course of a few hours, seem too mysterious for credibility. But here it should be recollected, that the far greater part of those who have been the professed subjects of this saving change, had been previously prepared for it: the fallow ground had been broken up, and the seed of eternal life had been sown; the eyes of their understandings had been illuminated, and at times they had been almost persuaded to be Christians; and now, having deeper convictions of the infinite importance of a personal interest in the blood of the covenant, they fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them, and, by the power of faith, obtained a knowledge of salvation by the remission of their sins. And in reference to such as have come into our assemblies "to scoff, but remained to pray:" why should it be thought a thing incredible, that even these should suddenly hear the voice of God, and live? Sudden conversions are no anomalies in the Christian church. "In the primitive age of Christianity, the work of God upon the souls of men was sometimes in an instant; and they were made believers out of unbelievers at once. The Spirit fell on them that heard the word; and when they who just before professed Judaism, or Heathenism, and neither knew nor loved Jesus Christ, confessed his name and religion at once, this wonderful change was evident to all." Such is the statement of Dr. Watts; nor are the opinions of Tillotson and Paley less definitive upon this subject. "Some men," saith Tillotson, "by an extraordinary power of God's grace upon their hearts, are *suddenly changed*, and strangely reclaimed from a very wicked and vicious, to a very religious and virtuous course of life; and that which others attain to by slow degrees, and great conflicts with themselves before they can gain the upper hand of their lusts, these arrive at *all on a sudden*, by a mighty resolution wrought in them by the power of God's grace, and as it were a new bias and inclination put upon their souls, equal to an habit gained by long use and custom." And Paley declares, "The conversion of a sinner, for instance, may be sudden, nay, may be instantaneous, yet be both sincere and permanent. We have no authority whatever to deny the possibility of this. On the contrary, we ought to rejoice, when we observe in any one even the appearance of such a change. And this change may not only by possibility be sudden, but sudden changes may be more frequent than our observations would lead us to expect. For we can observe only effects, and these must have time to show themselves in; while the change of heart may be already wrought. It is a change of heart, which is attributable to the Spirit of God, and this may be sudden." And if additional testimony be necessary, Dwight utters sentiments more bold, and uses language still stronger upon this subject. "The act of turning from sin to holiness in the first instance on the part of man, and the act of communicating a disposition thus to turn on the part of the Spirit of God, are in their own nature so obviously accomplished in a moment, that it seems difficult to conceive how any person, considering them with attention, can have supposed them to be progressive. In the Scriptures, the accounts of this combined subject everywhere teach us that it exists instantaneously. The phraseology by which it is chiefly denoted in the Scriptures, strongly indicates that this is its nature. It is exhibited to us under the expressions, being 'born again;' being 'created anew;' having a right heart and a right spirit created within us; turning to God; 'turning from darkness to light;' and others of a like nature: all these expressions originally denote events instantaneously existing; and, in their figurative application, indicate the instantaneousness of the fact to which they are applied." And these opinions are founded in truth, and authenticated by innumerable witnesses. If we turn to the "Acts of the Apostles," a book which, beyond all others,

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contains the most numerous and circumstantial records of the conversion of sinners, we shall find that those conversions were chiefly sudden and instantaneous. "Thus the three thousand Jews, who were converted by the first sermon of St. Peter, yielded themselves to God at that moment. Such, also, was the conversion of Dionysius, Damaris, Sergius Paulus, the jailer, and generally of the great multitudes whose conversion is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. Such also was that of the nobleman of Capernaum, the father of the epileptic child, the woman of Samaria, and her fellow-citizens, and the thief upon the cross." And that such conversions have been effected in more modern times, is most satisfactorily attested by Dr. Gillies, in his "Historical Collections;" and by President Edwards, who published an account of a remarkable revival of religion in New-England, in the year 1734, in which he says that "nearly thirty persons were converted in a week, take one with another, for five or six weeks together; and while some had awakenings that came upon them gradually, others had their consciences suddenly smitten as if their hearts were pierced through with a dart." And if conversion is, what a celebrated Divine of the Church of England has described, "a revolution within," followed by a change in "the visible conduct," I cannot conceive how it can be otherwise than sudden. The preparatory process may occasionally be slow; and much mental hesitancy may be evinced before the mind yields itself unreservedly unto God; but the great change, the transformation of moral character from death to life, must necessarily be instantaneous. There must be a precise, specific moment, a definite point of time, when he who had previously been a child of wrath, and "a fire-brand of hell," becomes an heir of God, and "a citizen of heaven." And even if we allow, with the advocates for gradual conversions, that a man must forsake one sin to-day, and another to-morrow, and so proceed onward with cautionary steps to the full abandonment of all iniquity; still, there must be a period when his work is completed. However long a man may be in turning, yet there cannot fail to be a hingeing point, an eventful moment, when he is completely turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God. If all men were cast in the same mould, and their minds were identical counterparts of each other; if they were also circumstanced alike, and had the same degree of superhuman agency employed for their conversion; then we might expect a complete similarity in the process by which sinners are brought to God. But minds resemble soils: they are not all equally yielding, nor capable of equal product; a greater degree of culture is necessary for some than others, and more time is generally employed in their melioration. How manifold are the works of God in nature! Nor are his operations marked with less variety in grace. Some are powerfully and instantaneously affected; convictions for sin suddenly seize them; the truth is manifested to their understandings and consciences in a moment; and, with unhesitating minds, they arise and wash away their sins, calling upon the name of the Lord. The minds of others are wrought upon less powerfully; the process of penitence is more gradual; truth imperceptibly wins upon the affections, and the preparation for a full and radical transformation of moral character is long and lingering.—*The Rev. R. Treffry.*

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE SABBATH.

We never, in the whole course of our recollections, met with a Christian friend, who bore upon his character every other evidence of the Spirit's operations, who did not remember the Sabbath-day and keep it holy. We appeal to the memoirs of all the worthies who are lying in their graves, that, eminent as they were in every other grace and accomplishment of the new

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creature, the religiousness of their Sabbath-day shone with equal lustre, amid the fine assemblage of virtues which adorned them. In every Christian household it will be found, that the discipline of a well-ordered Sabbath is never forgotten among the old lessons of a Christian's education; and we appeal to every individual who now hears us, and who carries the remembrance in his bosom of a father's worth, and a father's piety, if, on the coming round of the seventh day, an air of peculiar sacredness did not spread itself over that mansion where he drew his first breath, and was taught to repeat his infant hymn, and lisp his infant prayer. Rest assured that the Christian, having the love of God written in his heart, and denying the Sabbath a place in its affections, is an anomaly that is nowhere to be found. Every Sabbath image, and every Sabbath circumstance, is dear to him. He loves the quietness of that hallowed morn. He loves the church-bell sound which summons him to the house of prayer. He loves to join the chorus of devotion, and sit and listen to that voice of persuasion which is lifted in the hearing of an assembled multitude. He loves the retirement of this day from the din of worldly business, and the inroads of worldly men. He loves the leisure it brings along with it; and sweet to his soul are the exercises of that hallowed hour when there is no eye to witness him but the eye of heaven, and when, in solemn audience with the Father, who seeth him in secret, he can, on the wings of celestial contemplation, leave all the cares, all the vexations, all the secularities, of an alienated world, behind him.—*Chalmers.*

WILLIAM CRISTER;

OR, THE WALLS'-END MINER.

THIS was a pious pitman, of great originality and simplicity of character, who was lost in one of those calamitous explosions which occasionally occur in the colliery districts of our country, whose name and history have been perpetuated by the Rev. J. Everett in an interesting memoir.

I have at this moment a vivid recollection of the man, and my heart still feels the impression of conversations that passed between us more than thirty years ago. Their originality, their overwhelming pathos, their provincial but expressive phraseology, seem all stereotyped.

At our last interview he related the particulars of the preservation of a fellow-workman, who, on the preceding day, while being drawn up one of their deep shafts, was knocked off the rope by a descending corf, (coal-basket,) and hung suspended over a depth of several hundred yards, by a few shreds of his flannel drawers! And the mode in which he exclaimed, "*Hanging over hell! hanging over hell!*" was so terrifically graphic, that to this moment the sound seems in my ear, and the frightful scene under my eye.

Possessed of little information, he was to an undue degree the creature of impression; but his piety generally prevented his being led aside into any practical error. In some instances it would be rash to question that his impressions were of God. One such I will briefly relate. He met me one morning in Newcastle, and stated that he had come up from Carville, where I had to preach the following Sunday evening, to ask me to select for the subject, Judges iii. 20, "I have a message from God unto thee:" "when," said he, "my wife will be converted!" This was urged with the most undoubting and emphatic confidence. And the hope that his anticipations might be realized, conquered some strong objections to the use of such a text, and William was gratified.

A brief sketch of the discourse, found after more than thirty years, amongst

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some loose papers, will afford an idea of the mode in which the text was applied.

After explaining the primary meaning of the passage, and assuming that it might for once be accommodated, the notes are as follows:—

"I have a message from God." A message from a father, a Sovereign, an angel, how would that be regarded? But to-night I bear a message from God.

"It is not the first he has sent. You have heard many. Such was that impression on thy spirit which led thee to feel and fear; such that deep affliction that seemed to open the gate of eternity. Often has there been a messenger from him, an interpreter, saying, 'Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom.' 'In a dream, in deep sleep of the night, he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction.' (Job xxxiii. 14, *et seq.*) I come to-night with another message: not a dagger, but a word of salvation; a message which may wound, but is intended to heal. Do you inquire how I came by it? It is in *this book*. I have been searching and praying for it. To some of you, it may be God's last message. When Eglon heard the language employed as our text, 'he stood up on his feet.' 'See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.'

"I. I dare not conceal that it is one partly of *terror*. You are God's creatures, to whom he has given his holy law. Must I remind you how? Have you obeyed it? Consider its requirements. I am sent to bring 'home the commandments.' 'Thus and thus hast thou done.' 'When thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee.' To denounce its curse. 'The wages of sin is death.' 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written, to do them.'

"II. It is chiefly, however, a message *of grace*. 'I bring you glad tidings.' 'God so loved the world,' &c. (John iii. 16.) 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' (1 Tim. i. 15.) Here is the great subject; and you may be interested. 'Be it known to you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins,' &c. (Acts xiii. 38, 39.) Only penitently acknowledge your guilt; cordially trust in the provision of mercy which God has made in Christ, and resign yourselves to be governed, as well as saved, by him, and the whole benefit of the scheme is yours. (Rom. viii. 32; Isai. i. 18.)

"III. The message concerns you *individually*. It is 'to *thee*,' *sinner*. Perhaps you are a drunkard, &c. Hear thy danger; (Rev. xxi. 8; 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10; John iii. 3;) thy duty; (Mark i. 15;) thy encouragement. (Matt. xi. 28.) Perhaps thou hast a form of godliness, art attendant upon the house of God, and upon that of Rimmon; loving religious company, but standing in the way of sinners; charitable to the poor, but an enemy of God. The message is (Matt. v. 20, 29, 30; vi. 24; Rev. iii. 15, 16; Luke xiii. 24) 'to thee,' *penitent believer*. You have known yourself, embraced Christ; obey his commands, and contend against his foes. 'I have a message from God' to admonish you; (Heb. iv. 1; Matt. iv. 16; Phil. iii. 13, 14;) to comfort you. (John x. 27—31; Col. iii. 4; Heb. xii. 5, 6.) And, *backslider*, 'a message to thee.' 'What is this that thou hast done?' 'Thine own wickedness shall reprove thee.' (Jer. iii. 19; Prov. xiv. 14; Hosea xiv. 1—4.)

"IV. It has been already intimated that it may prove your *final* message; for 'whoso being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' 'How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and ye fools hate knowledge?' &c. (Prov. i. 23, *et seq.*) Your *final* one, did I say? Yes, in *mercy*. But there will be *another*. Thy soul shall be required of thee! and the trump of the archangel will be heard,

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saying, 'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!' There will be a *final* voice. The Judge of all will be heard. (Matt. xxv.) 'He that is unholy, let him be unholy still.'

"Now what reception do you give the message? 'Consider, I pray you, what answer shall I return to Him that sent me?' Do you say, 'Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?' Are you urging, 'Go thy way for this time?' 'We have loved strangers, and after them we will go?' Let me ask again, 'What is your answer?' 'All that the Lord hath spoken will we do?' Is such your determination? We will carry it back. Let us pray."

And now for the result; which alone would authorize this notice of a juvenile, but simply earnest, effort to effect a hoped-for and possible conversion. The delivery of the discourse was attended with unusual power: a crowded congregation seemed to feel the message to be "from God." *William Crister's wife* was of the number; and so was her mother: both of whom that evening bowed to the obedience of Christ; and at the time of my removal from that neighbourhood, both continued to adorn, by a consistent conduct, their religious profession.

A. E. FARRAR.

THE BIBLE AND POPERY.

THERE is but one book in which all saving truth is contained, and that book is a revelation from heaven. Ages, not of ignorance, but of intellectual and literary light, have unequivocally demonstrated that unassisted human reason, how lofty soever its pretensions, or arrogating in its claims, can by no searching discover the will of its Creator, or man's final and eternal destiny. Surmisings, dim and uncertain as the coruscations of a meteor, and equally bewildering and unsatisfactory, were the only guide of those whose mental power exalted them in the scale of rationality of intellect, whilst they who trod a lowlier path, wandered in the very depth of midnight darkness. The bright earth, with its sunshine and its shade, its summer glory and autumnal gorgeousness; the canopy of heaven, with its stars, its sunsets, and its clouds, conveyed no response to the inquirer concerning Him who was their Maker. He asked of the day, it was silent; of the deep midnight, it answered not; and the chilling winds swept recklessly by, as scorning such vain interrogation. There was no beacon to guide the wanderer to a blissful immortality, no kindly balm to soothe his spirit amidst the mutations of time.

But man was not left thus to wander in impenetrable gloom. Love omnipotent beheld his helpless condition, and the arm of Godhead was stretched forth for his relief. That which nature could not teach, nor science unravel, nor mental superiority develop, was made known by a revelation from on high. Light was flung upon the pathway of life, and immortality stood revealed in all its distinct, and glowing, and awful realities. The night of uncertainty had passed away, the twilight of a glorious day now burst upon the astonished world. Diffusive as the beams of morning, totally irrespective of the distinctions of earth, its blessings were alike free to all who would comply with its requisitions. It demanded no price, it asked no remuneration. All who thirsted might drink of its living waters; all who were weary and heavy laden might partake its glorious rest.

What, then, was the guilt of those who sought to snatch from the world this celestial boon! who exerted their utmost efforts to enthral the soul of man in its fetters of degradation and ignorance, and to hide from his view that light which could alone point him to the skies! Must not a system thus "ruinous and soul-destroying" be accursed of Him who came that the world might have life, and that it might have it more abundantly?

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Such a system was Popery; such a system is it at the present day. Thousands, even in the favoured land of our fathers, the land of Gospel light and liberty, are bewildered in the mazes of a gross and demoralizing superstition, the deluded victims of a spiritual despotism. Confession to a fellow-creature, self-imposed mortifications, and penances, are substituted for "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." The holy Scriptures are represented as insufficient to teach all that is necessary for salvation, and human traditions supply the deficiency. The Saints and the Virgin Mary are not only invocated, but adored; and the "profane term of merit"* is applied to the works of those whom our Lord characterizes as "unprofitable servants," even when they have done *all* that is commanded them. And this is the Church that arrogates to itself the title of infallibility, and the claim of universal supremacy! Well is it characterized in the prophetic word as antichrist, the man of sin, the son of perdition, "whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders."

Do we believe that the Scriptures are the word of God? That they are the power of God unto salvation *to every one that believeth?* That they contain the mind and will of Him who is from eternity, the Alpha and Omega? Then are we bound to use our influence in opposing every system that would change the truth of God into a lie, that would lead men to build upon a false foundation, and substitute for the great principles of evangelical piety external ceremonies and imposing exhibitions. "We hold the faith our fathers held to God," and that faith is the faith of the Gospel. Let us therefore "receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save our souls." And "receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear; for our God is a consuming fire."

Belper. ADELINE.

THE BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.—No. III.

To regard every other being, created or uncreated, only for our own sakes, is supreme self-love; and instead of being a source of virtue, is itself abominable, and the source of all the mischief and misery in the universe. All the evils just enumerated are to be traced to this principle as their common parent; nor is there any ground of hope that it will ever produce effects of a different nature. Some persons have talked much of "self-love *ripening* into benevolence." Had it been said *malevolence*, it had been nearer the truth: for it is contrary to all experience that anything should change its nature by becoming more mature. No; a child in knowledge may discern, that if ever genuine benevolence exist in the breast of an individual, or extend its healing wings over a bleeding world, it must be by the subversion of this principle, and by the prevalence of that religion which teaches us to love God supremely, ourselves subordinately, and our fellow-creatures as ourselves.—*Andrew Fuller.*

In evil things, Satan separates the end from the means; in good things, the means from the end.—*P. Henry.*

The force of gunpowder is not shown till a spark lights on it. So till temptation comes, we know not ourselves.—*M. Henry.*

The heart of man is his worst part before it be regenerated, and the best afterwards: it is the seat of principles, and the fountain of actions. The eye of God is, and the eye of the Christian ought to be, principally fixed upon it. —*Flavel.*

* Melancthon.

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THEOLOGY.

TALENTS MISIMPROVED RESUMED BY THE OWNER.

A SERMON.

BY THE REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, M.A.

"For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."—Matt. xxv. 29.

Two principles run through revelation.

1. All good is from God.
2. All damnation is from men.

Though the text leads to the first, yet it leads chiefly to the latter: the words occur in connexion with the parable of the talents and that of the sower no less than five times, and always in this connexion. The meaning is, that he who improves what he has shall receive more, either in kind or value, here or hereafter; and *vice versa.*

Apply the text,

I. To providential favours.
II. To useful gifts.
III. To religious privileges.
IV. To vital piety.
V. To Missionary zeal.

I. *Providential favours.*

All good is from God: this is a state of trial, and God will judge us for his gifts. Among his providential favours, *wealth* is one; yet who will own himself rich? Many are willing to quit the title when they find that the statutes of heaven have laid such a tax of charity on them. They evade the tax. Ask the man with one hundred pounds, and he points to one with a thousand; ask him, and he yet points to others. Wesley defined a rich man to be, "one who had enough for present wants, and a little over." He is not rich who appears great, and this on another's property, and fails. * * * We may not expend or give away another's property. "Owe no man anything." But a man who has anything over his wants, must not say, "'Tis mine:" he is the Lord's steward: he may not consult any how to lay it out, but the Bible. There he finds it is not to be hoarded, nor squandered, nor spent in finery, nor to make children proud: but God intends him for his steward to the poor, and to cast into the Lord's treasury, according, not to what others do, but to what he hath.

Now, if employed thus, the text says, he shall have more. How often is this paid in kind! While the niggard loses his gripe, your stores increase. But if God do not increase wealth, he receives in value if not in kind. What heartfelt satisfaction when feeding the poor and the widow, &c.! But there is another world: "And God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love which ye have showed towards his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister:" their works follow after. "But he who has not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath." The miser's wealth often flies away; but if not, the more he has, the more avaricious: he has no enjoyment, a covetous man cannot. What! seeing his brother, and the cause of God have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from them, how dwelleth the love of God in him? What! has he religion? He may have a name, and a high office, but God sees him as an idolater, and no such "hath eternal life abiding in him." Take care, and send your money to heaven. "Where is the messenger?" "Give to the poor, and treasure in heaven," give it to charity and piety. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Influence is another providential favour; as a parent, master, &c.

II. *Useful gifts.*

For the souls of men; clear understanding, correct judgment, good memory, engaging address. He begins to open his mouth, say in a class; it is with fear and trembling: by-and-by his usefulness is increased. See him improving according to the Giver's design; and what is this? Is it applause? Is it for a livelihood? No; infinitely higher, —that he might not aim at display, but pleasing the Giver, and for the good of the creature, points them to Him.

In this character does not God increase them? Understanding more clear, judgment more correct, readier tongue, &c.; and in this is he not happy here? But see the reward in the skies: many are "his joy and his crown!"

But he who has not, &c.; does not stir up the gift of God, &c.; lives on his stores, &c.; where are his gifts and usefulness? But suppose worse. One whispers in his ear, "He is a prodigy;"

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he drinks it in, and his aim then is to show himself, &c. "From him will be taken away even that he hath." It has often happened: then he has no pleasure here, nor prospect hereafter, but fire! "Rejoice not that the devils are subject to you:" more important to be approved of God.

III. *Religious privileges.*

In having the Gospel record and a living ministry. See our forefathers. To the Gospel, then, we owe even our civilization. But see man as immortal. Darting through the air. The Gospel brings glad tidings. And O! the public ministry. "Now, every one that hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly." And what is the Giver's design in this? Is it to come to church, listen, and pass your opinion? It is that you obey the word. If you show every other sign, however hopeful, all nothing unless you keep the word in practice. "Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it." "Thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee. But he said unto him that told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hands to his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." Such a man, thus improving, is no wayside hearer, nor a stony ground, soon pleased and soon offended; nor a thorny, who bids fair for a season; but he brings forth fruit. God gives them more abundantly; their knowledge of the Bible increases astonishingly; and, knowing the first principles, they can go on with the Preacher: not only their knowledge, but their love, joy, zeal, &c.

Others do not improve. Awful that three-fourths of the seed in the parable was lost. Turn over your own conscience: have you "obeyed from the heart?" Not, "Do you praise it?" Is it your rule daily? Such who do not, shall lose all the benefit intended, and, perhaps, through their neglect the village or town may lose the Gospel; others following them. See in the Acts: it is said of many places, They preached the Gospel there. What a tombstone! the sepulchre of the Gospel! But is it preached there now? Alas! the candlestick is removed.

IV. *Vital piety.*

More than profession of attachment to Jesus and his cause, however respectable, regular, and long-continued. It may be as decent as that of the five virgins. It must be vital, a flame kindled in the heart from God's own altar while man is faithful. Now what is God's design here? To exercise it, and grow in it; and by living by the vital faith he experiences, his faith increases to a father's: he holds fast now; in Christ he has life. "To him shall be given."

"But whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." How many lose vital piety! They think, "Now my mountain is strong; I need not pray so much, nor be so strict in denying and watching. Die? No, not surely die;" and, as the soul drinks in this, he is less diligent in the closet, less watchful, conscientious, not so single an eye: he loses, and perhaps rapidly; and is either church-lumber, or measures back to earth.

V. *Missionary zeal.*

There is always this in true piety; not there *should be*, but *there is*. He will reprove and pray for a neighbour, a relation, &c. What! indifferent to a father's salvation, or brother's, or wife's, or child's? What! no tears, no prayers? But he hears that there are millions of souls beyond his country. "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" Wilt thou not employ me as a "hewer of wood and drawer of water?" This spirit he will possess as his piety abounds. God feeds the flame while he is thus concerned, the oil is poured in, and the zeal of God's house eats him up, his property, his life. But he shall receive all again, and a reward too, though not of right, yet of grace.

But let a man begin to lose piety, and this zeal evaporates; and from him, his soul, God will take away, &c., here and hereafter.

In a short time we are going to the eternal world. Our days flee. After death is judgment. Then the sentence, "Come," or "Depart." Which are you prepared for? You have had many gifts: have you improved them? Search yourselves. Are you treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath? Have you obeyed the Gospel, that says, "Come out from among them? "What!" say you, "behave rudely to my friends? They are honest, and respectable, and amusing; and must I leave them because they do not fear God?" You must separate from all ungodly company. I mean, you must not spend your hours of pleasure among them. "Touch not, taste not, handle not." Not only separate from the sinner,

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but the sin. The Gospel says also, "Repent." Have you? It says, "Come to me." Have you? Some of you are laden with cares and misery enough. Come, He will receive you graciously: not only permit you to come, but bless you for coming,—with a grace.

Those of you who were once converted, do you not want it again? Is it not your cry, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified?" and add also, "Help us to be faithful." It is a sad thing to desire pardon to escape hell, and not desire faith and holiness to live to God! Are we too warm in these things? What is everything in life compared with the eternal world? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" and, "Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

PRAYER.

Among the elegant forms of insect life, there is a little creature known to naturalists, which can gather round it a sufficiency of atmospheric air, and, so clothed upon, it descends into the bottom of the pool; and you may see the little diver moving about dry and at his ease, protected by his crystal vesture, though the water all around and above be stagnant and bitter. Prayer is such a protector: a transparent vesture, the world sees it not; but a real defence, it keeps out the world. By means of it the believer can gather so much of heaven's atmosphere around him, and with it descend into the putrid depths of the contaminating world, that for a season no evil will touch him; and he knows where to ascend for a new supply. Communion with God kept Daniel pure in Babylon. Nothing else can keep us safe in London. In secret of God's presence you might tread these giddy streets, and your eyes never view the vanity. You might pass theatres and taverns, and never dream of entering in. You might get invitations to noisy routs and God-forgetting assemblies, and have no heart to go. Golden images, public opinion with its lions' den, and fashion with its fiery furnace, would never disturb you. A man of prayer in this mart of nations, you could pass upon your way unseduced and undistracted; a Christian in vanity fair, a pilgrim in a paradise of fools, a true worshipper amidst idolaters, a Daniel in Babylon.

Prayer is the only means of imparting to earth blessings not native to it. There are many commodities not of English growth, which ships, and wealth, and enterprise can fetch from foreign shores. But there are some things which no wealth can purchase, which no enterprise can compass, and with which no ship that ever rode the seas came freighted. Where is the emporium to which you can resort and order so much happiness? Where is the ship that ever brought home a cargo of heart-comforts?—a consignment of good conscience?—a freight of strength for the feeble, and joy for the wretched, and peace for the dying? But what no vessel ever fetched from the Indies, prayer has often fetched from heaven. Our earth is insulated. It is clean cut off from all intercourse with the most adjacent worlds. But even though the nearest world were peopled by holy and happy beings, and though they could cross the great gulf that severs them from us, they could accomplish little for us: they could not wash stains from guilty souls; they could not infuse their own felicity into gaunt and joyless hearts; and they could not transport their own sweet atmosphere, so as to heal the miasma of a polluted place or the misery of a wretched home. But what they cannot do, the Lord himself can do. Prayer is not a message to the moon. It is not a cry for help to the sun, or to the stars in their courses. It is a petition addressed to Him who made the sun, and moon, and stars. It is recourse to the ever-present and all sufficient God. It is frailty fleeing to Omnipotence. It is misery at the door of mercy. It is worm Jacob at the ladder's foot, and that ladder's top in heaven. It is the dying thief beside the dying Saviour, and the same paradise already open for them both. The mercy-seat is the ark of the covenant opened; and the legend over it, "Ask, and it shall be given thee." And prayer is just the exploring eye and the believing hand, selecting from the unsearchable riches of Christ the sweetest mercies and the costliest gifts.—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

SOCINIANISM.

If it be unfriendly to the conversion of sinners to a life of holiness, and of professed unbelievers to the faith in Christ; if it be a system which irreligious men are the first, and serious Christians the last, to embrace; if it be found to relax the obligations to virtuous affection and be-

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haviour, by relaxing the great standard of virtue itself; if it promote neither love to God under his true character, nor benevolence to men, as it is exemplified in the spirit of Christ and his Apostles; if it lead those who embrace it to be wise in their own eyes, and instead of humbly deprecating God's righteous displeasure, even in their dying moments, arrogantly to challenge his justice; if the charity it inculcates be founded on an indifference to divine truth; if it be inconsistent with an ardent love of Christ, and veneration for the holy Scriptures; if the happiness which it promotes be at variance with the joy of the Gospel; and, finally, if it diminish the motives to gratitude, obedience, and heavenly-mindedness, and have a natural tendency to infidelity, it must be an immoral system, and consequently not of God. It is not the Gospel of Christ, but "another Gospel." Those who preach it, preach "another Jesus" whom the Apostles did not preach; and those who receive it, too frequently receive "another spirit," which they never imbibed. It is not the light which cometh from above, but a cloud of darkness. It is not the highway of truth, which is a way of holiness, but a by-path of error, and misleads the unwary traveller: and of which, as we value our immortal interests, it becomes us to beware.—*Fuller.*

THE CHRISTIAN.

The Christian is a man, and more; an earthly saint; an angel clothed in flesh; the only lawful image of his Maker and Redeemer; the abstract of God's Church on earth; a model of heaven, made up in clay; the living temple of the Holy Ghost. For his disposition, it hath in it so much of heaven, as his earth may make room for.

He were not a man, if he were quite free from corrupt affections; but these he masters, and keeps in with a strait hand: and if, at any time they grow testy and headstrong, he breaks them with a severe discipline; and will rather punish himself, than not tame them. He checks his appetite with discreet and strong denials; and forbears to pamper nature, lest it grow wanton and impetuous.

He walks on earth, but converses in heaven; having his eyes fixed on the Invisible, and enjoying a sweet communion with his God and Saviour. While all the rest of the world sits in darkness, he lives in a perpetual light: the heaven of heavens is open to none but him; thither his eye pierceth, and beholds those beams of inaccessible glory, which shine in no face but his.

The deep mysteries of godliness, which to the great clerks of the world are as a book clasped and sealed up, lie open before him fair and legible; and, while those book-men know whom they have heard of, he knows whom he hath believed.

He will not suffer his Saviour to be ever out of his eye; and if, through some worldly interceptions, he lose the sight of that blessed object for a time, he zealously retrieves him; not without a hungry check of his own miscarriage; and is now so much the more fixed by his former slackening, so as he will henceforth sooner part with his soul than his Redeemer.

The terms of entireness, wherein he stands with the Lord of Life, are such as he can feel, but cannot express, though he should borrow the language of angels: it is enough, they two are one spirit.

His reason is willingly captivated to his faith, his will to his reason, and his affections to both.

He fears nothing that he sees, in comparison of that which he sees not; and displeasure is more dreadful to him than smart.—*Bishop Hall.*

CEREMONIES COMPARATIVELY WORTHLESS.

A sketch of the place and manner of arrangements of divine service at Bukkur, (Upper Scinde,) will strongly illustrate the kind of shifts to which a poor Chaplain is liable to be reduced in this campaigning life. The church was prepared in a ruined building which had once had a groined and vaulted roof. This had given way, and large masses of shattered brickwork seemed much inclined to follow it. On three sides were lofty pointed arches, which universally prevail, so far as I have seen, throughout Scinde and Affghanistan. The ordnance department had kindly issued planks, which were laid with the ends resting on empty ammunition-boxes, so that the poor fellows (the soldiers) had comfortable seats. It was a curious, striking scene. As I stood, the arches to the right and left disclosed the tools and machinery of the ordnance workshops, forges and anvils, carpenters' benches, lathes, &c., erected among the crumbling ruins, which loured and frowned upon

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their sooty intruders, as an old country aristocrat might be supposed to do upon some upstart who had established himself in his neighbourhood. The centre was occupied by the officers and troops; a lofty archway behind gave, as a background, other crumbling ruins of the fort, glowing in the setting sun, and surrounded by cannon, mortars, tumbrils, tents, and all the other paraphernalia of modern warfare. "What a strange contrast (thought I) is my present life to an uniform routine of a curacy at home! Here I am feelingly convinced of the comparative insignificance of those outward accompaniments of worship, concerning which there are often such bitter disputes in my own land. While men are (there) as eagerly discussing the (relative) position of a pulpit (to the 'altar'), the decorations of a communion-table, the form of vestment, as if their salvation depended upon it, I am satisfied to get under the fly of a tent, or the shade of a ruined wall, with a discarded packing-case for a pulpit to dispense the word of life to as many as will hear me." Not that the decent solemnities of the house of God are to be regarded as unimportant; but surely such external things should not be allowed to cause a breach of Christian charity among members of the same body and sharers in the same blessed hope, through one common Saviour.—*Diary of a March through Scinde and Affghanistan, &c., by the Rev. J. N. Allen, B.A., Assistant Chaplain*, 1843.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

TEMPTATION RESISTED, AND ATTENTION TO THE SABBATH REWARDED.

Mr. T. S., several years ago, resided at North Walsham, in the county of Norfolk. At that time the principal inhabitants of the town had a strong aversion to the power of godliness, and a perfect antipathy to the Methodists, with whom Mr. S. was in connexion. They therefore resolved, if possible, to oblige him to quit the town. Hence they determined, that neither themselves nor their dependents should purchase any of his commodities. This scheme succeeded for a time; for not having a call for his goods equal to his necessities, and scrupling to contract debts without a probability of discharging them; himself, his wife, and a fine boy, who was one year old, were without bread. This was on the morning of the Sabbath. Being in deep thought, and not without a feeling which bordered on anxiety, the good man was thus accosted by a gentleman, who, it is thought, had some suspicion of the state of his circumstances. "Mr. S., I want——" (mentioning an article, the disposing of which might have relieved our friend from present embarrassments). "Sir," replied Mr. S., "I do no business to-day; but I will wait upon you any hour to-morrow." "To-morrow," rejoined the purchaser: "I want it to-day. Business with you must be an object at any time. You have now a customer. Why cannot you serve him? I shall be waited upon now, or not at all." "You must excuse me, Sir," rejoined the starving tradesman: "I must keep the Sabbath-day holy." This offer was just refused when his ears were assailed by the cries of his beloved and only child, wanting food; and, at the same instant, he observed the flowing tears of the mother, who, with the child upon her lap, inquired, "What shall we do? the boy cries for bread!" Mr. S. was a Local Preacher in the Methodist Connexion. On that day he had an appointment to preach at a neighbouring village. The hour for worship approached; and he hastened to the place, where he found the people assembled to hear him administer the word of life. After having fed the flock of God, his grateful friends pressed him to receive some refreshment; but his full heart did not suffer him to eat while his beloved wife and sweet little boy were obliged to fast. Without communicating his circumstances to any one, he returned to his persecuting neighbourhood and starving family. "Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart." Thus far he had trusted in his God: he was tried to the uttermost, and the hour of deliverance was at hand. When he arrived at his own house, a friend had visited his family in his absence, and, for the present, had furnished it plentifully with supplies. While I was receiving this account from my friend, his good wife, with many tears of joy and gratitude, confirmed the relation; and added, "Since that time, neither ourselves nor our family have ever wanted bread." The above-mentioned child is now a pious youth, and in a respectable situation. This faithful pair were favoured with two other sons, and one daughter, whose filial affection and early piety promise a recompence to the parents, comfort to each other, a blessing to the church, and an example to society.

Let the temporizing professors of religion,

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who plead the calls of their customers, the demands of their families, and the habits of their wicked neighbours for breaking the Sabbath of Jehovah by travelling, bargaining, settling their books, viewing their stock, crops, &c., let such mark, learn, and inwardly digest the above circumstance.

"I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." "Our fathers trusted in thee, and were not confounded."

PARENTAL MONITOR.

ON DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

THE worship of the family altar, though not, perhaps, positively enjoined in holy Scripture, (that is, in so many words,) is yet a branch of religious duty clearly deducible from its pages, and in many of its requirements immediately and necessarily implied.

In the narratives of sacred writ, in the recorded character and movements of holy men of old, we receive instructive intimation of the will of God: our path of duty is with clearness pointed out. Turn, for a moment, to the days of patriarchism. The worship of that period was almost invariably domestic in its character. One of the first acts which we find on record, after the destruction of the antediluvian world, is an act of social piety, of family worship: after "Noah, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him," had gone "forth out of the ark," "Noah builded an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt-offerings on the altar; and the Lord," on behalf of Noah and his family thus worshipping before him, "smelled a sweet savour." In the families of Abraham and Jacob, the worship of God was established and statedly performed. The regard manifested by the former in reference to the religious training of his household, is, indeed, the subject of marked approval: "I know him," attests Jehovah, "that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." Happy they, who in this important branch of parental duty are children of Abraham!

A similar testimony we find borne respecting Job, who also flourished in the patriarchal age. After a season of social, domestic festivity, it is recorded that "Job sent and sanctified" his children; rising up early in the morning, and offered burnt-offerings according to the number of them all; for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts:" hence he is led to plead "continually" with God on their behalf. In the deep and prayerful anxiety thus manifested for the welfare of their respective households, a lesson of instruction is affectingly given to all who, with these patriarchal worthies, have families to care for.

Revert, also, to the practices of good and holy men under a subsequent dispensation; when, in the giving of the law, in the institution of the Mosaic economy, the will of God was more explicitly made known. The solemnities of public worship were, indeed, in the arrangements of the tabernacle and the temple, more definitely ordered and enjoined: a class of men, especially set apart as Priests unto God, were directed to present the varied offerings of purification and atonement, as required in the Levitical code: still do we find the principle of parental obligation, as to the religious worship and government of families, sacredly maintained. "If it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord," declared the hoary-headed Joshua, when addressing the assembled Elders of Israel, "choose ye this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." The *family* of Jesse had their yearly sacrifice. David, after conducting the rejoicings of the Israelites, on the restoration of the ark to its place in the tabernacle, and with them offering "burnt-offerings and peace-offerings before the Lord," returns "to bless his household,"—in the sanctuary of domestic devotion, to acknowledge God, and worship before him. The celebration of the Jewish passover, in itself a covenant-rite, and including various acts of direct worship, was solemnly enjoined as a service of domestic sacrifice and worship. Each household apart, the father acting as its priestly head, was on this deeply-interesting occasion directed to covenant with God; and, in remembrance of his mercy, to unite in family thanksgivings and praise.

The religious instruction of families, doubtless as a branch of domestic worship, is also solemnly enjoined in the law of Moses: "Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou

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liest down, and when thou risest up." (Deut. vi. 4—7.) "Thus," adopting the language of the late lamented Richard Watson, "the original relation of the father to his family, which existed in the patriarchal age, is seen still in existence, though changed in some of its circumstances by the law. He is still the religious teacher; still he offers prayers for them to God; and still blesses,—an act which imports both prayer, praise, and official benediction. Nor is it a trifling confirmation of the ancient practice of a formal and visible domestic religion, that in Paganism, which corrupted the forms of the true religion, and especially those of the patriarchal dispensation, we see the signs of a family, as well as a public, idolatry, as exhibited in their private 'chambers of imagery,' their household deities, and the religious ceremonies which it was incumbent upon the head of every house to perform."

Under yet higher sanctions must the duty in question be contemplated, as perpetuated in the observances and requirements of the Christian dispensation. The "households" of those who believed were invariably regarded as brought within the pale of its covenant and blessing; hence bound, in all their domestic relations and duties, to acknowledge God, and worship before him. The "church in the house," of which occasionally we read, may refer as truly to the worshipping household, as to the assembly of believers from time to time there congregated.—*Rev. W. W. Stamp.*

FAMILY PRAYER:

AN ANECDOTE.

A PIOUS tradesman conversing with a Minister on family worship, related the following highly instructive circumstance respecting himself:—

"When I first began business for myself, I was determined, through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer. Accordingly, I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of domestic worship. Morning and evening every individual of my family was ordered to be present; nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. In a few years the advantages of these engagements appeared manifestly conspicuous: the blessings of the upper and the nether springs followed me, health and happiness attended my family, and prosperity my business. At length, such was my rapid increase in trade, and the necessity of devoting every possible moment to my customers, that I began to think whether family prayer did not occupy too much of our time in the morning. Pious scruples arose respecting my intentions of relinquishing this part of my duty; but at length worldly interest prevailed so far as to induce me to excuse the attendance of my apprentices; and not long after it was deemed advisable, for the more eager prosecution of our business, to make the prayer with my wife, when we arose in the morning, suffice for the day. Notwithstanding the repeated checks of conscience that followed this base omission, the calls of a flourishing concern, and the prospect of an increasing family, appeared so imperious and commanding, that I found an easy excuse for this fatal evil, especially as I did not omit prayer altogether. My conscience was almost seared with a hot iron, when it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence.

"One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, previous to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting but I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on this subject: it was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms: but judge of my surprise and confusion when I read these words:—'O, my dear master, never, never shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions. O, Sir, eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I learnt there. It was there that I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner; it was there that I first knew the way to salvation; and there that I first experienced the preciousness of 'Christ, in me the hope of glory.' O, Sir, permit me to say, Never, never, neglect those precious engagements. You have yet a family, and more apprentices: may your house be the birth-place of their souls.' I could read no further: every line flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled, I shuddered; I was alarmed at the blood of my children and apprentices, that I apprehended was soon to be demanded at my foul, murdering hands.

"Filled with confusion, and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God. I agonized, and—but you can better conceive than I can describe my feelings: suffice it to say, that light broke in upon my disconsolate soul, a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained, &c., &c. I immediately flew to my family; presented them before the Lord; and from that day to the present, I have been and am determined, through grace, that whenever business becomes too large to permit family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business, and retain my devotion. Better to lose a few shillings, than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my own soul."

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OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

ALBERT; OR, THE WANDERER RECLAIMED.

"THIS is my best gift, Albert," said Mrs. Weston, presenting a Bible to her only son, who had been spending a short time under the parental roof. "You must promise me that you will read at least a few verses daily: the fervent prayers of your mother accompany it."

Albert held out his hand to receive the volume. "The sight of it will remind me of home-scenes: I dare say," replied he carelessly, "I shall find a corner for it somewhere."

"It will, I trust, do more than that for you," returned Mrs. Weston: "if not, I had better retain it. O Albert, how can you be so madly infatuated as to slight that sacred book which alone affords any hope of salvation, any prospect of heaven?"

"Delusive hopes," said he, "vain prospects! Who could believe such a tissue of absurdities; so contrary to reason, to common sense, to—"

"Stop, Albert," interrupted Mrs. Weston: "I will hear no more of that. Could I have foreseen that a residence in the metropolis would have been the means of inducing you to renounce the principles in which you were educated, and to banish from your mind every sacred impression, though so intimately associated with your earliest recollections, worlds would not have tempted me to consent to it. You have forsaken the God of your fathers; but what have you gained? Are you more happy? It is impossible. Whatever indifference you may assume, the voice of conscience is not hushed; and in your more serious moments, you are wretched. Do not, Albert, deceive yourself. You cannot at all times feel persuaded that the Bible is false: be assured you will one day prove its truth; and, O, if it be for the first time on the left hand of the great Searcher of hearts, how bitterly will you reproach yourself!"

Albert was silent. The calm and soft tones of his mother had ever in them something resistless. Among his gay companions he could unblushingly ridicule everything sacred, and endeavour to disbelieve the truths of the Gospel; but in the atmosphere of his home he could not but feel that there was a reality in religion. The presence of his mother seemed to impose a spell over his otherwise reckless spirit; and the tear that trembled in his eye on the recollection of happier days, showed that he was not so hardened and indifferent, as he in vain endeavoured to appear.

"You are about leaving us, Albert," continued Mrs. Weston, after a pause: "we may not meet again for some time. Let me conjure and entreat you to forsake those companions who have allured you from the source of happiness. If you wish to be happy in life; if you have any desire to meet your departed father in heaven; if you wish to stand at the right hand of the Judge at the last great day, give your heart to God; read your Bible with a prayerful spirit, and be determined no longer to be deluded by vain and false reasonings. O my dear Albert, did you but experience the blessedness that religion imparts; could I but prevail upon you to give your heart to God; how it would mitigate the pang of separation! But I have everything to fear for you; and how dark are your prospects!"

Albert would have answered, but his heart, already softened by the prospect of leaving his mother and only sister, was full; and, ashamed of an emotion he could not control, he abruptly quitted the apartment.

The rising sun saw him on his way to the metropolis. It was a bright autumnal morning; but his spirit seemed more in unison with the wrecks of nature around him, than with anything of a more joyous nature. In spite of himself, he was unhappy; and not even the varied and romantic scenery through which he passed, nor the delights of anticipated pleasure, could remove the depression under which he laboured. "My mother may be right," thought he; but the idea was instantly banished, as it added to his disquietude, and he again sought to forget her pious admonitions, and to find happiness in his former amusements.

In this way month after month rolled on. Many a letter of affectionate advice and remonstrance he had received from his pious mother; but his infidel principles, though somewhat shaken, were unconquered, and he was in this state of mind when intelligence was conveyed to him that his only parent was seized with sudden and alarming affliction. No time was to be lost, and at the end of two days he found himself once more in his native village. Bitterly had he been reproaching himself for having ever wounded the feelings of that beloved mother's heart; and though he longed to ask her forgiveness, he almost dreaded the thought of meeting her penetrating glance. Under the influence of these emotions he entered his once delightful home. To him everything appeared desolate, and the tears of the domestics confirmed his worst apprehensions. He ascended the staircase. At the door of his mother's apartment stood his sister. "Cecile, dearest Cecile," exclaimed he. "Softly, dear Albert," she interrupted, and motioned him into an adjoining room: "Mamma sleeps: we must not disturb her."

"Is the danger over?" inquired Albert earnestly: "tell me the worst, dear Cecile."

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Cecile burst into tears. "Then there is no hope, Cecile," said he, also weeping.

"Mamma is in heaven, dearest Albert," returned Cecile, after a pause, and weeping still more bitterly: "we are orphans."

Albert sank down on the nearest seat, and burying his face in his hands gave full vent to his feelings. The sudden and unexpected blow rendered him completely wretched; he could turn nowhere for relief, and it was long before his thoughts were sufficiently collected to ask a single question respecting her. "O, if I were only assured of my dear mother's forgiveness," said he unconsciously aloud, "if I could only tell her I would grieve her no more, I should be satisfied."

"You had her forgiveness, dear Albert," said Cecile. "Mamma's last prayer was for her 'dear, dear boy.' Will you not endeavour to meet her in heaven?"

"I will endeavour to do so," replied Albert, who was now completely subdued: "I will endeavour to fulfil her last wishes."

Albert's was not a vain resolution. Deeply convinced of the errors that had marked his past life, and of the necessity of a change of heart, he sought with earnestness and diligence the entire renewal of his nature, and, by the exercise of faith in the merits of the Saviour, was brought to experience that peace which arises from a sense of acceptance with God, and that joy which is unspeakable, and full of glory. He was now happy. Fear and guilt were alike removed, and he looked forward with ardent and glowing anticipation to that hour when he should hear the welcome summons, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

ADELINE.

OUR SERVANTS.

PREVENTION.

IT is generally allowed, that to prevent an evil, be it physical or moral, is much easier and better than to remove or cure it. Admitting the correctness of this aphorism, we must grant that she who, by the exercise of Christian charity in one or all of its branches, is instrumental in preventing the sacrifice of youth and beauty to vice, is more useful to the individual saved, and to society at large, than she who snatches a wanderer from her degraded position, and restores her to the paths of virtue.

There is one class of females more than ordinarily exposed to temptation, to whose moral welfare there has hitherto been little attention paid,—little in comparison to their numbers, their requirements, and their influence: we allude to *female domestic servants*.

Many of these may be said to live in artificial stations: as members of a gentleman's household, they are accustomed not only to the comforts, but to many of the luxuries of life, from which, in their original position, as children of the poor, they are necessarily debarred. Their wages, and the cheapness of dress, enable them to adorn their persons in a manner highly calculated to foster the natural vanity of the female heart; and their association with the ladies of the families with whom they live, gives a polish to their manners and language, which renders them far more attractive than they would be as residents in a poor man's home. Again, they are thrown occasionally into the society of those of the opposite sex, whose pleasing address and elegant manners are calculated too deeply to interest their feelings, and who are frequently but too ready to take advantage of them. They are also, in most instances, deprived of a mother's judicious advice, and a father's protecting influence.

Is it to be wondered at, that under these and similar circumstances many of this comparatively unprotected class should fall a prey to the deceiver? Think, you who have been protected by your position in society, by the higher cultivation of your moral feelings, and by the presence of watchful friends, from all temptation,—think of those who are placed by Providence under your care, and guard them, as far as in you lies, from the danger to which they are exposed.

While female servants are beneath your roof, it is evidently your duty to see that they are supplied with suitable reading for their leisure moments, and that they attend a Gospel ministry on the Sabbath-day. Consider it not beneath you to inquire who are their chosen companions, and what are the moral characters of those with whom they associate when out of your sight. Advise them as to the modesty and propriety of their dress and deportment; and, if needful, warn them when you see that they are exposed to danger.

Let not employers forget that the *influence of their position* is one of the talents for which they have to give an account at the last great day, and that they are required to exert that influence in guarding the moral purity of all who come within its range.

But the responsibility of a mistress does not always cease when a servant quits her place. If she have no home to which she can go, no friend of whose moral character the lady has reason to judge favourably, it becomes obligatory on her, as a practical

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Christian, to advise with her servant on the choice of a temporary home, and to warn her of the evils that may result from even a short sojourn with an unprincipled family. If there be a well-conducted "*Servants' Home*" within reach, she may be recommended to it with a perfect confidence that her morals will be properly guarded, and her little property preserved from injury. If this plan be not practicable, there is sure to be some poor but honest person to whose care the homeless girl can be confided till she finds another place.

True, it may be her own fault that she is homeless: she may have repaid the kindness of a judicious mistress with negligence, sloth, or impertinence; she may, in short, be undeserving of kind consideration: but does she, on that account, need it the less? O, no! she is the more likely to be led astray by evil example, or bad advice. It is the more necessary, in such a case, that the lady should exercise towards her that "charity" which "suffereth long, and is kind;" which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

We confess it is difficult thus to regulate our conduct by the simple "rule of *right*," without any reference to the *deservings* of her we wish to serve; but it is not so painful to the moral sense as it would be to seek amid the haunts of vice for one we wish to reclaim, while conscience suggests that we might probably have *prevented* the evil we are now striving to *remedy*.

There is one fearful error into which ladies sometimes fall, to which it is a very painful but an imperative duty to refer: we allude to the habit that some have of dismissing a servant without notice or without character. To discharge a servant without notice, except under very peculiar circumstances, is an act of great injustice, as a "month's wages" will not make up for a month's board and lodging; but when to this is added the irreparable injury of refusing a character, what can be expected to result but poverty, wretchedness, and crime?

An incident which came under the personal observation of the writer, will serve vividly to impress this part of our subject on the mind and heart of every reader of this paper.

A lady, noted for her hastiness of temper, dismissed two servants suddenly, with the threat that she would not give them characters. They applied to a respectable registry office, stating how they were circumstanced, and requesting that the matron would strive to induce some one to give them a trial. The wife of a professional man, to whom these facts were stated, called upon the lady to ask the character of one of these discarded servants: this was refused with so much bitterness, that the applicant was convinced that the lady was in the wrong. She engaged the young woman without character, and she turned out a faithful and efficient servant.

The other girl, who was young, beautiful, and thoughtless, was not able to obtain a place, as her mistress refused all applications for a character. Her money was soon spent, her clothes followed, and at last, on again applying without success to the matron, she exclaimed, "I will starve no longer to please a tyrant!" In vain the matron expostulated with her: she turned hastily away, and the next week, she was seen, elegantly dressed, walking the streets of ——.

Should the lady who thus drove to desperation a young and ill-trained female, who had been a member of the family for upwards of a year, meet her during some evening ramble, surely conscience would whisper, "*This is my work!*" Or should she, as a member of a Penitentiary Committee, see this now degraded being brought in by some "sister of charity," may we not hope that she would exclaim, in bitterness of soul, "How much more Christian-like it would have been in me to *prevent* this grievous sin, than it is to *reclaim* the sinner!"

But they may never meet on earth. The unrelenting mistress may never hear the curses which her victim pours upon her memory: she may never have an opportunity of wiping the tear of penitence from her haggard cheek. BUT THEY MUST, THEY WILL MEET AT THE BAR OF GOD, AND THEN WHAT WILL BE THE EMOTIONS OF EACH? We dare not further pursue the solemn subject.

Let us remember, that though few may have an opportunity of reclaiming the guilty, all may assist in preserving the innocent.

M. B.

—*Female's Friend.*

ANTIQUITIES.

THE ROMAN CONSUL.

ALTHOUGH Augustus considered a military force as the firmest foundation, he wisely rejected it as a very odious instrument of government. It was more agreeable to his temper, as well as to his policy, to reign under the venerable names of ancient magistracy, and artfully to collect, in his own person, all the scattered rays of civil jurisdiction. With this view he permitted the Senate to confer upon him, for his life, the powers of the Consular and Tribunitian offices,

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which were, in the same manner, continued to all his successors.

The Consuls had succeeded to the Kings of Rome, and represented the dignity of the state. They superintended the ceremonies of religion, levied and commanded the legions, gave audience to foreign Ambassadors, and presided in the assemblies both of the Senate and people. The general control of the finances was entrusted to their care; and though they seldom had leisure to administer justice in person, they were considered as the supreme guardians of law, equity, and the public peace.

Such was their ordinary jurisdiction; but whenever the Senate empowered the first Magistrate to consult the safety of the commonwealth, he was raised by that decree above the laws, and exercised, in the defence of liberty, a temporary despotism.

The character of the Tribunes was, in every respect, different from that of the Consuls. The appearance of the former was modest and humble; but their persons were sacred and inviolable. Their force was suited rather for opposition than for action. They were instituted to defend the oppressed, to pardon offences, to arraign the enemies of the people, and, when they judged it necessary, to stop, by a single word, the whole machine of government.

As long as the republic subsisted, the dangerous influence which either the Consul or the Tribune might derive from his respective jurisdiction, was diminished by several important restrictions. Their authority expired with the year in which they were elected; the former office was divided between two, the latter among ten persons; and as, both in their private and public interest, they were averse to each other, their mutual conflicts contributed, for the most part, to strengthen, rather than to destroy, the balance of the constitution.

But when the Consular and Tribunitian powers were united, when they were vested for life in a single person, when the General of the army was, at the same time, the Minister of the Senate, and the representative of the Roman people, it was impossible to

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resist the exercise, nor was it easy to define the limits, of his imperial prerogative.

Augustus exercised nine annual Consulships without interruption. He then most artfully refused that magistracy, as well as the Dictatorship, absented himself from Rome, and waited till the fatal effects of tumult and faction forced the Senate to invest him with a perpetual Consulship. Augustus, as well as his successors, affected, however, to conceal so invidious a title.

As long as the Roman Consuls were the first Magistrates of a free state, they derived their right to power from the choice of the people. As long as the Emperors condescended to disguise the servitude which they imposed, the Consuls were still elected by the real or apparent suffrage of the Senate.

From the reign of Diocletian, even these vestiges of liberty were abolished, and the successful candidates who were invested with the annual honours of the Consulship, affected to deplore the humiliating condition of their predecessors, boasting their own superior fortune in being created Consuls by the sole authority of the Emperor.

Their names and portraits, engraved on gilt tablets of ivory, were dispersed over the empire as presents to the provinces, the Magistrates, the Senate, and the people. On the morning of the 1st of January, the Consuls assumed the ensigns of their dignity; their solemn inauguration being performed at the place of the imperial residence. Their dress was a robe of purple, embroidered in silk and gold, and sometimes ornamented with costly gems.

On this occasion they were attended by the most eminent officers of the state and army, in the habit of Senators; and the useless *fasces*, armed with the once-formidable axes, were borne before them by the *Lictors*. The procession moved from the palace to the *forum*, or principal square of the city, where the Consuls ascended their tribunal, and seated themselves in the chairs of state, which were framed after the fashion of ancient times.

They immediately exercised an act of jurisdiction, by emancipating a slave, who was brought before them for that purpose.

As soon as the Consuls had discharged these customary duties, they were at liberty to retire into the shade of private life, and to enjoy, during the remainder of the year, the undisturbed contemplation of their own greatness. They no longer presided in the national councils; they no longer executed the revolutions of peace or war. Their abilities were of little moment; and their names served only as the legal date of the year in which they had filled the chair of Marius and Cicero.—*Gibbon.*

POETRY.

WINDSOR MARTYRS UNDER HENRY VIII.

(*From "Windsor," a Poem, by Thomas Chamberlain.*)

THE castle's heavy bell rings stern and slow;
Its hollow echoes fill the trembling air:
Death from a distance hears the note of woe,
And hastens to the feast preparing there.
In bloom of manhood three are doom'd to die,
Victims to kingly power and priestly hate.
Hark! in the dungeon how they pray and sigh!
Anon, Hope tells them of a happier state,
And Faith triumphant bids them scorn their gloomy fate.

The Sheriff leads them to the gloomy stake;
The fire is lighted, and the flames ascend:
Half hid in smoke, their last short look they take
Of vaunting enemy and weeping friend:
Then up to heaven their scorching eyes are cast:
Mingled with nature's groans, their prayers arise;
Until their burning lips and tongues at last
Fail to pour forth their hearts' convulsive cries,
Which start, and bound, and break, in awful agonies.

Alas! what have they done that thus they die?
They read the Bible for themselves, and saw,
Denounced at once Rome's vile idolatry,
And Henry's bloody "Articles" of law.
Bold *Restwood* raised his daring hand, and smote
The nose from Mary's image: what a deed!
Pearson and *Filmer* both have dared to quote
The Scriptures God has given for man to read,
Against the blinding errors of the Romish creed.

Poor innocents! the wrath of man is spent;
The vengeance of the Church has done its worst:
Men can but harm this clayey tenement,
Till the fair spirit doth its bondage burst.

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The martyrs' ashes strew the blacken'd ground,
And, eloquent in death, new converts gain:
The light of Reformation spreads around;
And, maugre lustful Henry's brutal reign,
The Spirit's sword divides dark superstition's chain.

No sculptured marble tells the bloody tale,
No pillar rises o'er their resting-place:
The guilty powers that be perchance would veil
The triple murder and their own disgrace.
Yet after-ages should admire the zeal
Which made these champions so bold for God;
Posterity should set the sculptor's seal
Upon the hidden spot, the mournful sod,
Where bigots' flames devour'd the noble martyrs' blood.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

SPIDERS.

The Rev. Dr. John North found out a means of entertainment, which is thus described in his Memoirs. It consisted in keeping great house-spiders in wide-mouthed glasses. When he had them safe in hold, he supplied them with crumbs of bread, which they ate rather than starve; but their regale was flies, which he sometimes caught and put to them. When their imprisonment appeared inevitable, they fell to their trade of making webs, and made large expansions, and more private recesses. It pleased him to observe the animals manage their interest in the great work of taking their prey: if it was a small fly given them, no more ceremony, but take and eat him; but if a great monster flesh-fly, then to work, twenty courses round, and perhaps not come near him, for he has claws sharp as cats, and after divers starts to and fro, a web was, with a hind leg, dexterously clapped over two or three of his legs. After all his claws were in this manner secured, then at a running pull a broad web was brought over him, which bound him hand and foot, and by being fixed to the spider's tail, the fly was carried off to one of his inmost recesses, there to be feasted upon at leisure. Spiders, like other creatures of prey, eat one another, and for their continual design of eating, are paid by a continual dread of being eaten. The danger, as well as fear, is common to all. There is no regard to relation or families; and for that reason, like pikes in a pond, none ever takes a prey but he turns suddenly round, lest another should take him. When the young are hatched, and can run about, they lie still, waiting for advantages over the rest, and care not rashly to expose themselves. If they are disturbed, and some made to run, the whole nation is alarmed, and many a life falls in the disorder before the wars cease; and then each that survives makes merry with his booty. Thus their numbers are reduced to a very few, who find means of retreating to castles of their own making. They cast their skins at certain periods; and their manner of doing it is remarkable. They hang themselves to the ceiling of their web, with their body downwards, and holding themselves fast by all their legs brought together, remain striving and pulling each leg till it comes out of the hose, and their body is freed from its case; and then they turn and run away, leaving their old coat in their place, as we often see them hanging in cobwebs. The signal to them of this change coming on is a dry parting of the skin upon their backs; whereupon they fall to work as was described. The Doctor used to divert us with relating the course of life which his poor prisoners led.—*Burns's "Magazine for the Young."*

THE TWO FOXES.

He (the narrator) was one day in the fields near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently, he observed one disappear under the water, with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water, and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. He chanced to go in a direction where it was easy for the man to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time he was not so fortunate in his manœuvres. The geese, by some accident, took the alarm, and flew away with loud cackling. The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in a direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance, to watch farther proceedings. The sly thief was soon seen returning with another fox, that he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along right merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their

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lips, in anticipation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rock, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves; but lo, his dinner had disappeared! He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance, that he more than misdoubted whether any goose was ever there, as pretended. He evidently considered his friend's hospitality a sham, and himself insulted. His contemptuous expression was more than the mortified fox could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies. Appearances were certainly very much against him; for his tail sunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a sneaking glance at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity on false pretences, the offended guest seized his unfortunate host, and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if conscious that he had received no more than might naturally be expected under the circumstances.—*Mrs. Child.*

THE ALBATROSS.

THIS noble bird, which may be said to constitute the head of the gull family, is in body about the size of a common goose; but to enable it to undertake the extraordinary flights, which often carry it hundreds of leagues from any resting-place except the billows foaming under its rapid course, it is provided with wings of great length and power. With these, which often measure as much as twelve feet from tip to tip, it glides in search of prey over boundless tracts, often, it is said, sleeping even whilst soaring over the waters. Insatiable and voracious in appetite, it is always craving and never satisfied. Not content with feeding on the inhabitants of the deep, it preys indiscriminately on everything which comes across. The smaller aquatic birds are not free from its great voracity, which is not unfrequently the means of its capture and destruction. A piece of pork or suet, fixed on a small hook, and allowed to drag by a long line in the wake of the vessel, often proves a temptation too strong to be resisted: the greedy bird stoops on his prey, swallows the bait, and then, with distended wings, is towed on board, and soon stands tottering on deck amidst the exulting captors, who frequently employ, with similar success, the same device to ensnare the smaller pintado or Cape pigeon. The immense power of wing of the albatross enables it to cleave the air with the greatest facility and with a motion peculiar to itself; its widely-extended pinions, without any perceptible volition, carry it rapidly from the extreme verge of the horizon; whilst its gliding and graceful movements appear to be extended with perfect ease, and to be under the most complete control, whether quietly floating in the calmest atmosphere, or riding the furious blasts of the hurricane. Another peculiarity of the albatross is the shape of the bill, which has many of the characteristics belonging to a bird of prey. It is six inches in length, extending at first in a straight line, and then, sweeping into a curve, terminates in a most formidable hooked point. With this peculiarity of the eagle and falcon, it has the webbed feet, divested of claws, so clearly an attribute of the aquatic tribe, and which, with its enormous breadth of wing, appear to mark it as the exclusive occupant of the cloud and the wave, of the raging blast or heaving billow; for no sooner does it set foot on the vessel's deck than it loses all majesty of appearance and grace of motion, staggers awkwardly, and, like a lubberly landsman, into the lee-scuppers, and, similar to the latter under identical circumstances, seeks relief by the same means that follow an emetic.—*Colonel Napier's "Wild Sports."*

CAPTURE OF A SNAKE.

WATERTON, in his "Wanderings in South America," gives the following account of catching a snake. He had sent his Indian servant, Daddy Quashi, to look for something he had lost in the forest, and during his absence, he says, I discovered a young coulacanaro, ten feet long, slowly moving onwards: I saw he was not thick enough to break my arm, in case he got twisted around it. There was not a moment to be lost. I laid hold of his tail with the left hand, one knee being on the ground; with the right hand I took off my hat, and held it as you would a shield of defence. The snake instantly turned, and came on at me, with his head about a yard from the ground, as if to ask me what business I had to take liberties with his tail. I let him come, hissing and open-mouthed, within two feet of my face, and then with all the force I was master of, I drove my fist, shielded by my hat, full in his jaws. He was stunned and confounded by the blow, and ere he could recover himself, I had seized his throat with both hands, in such a position that he could not bite me: I then allowed him to coil himself round my body, and marched off with him as my lawful prize. He pressed me hard, but not alarmingly so. In the meantime, Daddy Quashi having returned, and hearing the noise which the fray occasioned, was coming cautiously up. As soon as he saw me, and in what company I was, he turned about, and ran off home, I after him, shouting to increase his fear. On scolding him for his cowardice, the old rogue begged I would forgive him, for that the sight of the snake had positively turned him sick.

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SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ALTARS.

THE first altar we read of in the Bible, was that erected by Noah on leaving the ark. According to a Rabbinical legend, it was formed partly from the remains of one built by Adam on his expulsion from Paradise, and afterwards used by Cain and Abel, on the identical spot where Abraham prepared to offer up Isaac. Mention is made of altars erected by Abraham; (Gen. xii. 7; xiii. 4; xxii. 9;) by Isaac; (xxvi. 25;) by Jacob; (xxxiii. 20; xxxv. 1, 3;) by Moses. (Exod. xvii. 15.) After the giving of the law, the Israelites were commanded to make an altar of earth; they were also permitted to employ stones, but no iron tool was to be applied to them. This has been generally understood as an interdiction of sculpture, in order to guard against a violation of the second commandment. Altars were frequently built on high places: thus Solomon built an high place for Chemosh; (1 Kings xi. 7;) and Josiah brake down and burnt the high place, and stamped it small to powder. (2 Kings xxiii. 15.) Altars were sometimes built on roofs of houses: in 2 Kings xxiii. 12, we read of the altars that were on the top of the upper chamber of Ahaz. In the tabernacle, and afterwards in the temple, two altars were erected, the one for sacrifices, the other for incense: the table for the shew-bread is also sometimes called an altar.

The altar for burnt-offering belonging to the tabernacle was a hollow square, five cubits in length and breadth, and three cubits in height: it was made of shittim-wood, and overlaid with plates of brass. In the middle, there was a ledge or projection on which the Priest stood while officiating: immediately below this, a brass grating was let down into the altar to support the fire, with four rings attached, through which poles were passed when the altar was removed.

The altar of burnt-offering in Solomon's temple was of much larger dimensions, twenty cubits in length and breadth, and ten in height, (2 Chron. iv. 1,) and was made entirely of brass. Of the altar of burnt-offering in the second temple, the canonical Scriptures give us no information, excepting that it was erected before the foundations of the temple were laid. (Ezra iii. 3, 6.)

From the Apocrypha, however, we may infer, that it was made, not of brass, but of unhewn stone; for in the account of the restoration of the temple service by Judas Maccabæus, it is said, "They took whole stones according to the law, and built a new altar according to the former." (1 Mac. iv. 47.)

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The altar of burnt-offering erected by Herod is thus described by Josephus. "Before this temple stood the altar, fifteen cubits high, and equal both in length and breadth, each of which dimensions was fifty cubits. The figure it was built in was a square; it had corners like horns, and the passage up to it was by an insensible acclivity from the south. It was formed without any iron tool, nor did any iron tool so much as touch it at any time."

The second altar belonging to the Jewish worship, was the *altar of incense*. It was placed between the table of shew-bread and the golden candlestick, in the most holy place. This altar in the tabernacle, was made of shittim-wood overlaid with gold plates, one cubit in length and breadth, and two cubits in height. It had horns of the same materials; and round the flat surface was a border of gold, underneath which were the rings to receive "the staves, made of shittim-wood, overlaid with gold, to bear it withal."

The altar in Solomon's temple was similar, but made of cedar, overlaid with gold. (1 Kings vi. 20.)

The altar in the second temple was taken away by Antiochus Epiphanes, and restored by Judas Maccabæus.

The direction to the Israelites at the time of their leaving Egypt, to construct their altars of unhewn stone or of earth, is doubtless to be understood as an injunction to follow the usage of their patriarchal ancestors; and not to adopt the customs, full of idolatrous associations, which they had seen in Egypt, or might see in the land of Canaan. The conclusion deducible from this, that the patriarchal altars were of unhewn stone or of earth, is confirmed by the circumstances under which they were erected, and by the fact that they are always described as being "built."

The provision that they *might* be made of earth, applies to situations in which stones could not be easily obtained, as in the open plains or wildernesses.

Familiar analogies lead us to the inference that the largest stones that could be found in the neighbourhood would be employed to form the altar; but where these could not be had, that heaps of smaller ones might be made to serve.—*Kitto.*

WATCHMEN.

"The watchmen that went about the city."—Sol. Song v. 7.

This conveys an intimation that the Jewish towns had a regular and vigilant night-police. The nature of this establishment was probably similar to those which still exist in the towns of Western Asia, the streets of which are usually patrolled at night by guards, who are much feared on account of the dexterous and ever ready use of the stout cudgels which they carry in their hands. What Mr. Lane says of Cairo is applicable to most other large towns. "None but the blind are allowed to go out at night later than about an hour and a half after sunset, without a lantern or light of some kind. Few persons are seen in the streets later than two or three hours after sunset. At the fifth or sixth hour one might pass through the whole length of the metropolis, and scarcely meet more than a dozen or twenty persons, excepting the watchmen and guards, and the porters at the gates of the bye-streets and quarters." The watchmen also challenge every approaching passenger, and expect an answer. Women are almost never seen in the streets at night. If circumstances were similar among the Hebrews, the treatment which is here described is sufficiently explained; and is what any female might expect in hurrying through the streets at night, without male servants bearing lights, and, in her fright, probably neglecting to reply to the challenge of the watchmen.

POPERY.

TWENTY POPES APPEARING AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

(*Continued from p.* 187.)

X.—JULIUS II.

Julius. Canst thou guess, St. Peter, who I am?

Peter. Thou lookest very much like a military man.

Julius. Thou art right; thou judgest like a connoisseur: war was my element; to excite war throughout Europe my passion; and I succeeded. Thus I set the Emperor of Germany on the Kings of Spain, England, and Naples, and those on him. The warlike expedition of Charles VIII., King of France, to Italy, was likewise my work. But thou needest not think that I have not personally taken part in these affairs. I have myself taken the field, and led on my soldiers: I besieged Mirandola, and also had a strong inclination to take the field against the King of France.

Peter. And why all this?

Julius. I chose the old Roman hero, Julius Cæsar, as my pattern. I desired to equal him, and I hope I have succeeded pretty well.

Peter. And for this purpose thou didst raise the flame of war in Europe; for this thou didst spread misfortune and misery among the nations?

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Julius. It is true. Italy, the theatre of war, has suffered much by it; but does the enthusiastic hero, avaricious of glory, study that? My view was constantly directed to my pattern, and I cared not for anything else. I therefore assumed his name when I was elected Pope.

Peter. Thou wert Pope?

Julius. As well as I remember—yes. Is there anything astonishing in that? As I was Pope, I could pursue my favourite object freely and successfully. Indeed, for the first two years I was quiet, because circumstances would have it so; but I then proceeded much more briskly and firmly.

Peter. So judge thyself. Thou wert the first Priest of the religion which teaches love and peace, and yet thou kindledst the flames of war—made use of the sword thyself.

Julius. My dear Peter; battle-fields are not the places to cherish religion. And, to speak honestly, what is it? We do right to leave pious superstition and prejudices to the mob; for by such means they may be tamed and ruled, allured and frightened; but the man of sense smiles at them, and makes them his sport in familiar circles.

Peter. Go, then, thou unworthy man, and seek those circles where thou canst continue to have thy sport with religion. This door opens not for thee.—*Protestant Advocate.*

FRENCH CANADIAN MISSION.

R. D., one of the pupils in our institution at Belle Riviere, went, a short time ago, to visit his parents at L——. His father, although troubled himself by many doubts, thought the religion of his son to be false. R., in despair of convincing his father, proposed to him that they should go together and see the Priest. The father consented, and they went. The Priest had just finished saying mass, and was still in the sacristy.

Father. Sir, I bring you my son, that you should prove to him that his religion is false.

Priest. O, look here, M. D., it cannot be proved to him; it is impossible: these people do not believe anything.

R. I beg your pardon, Sir. For instance, if you would just show me in the Gospel something like "confess your sins to a Priest," I should confess immediately.

Priest (to the father). See what he asks now! Tradition is necessary to prove that; for the Gospel is not complete.

R. That is not true.

Priest. Do not insult me.

R. No, Sir, I did not come to insult you; I only wish that you should prove from the Gospel what I have asked you.

Priest. The Gospel! Nobody can understand it until the Fathers explain it.

R. Well, show me in the Gospel that we need the theologians.

Priest (to the father). I told you these people will not believe anything. Do you believe that the Church has received the power to forgive sins?

R. Yes, in the same way in which Peter and the other Apostles could forgive; which is, "If thou *believest*, thou shalt be saved," and not, If thou *confess* thyself, &c.

Priest. Go away! (Turning himself towards the father.) They will not believe anything. Protestantism is no religion. Every religion must have a priesthood and a sacrifice, and you have neither priesthood nor sacrifice.

R. What! do you think that the priesthood of Jesus Christ and his sacrifice is nothing?

Priest. It is 1800 years since this sacrifice is over.

R. But what does St. Paul say to the Hebrews? Does he not say, "That Jesus Christ is Priest for ever; that his priesthood cannot be inherited by others; that he is sitting at the right hand of God, his Father, able to save those that approach God through him, being ever alive to intercede for them; and that, having offered himself once in sacrifice, he has consecrated, for ever, such as are sanctified."

Priest. You see they will not believe anything, trying to take the Fathers away.

R. But you have not said anything I could possibly believe.

Priest. You will believe nothing but the Gospel: how can I demonstrate you the truth?

R. But is not the Gospel the word of God?

Priest. Go away, as I told you already. (To the father.) They are a set of ignorant people, that do not understand anything. You ought not to admit your son into your house.

R. I see what a successor of an Apostle you are, Sir.

Priest. What do you say? What a successor of the Apostles I am!

R. Yes, Sir. Have the Apostles taught the fathers to turn the children out of their houses?

Priest. Go away; leave this place!

The father was very much astonished that the Priest had not been able to convince his son, hardly more than a boy, of the truth of the Roman religion. He went all through the market, and told the people of the embarrassment of the Priest, and of the victorious assurance of his son, whom he believed to possess the true religion.

The next Sabbath, the Priest spoke of the Bible, which he compared to a book of medicine; and as it is dangerous to help one's-self from the directions of such a book, so it is dangerous to read the Scriptures, and conform to their directions.

BUONAPARTE'S OPINION OF PATRON SAINTS.

"I HAD a jocular conversation with him about patron saints. He asked who was my patron saint? what was my Christian name?

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I replied, that my first was a family name, that I was called after Barry Lord Avonmore, an Irish Peer. 'But,' said he, laughing, 'you must have some patron saint to befriend you, and plead your cause in the next world?' I mentioned my second Christian name. 'Ah!' said he, 'then *he* will plead for you. St. Napoleon ought to be very much obliged to me, and do everything in his power for me in the world to come. Poor fellow, nobody knew him before. He had not even a day in the calendar. I got him one, and persuaded the Pope to give him the 15th of August, my birthday. I recollect,' continued he, 'when I was in Italy, a Priest preaching about a poor sinner who had departed this life, his soul appeared before God, and he was required to give an account of all his actions. The evil and the good were afterwards thrown into opposite scales, in order to see which preponderated. That containing the good proved much the lightest, and instantly flew up to the beam. His poor soul was condemned to the infernal regions, conducted by angels to the bottomless pit, delivered over to the devils, and thrown into the flames. Already, said the Preacher, had the devouring element covered his feet and legs, and proceeded upwards even unto his bowels; in his vitals, O! brethren, he felt them. He sunk, and only his head appeared above the waves of fire; when he cried out to God, and afterwards to his patron saint: O! patron, said he, look down upon me; O! take compassion upon me, and throw into the scale of my good deeds all the lime and stone which I gave to repair the convent of ——. His saint instantly took the hint, gathered together all the lime and stone, threw them into the scale of good, which immediately preponderated; the scale of evil sprung up to the beam, and the sinner's soul into paradise at the same moment. Now you see, my brethren, how useful it is to keep the convents in repair; for had it not been for the lime and stone bestowed by this sinner, his poor soul would even now, children, be consuming in hell-fire; and yet you are so blind as to let the convent and the church built by your forefathers, fall to ruin. At this time,' continued he, laughing, 'these *canaglie* wanted to get a new convent built, and had recourse to this expedient to procure money, which, after this, poured in upon them from all quarters.'"—*Voice from St. Helena.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. SARAH BRADDOCK,

of Chapel-en-le-Frith.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH CHAPMAN.

DIED, December 5th, 1845, at Chapel-en-le-frith, in the Buxton Circuit, Mrs. Sarah Braddock, in the ninety-fifth year of her age. She was in early life the subject of divine impressions, and joined the Wesleyan society some years before the death of its revered founder; but remained for a considerable period a stranger to "the peace which passeth all understanding." One day, however, whilst working in a factory, the building unexpectedly gave way, and she, with several others, was buried in the ruins. In this perilous situation she remained some hours; but she cried unto the Lord in her distress, and he graciously heard her cry. Not only was she almost miraculously preserved, but God revealed himself as her reconciled Father, and she was enabled to rejoice with "joy unspeakable." All fear of death was removed, and she only felt troubled on account of her aged parents, who depended entirely upon her for support. Nearly fifty years ago she removed from Macclesfield, where she had resided from an early period, to Chapel-en-le-frith; married comfortably; and when death deprived her of her husband, had the satisfaction to know that he died in the Lord. Her constitution was remarkably strong. When about ninety years of age, she walked to the chapel, a considerable distance from her dwelling; and until within two years of her death, performed her domestic duties almost entirely herself. She frequently said, when conversing on spiritual matters, "I want the Holy Spirit to testify clearly to my spirit that I am a child of God;" and her desire was granted, for she received many clear and powerful manifestations of the divine favour and love: in particular, one Sabbath evening, about a fortnight before her departure, when she was taken worse, and thought to be dying. In answer to her fervent prayers, in which she was joined, at her earnest request, by some friends present, Jesus revealed himself to her soul, and she exclaimed "Jesus is precious! O, he is precious! Jesus is here. He is ready to carry me to his Father. O Jesus! take full possession of my soul; take away all inbred sin, and make me all glorious within." Some young friends, to whom she was attached, and by whom that attachment had been from a very early period in life reciprocated, came in, to take, as they then thought, a last farewell. She was told that they were present, her eyes having become so dim that she could recognise no one. She raised her hands, and prayed fervently that

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the divine blessing might rest upon them, and that the Lord would grant to each of them saving grace. Some verses of our hymns were also repeated by her; and in this frame she continued several hours. Afterwards she fell into a kind of stupor; and consciousness never returned (but during one short interval, during which she was constantly engaged in prayer) until mortality was swallowed up of life.

LETTER-CARRIER.

THOUGHTS ON THE STATE OF WIDOWHOOD.

From Mrs. Fletcher, to Mrs. B., who had recently lost her Husband.

Madeley, April 26th, 1796.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * * * *

THE more you commit all to the Lord, the more you shall see his hand in all, and prove the truth of those words once powerfully applied to me, "Christ charges himself with thy temporal affairs, while thou chargest thyself with those that relate to his glory."

You ask my thoughts on the state of widowhood, which, you say, seems the highest in the Church, as having most promises made to it. It is certain that there is much compassion shown towards it in the word of God, and many sweet encouragements. The goodness of the state, however, must depend upon its *use*. If, like the young widows, described by St. Paul, the world is still sought after, and trifling affairs occupy the mind and time, it is, in that case, an unprotected and dangerous state; or, if in any sense being their own mistresses sinks them more into their own will, it is at least unprofitable. On the other hand, if, according to the Apostle's description, they are widows indeed, devoted souls, given up day and night in prayer and supplication, stripped of worldly pursuits, and feeling all their treasure is above, then it peculiarly leads to God. Indeed every situation has its high or low paths. Choose either. From having passed through each state of life, I am enabled to form some judgment. I am well assured, and can, from experience, say, the virgin state has many and great blessings. I *honour* it much, when chosen for the Lord. The married state (with a suitable person) is also more blessed than I could have thought; and I found in it many spiritual advantages, which my dear Mr. Fletcher and I often remarked to each other with thankfulness. Yet, I must own with you, the widow knows she has not chosen for herself. It is the Lord's doing; and this assurance quiets every sorrow, and gives us to rest in his dear will. And though to this day, when I look back on past scenes, my heart often bleeds, yet I feel it a powerful remedy to consider, that He who made the wound cannot err; and whose love, as well as his wisdom and power, are all engaged in my behalf.

There is much in that observation, "The married woman careth how she may please her husband." And this, with every advantage of the single life, belongs to that of the widow.

You observe, there are not so many rules given to that state. One I recollect, "Let thy widows trust in me." And this is the first step to all the rest. In order to live in this unshaken faith, they must pray without ceasing. Again, St. Paul warns them in a peculiar manner against improper behaviour, and dissipation of mind; advising, on that account, those who will not walk circumspectly, to marry, and have cares and employments of their own; but to be sure it was "in the Lord," if they did take that step. Another, and a very important direction is conveyed in that word, "But she is happier if she so abide." This is a blessing pronounced on the state by an inspired Apostle. Nay, the Lord himself, who is the Judge of the widow in his holy habitation, invites the soul, stripped of human comfort, to his more near and close embrace. There, my dear friend, may you and I be found! And let us abandon every other view but this. Our next step may be into eternity. For my own part, I am in love with old age, and dropping into forgetfulness, while others are coming forward to fill our place; increasing as we decrease.

I am yours,

MARY FLETCHER.

MISSIONARY FACTS.

THE DYING INDIAN BOY.

I FOUND him dying of consumption, and in a state of the most awful poverty and destitution, in a small birch-rind covered hut, with nothing but a few fern-leaves under him, and an old blanket over him. After recovering from my surprise, I said, "My poor boy, I am very sorry to see you in

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this state: had you let me know, you should not have been lying here." He replied, "It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore." I then asked him concerning the state of his mind, when he replied that he was very happy; that Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he had the most perfect confidence in Him. Observing a small Bible under the corner of his blanket, I said, "Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find something good there." Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, held it in his attenuated hand, while a smile played on his countenance, and slowly spoke, in precisely the following words:—"This, Sir, is my dear friend. You gave it me. For a long time I read it much, and often thought of what it told. Last year I went to see my sister at Lake Winnipeg," (about two hundred miles off,) "where I remained about two months. When I was half-way back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned round, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro, before I could reach the house; but I found my friend, and determined that I would not part with it again, and ever since it has been near my breast, and I thought I should have buried it with me; but I have thought since, I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good." He was often interrupted by a sepulchral cough, and sunk down exhausted. I read and prayed, the hut hardly affording me room to be upright, even when kneeling.—*Missionary Letter in Bishop of Montreal's Journal.*

IDOLATRY OF THE YORUBAS.

April 7, 1845.—This day the grand annual worship of the great god of Wawu, called Idaghè, was celebrated in a village about four miles hence. It being a great holiday, all the inhabitants were neatly dressed in their best clothes, and presented a lively appearance of neatness and activity. This god is supposed to possess the power of protecting children from death, and of foretelling future events, especially the issue of war. Mewu, the Chief of Imuo, or Mowo, who very seldom leaves his station, was present on this occasion. The representation of this god is a black snake, which is held in great veneration by the worshippers. It is never killed when seen; but is left in quiet possession of that part of the premises which it occupies. On such an occasion, it is believed that the god portends something to the inhabitants, which is ascertained by the Priest who consults the god. A bullock was sacrificed to the god to-day at Idalleh. Wawu has a particular Priest consecrated to this god.—*Church Missionary Record.*

THE "CAMDEN" MISSIONARY SHIP,—A STORM.

It is but a few days since we encountered, and were delivered from, a fearful and long-continued hurricane. Friday was a day of rough and restless calm. The barometer gradually fell, and towards evening a fresh breeze set in, which slowly increased, till, by four A.M., we lay-to under a small sail, only used to keep the vessel from rolling. By eight this also was removed, and we lay at the mercy of the fierce wind and infuriated waves, without a stitch of canvass. Still the vessel was pressed down on one side, and as each wave rolled by, the lee bulwarks and nearly half the deck were under the boiling waters. All hatches were shut, and tarpaulins fixed, and the day-time darkness was only rendered more dismal by the burning of a solitary lamp. On deck the scene was truly awful. The wind howled with terrific sound through the naked rigging. The drifting spray and rain rendered it quite impossible to look to windward; and to leeward all we could see was, when in the hollow the huge wave rolled away from us in appalling grandeur, and when on the top, a few ship's-lengths off, the ridge boiled as though covered with snow, and was partly hidden by a veil of drift. Our boat, part of the bulwarks, and some planks firmly lashed above the stern, were burst away by the fury of the waves; and now, had we sprung a leak, had one joint of our little vessel yielded, or had we turned stern to the sea, our doom had been sealed. A boat at such a time would have been as hopeless as a straw. It was pleasing, however, in the midst of all this, to see the peace which faith in Jesus gives. Mr. Harbutt offered up, with the few who had assembled for morning worship, such a soothing and confiding prayer as I think I have seldom heard. Just after, the Captain, passing me to go on deck, said, "We must just wait and *see the salvation of God.*" I followed him on deck, and, to my surprise, I saw him ascend the main rigging with fearless step, to try, if possible, to get down the topgallant mast and yard, which might help to save the mast, and would render the ship less liable to lie down on her broadside. Seeing the danger of this attempt, Captain Morgan asked no one else to make it, but himself encountered the risk; I doubt not, in humble faith. He failed, however. By the time he reached the height required, he was exhausted by the exertion; for the wind continually clapped him to the rigging and held him there, and he was benumbed by the wind and pelting rain. He descended in safety; and tools were held in readiness to cut away the mast, should that be necessary. Many an anxious eye watched the steady descent of the weather-glass; and many a look and prayer went up to Him that rides upon the storm. At a quarter to twelve the mercury began to rise; by one the rain had ceased, the wind was not

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perceptibly abated, but the sun sent down a few feeble rays to cheer our hearts, and lead us to hope for better things. By two he shone warm and smiling, and by four the wind was evidently subsiding, which it continued to do till Sabbath morning, when it blew a gentle and refreshing breeze, as if it had quite forgot its ravings. "Then we were glad because we were quiet." It is impossible to describe to you the grandeur of the scene when first the sun began to shine, and the cessation of dreadful rain rendered it possible to look at it. Each ridge, as it passed along, heaving its mountain height, and curling its foamy summit, which left behind a field of sparkling snowy white, seemed as if it could have swallowed a thousand such frail barks as ours, had she not mounted on each as it approached, and ridden like a sea-bird, free from harm. I have told you what a grateful contrast the next morning presented. It was, indeed, a *Sabbath*. The wind was hushed; the sun poured down its reviving beams; and the waves, so lately lashed to appalling fury, heaved up their unwieldly forms in humbled subjugation.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THRESHING.

The ancient mode of threshing, as described in Scripture, and figured on the Egyptian monuments, is still preserved in Palestine. Formerly the sheaves were conveyed from the field to the threshing-floor in carts; but now they are borne, generally, on the backs of camels and asses. The threshing-floor is a level plot of ground, of a circular shape, generally about fifty feet in diameter, prepared for use by beating down the earth till a hard floor is formed. (Gen. l. 10; Judges vi. 37; 2 Sam. xxiv. 16, 24.) Sometimes several of these floors are contiguous to each other. The sheaves are spread out upon them, and the grain is trodden out by oxen, cows, and young cattle, arranged five abreast, and driven in a circle, or rather in all directions, over the floor. This was the common mode in Bible times; and Moses forbade that the oxen thus employed should be muzzled to prevent them from tasting the

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corn. (Deut. xxv. 4; Isai. xxviii. 28.) Flails, or sticks, were only used in threshing small quantities, or for the lighter kinds of grain. (Ruth ii. 17; Isai. xxviii. 27.) There were, however, some kinds of threshing-machines, which are still used in Palestine and Egypt. One of them, very much used in Palestine, is composed of two thick planks, fastened together side by side, and bent upwards in front. Sharp fragments of stone are fixed into holes bored in the bottom. This machine is drawn over the corn by oxen, a man or boy sometimes sitting on it to increase the weight. It not only separates the grain, but cuts the straw, and makes it fit for fodder. (2 Kings xiii. 7.) This is, most probably, the corn-drag mentioned in Scripture, (Isai. xxviii. 27; xli. 15; Amos i. 3; rendered, threshing instrument,) and would seem to have been sometimes furnished with iron points instead of stones: of this a representation is given in our woodcut. The Bible also notices another machine called a *moreg*, (2 Sam. xxiv. 22; 1 Chron. xxi. 23; Isai. xli. 15,) which is unquestionably the same bearing in Arabia the name of *noreg*. This machine is not now often seen in Palestine; but is more used in some parts of Syria, and is common in Egypt. It is a sort of frame of wood, in which are inserted three wooden rollers, armed with iron teeth, &c. It bears a sort of seat or chair, in which the driver sits to give the benefit of his weight. It is generally drawn over the corn by two oxen, and separates the grain and breaks up the straw even more effectually than the drag. In all these processes, the corn is occasionally turned by a fork; and, when sufficiently threshed, is thrown up by the same fork against the wind to separate the grain, which is then gathered up and winnowed.

AN INTERESTING FACT.

William Roun, labourer, from New-Galloway, going one day to cut peat, on a moss, near the summit of the hill of Lowran, a very high, remote, and solitary place, took his son with him, a little boy of about four years of age. After having been employed a short time, he missed the child, who had been amusing himself in chasing a kid which he had found on the hill; and he became alarmed lest he should have fallen into one of the many moss-pits or quagmires, or stumbled over some of the rocks or precipices with which the place abounds. No trace of the boy, however, could be found. In vain he called upon his name: no answer was returned. The natural anxiety of the father, led him from place to place with rapidity, sometimes finding the prints of his son's little feet in the soft parts of the moss; but he never dreamed of crossing a high stone wall or dyke which runs on the south side of the moss alluded to, down the steep and rocky sides of the mountain, to the margin of the Dee, which flows on one side, and Loch Ken on the other. Over this dyke he conceived it impossible for the child to have climbed. In the evening he found means to send to New-Galloway an account of the circumstance, and several humane persons, accompanied by the distracted mother, came to aid his search for the poor child, in this wild and rocky moor. One of them, happening to cross over the stone wall, perceived there the impression of the boy's footsteps, and these were occasionally seen all the way down to the margin of the Dee, where they lost all trace of the little wanderer, and were apprehensive that he had been carried off by the stream. Going along its banks, and crossing dykes and steps which they conceived it impossible for the child to climb, they again found the print of his naked feet on the soft sand of a small rivulet. They were therefore induced still to go forward; though they were now more than four miles from the place of their first setting out. Night was now coming; the search had continued eleven hours; and they thought of returning home in despair. At this time, one of the party, looking into the stream of the Dee, found a handkerchief round a stone in the channel of the river, which he recognised to be the child's; and had now little doubt but he would be found drowned near this place in the stream. He called the rest of the company to approach, when, a little farther down the bank, he perceived the little boy, with his feet in the water, and his head resting on a stone, in a quiet sleep. "Jemmy! Jemmy!" said the trembling father, "are you alive?" The little pilgrim, lifting his head from his rocky pillow, exclaimed, "O, father, is it you? What for did ye no come to help me to catch the wee kid?" The little fellow's cap was filled with pebbles, with which he had pursued the kid from rock to rock, and through the openings of the stone dykes, for upwards of six miles, barefooted, and having been twelve hours without tasting a morsel of food. The joy of the mother nearly cost her her life; but the young wanderer has not suffered any injury, and his safety marks the protecting care of Divine Providence. M. B.

SLAVERY.

A SLAVE-MART IN AMERICA.

A valued friend of mine, in America, who was once a slave-holder, but, under the ennobling influence of Christianity, had emancipated his slaves, told me, that, on going once into a slave-mart, he saw among

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those to be sold, a remarkably fine slave. When put up for sale, the auctioneer described him as a man of much physical power, and a skilful worker in iron. Such a man it was expected would bring a large price; and such was the case. There was a slave-purchaser present, an itinerant trafficker in the bodies of men, who, as the bidding proceeded, kept ahead of the rest, which the poor slave observed. After a time, the slave stepped off the block, and said to his bidder: "Well, master, I perceive that you intend to buy me. But, Sir, if you buy me, you must buy my wife too: there she stands crying yonder." "I don't know that I shall purchase you," said he: "get upon the block." The bidding went on, this person still keeping in advance. The slave again in great anxiety stepped off the block, and made a similar request, and met with a like repulse. In a short time after, this slave-dealer bought the slave, who then said, "Master, my wife and I are much attached to each other; she will be of little use to her master when I am gone; you may buy her cheap: do, master, buy my wife, and I will be a faithful slave to you. I am a skilful worker in iron, and will bring you good wages: do, master, buy my wife." "I came not," said he, "to buy your wife, but you." On this, the slave turned and embraced her tenderly, clasping her in his arms; when, as if a new thought had struck him, he came again to his master, and said, "You must buy my wife, and I will be to you a faithful slave." His master sternly refused his request. "Well," said he, "if you will not buy my wife, I will never be your slave;" and immediately killed himself with a weapon which he drew from his pocket, in the market-place. When I say wife, I mean the woman he called so; for, by the law of the slave-states, the honourable relation of husband and wife is forbidden to the slave. The same friend (continued Mr. Scoble) also told me, that he was present at the embarkation of a number of slaves, at which a few minutes' delay was occasioned by one of the poor women, who remained behind to perform a necessary act of maternal care for her infant. This so excited the anger of the master, that when she came up he inquired in a rage the cause of her detention. She explained to him the cause of delay; but his rage was such that he snatched the child abruptly from the woman's arm, and holding it up, asked who would take it. Unnatural and revolting as was this offer, yet a monster was found to take the child; and the poor mother had to embark in the steamer without the child which God had given to her to comfort her in her degradation and sorrow.—*J. Scoble, Esq.*

MARRIAGE AMONG SLAVES.

SLAVERY, in principle and in fact, annihilates the marriage relation. It knows no man as husband, no woman as wife. It enjoins no duties, it confers no rights upon the parties that sustain this relation. No man who is a slave can assert or maintain his right to cherish and protect the woman whom he calls his wife: no slave-woman can assert and maintain her right to obey the man whom she calls her husband. Lawful wedlock, with its rights and duties, does not exist among our entire slave-population.

The testimony of an esteemed personal friend, Rev. William T. Allen, formerly of Huntsville, Alabama, will give a clear view of what is law and fact on this subject. He says, "Legal marriage is unknown among the slaves. They sometimes have a marriage-form; generally, none at all. The Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Huntsville, Alabama, had two families of slaves when I left there. One couple were married by a Negro Preacher: the man was robbed of his wife months afterwards by her 'owner.' The other couple just took up together, without any form of marriage. They are both members of churches: the man a Baptist Deacon, sober and correct in his deportment. They have a large family of children, all children of concubinage; living in a Minister's family."

While Professor Andrews resided some years since in Carolina, he says, "An old Negro came to me one day, weeping so immoderately, that for some time I could not clearly ascertain the cause of his distress. Peter had just then heard that his wife's master was about to sell her to a speculator." The Professor sought to console him, when he replied, "This is my third wife: both of my other wives were sold to speculators, and were carried to the south, and I never heard from them since." Truly have the Savannah (Ga.) River Baptist Association said, while speaking on this subject, "*The slaves are not free moral agents; and a dissolution of the marriage covenant by death, is not more entirely without their consent and beyond their control, than by separation.*"

Slavery, in principle, denies to the slave the right to provide for his wife, defend her person from the grossest conceivable insult, or prevent a final separation at the pleasure of the lawful master. If it be consistent with righteousness to prohibit marriage, then is slavery in this respect right; but if it be essentially wrong to make such prohibition, then is slavery essentially wrong—sin in its very nature. In the estimation of the old-school General Assembly, at its recent meeting at Cincinnati, that land must be a polluted one where the widower is permitted to marry the sister of his deceased wife: but that Church retains its vestal purity which fellowships American slavery, which renders lawful marriage impossible, encourages and sanctions, if it does not necessitate, a system of indiscriminate fornication and adultery.—*Rev. W. S. Streeter.*

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REMARKABLE DAYS.

ST. SWITHIN.—JULY 15TH.

SWITHIN, in the Saxon, Swithum, received his clerical tonsure, and put on the monastic habit, in the old monastery at Winchester. He was of noble parentage, and passed his youth in the study of grammar, philosophy, and the Scriptures. Swithin was promoted to holy orders by Helmstan, Bishop of Winchester, at whose death, in 852, King Ethelwolf granted him the see. In this he continued eleven years, and died in 868. Swithin desired that he might be buried in the open churchyard, and not in the chancel of the Minster, as was usual with other Bishops; and his request was complied with: but the Monks, on his being canonized, considering it disgraceful for the Saint to lie in a public cemetery, resolved to remove his body into the choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession on the 15th of July. It rained, however, so violently for forty days succeeding, that the design was abandoned as heretical and blasphemous, and they honoured his memory by erecting a chapel over his grave, at which many miraculous cures of all kinds are said to have been wrought. To the above circumstance may be traced the origin of the old saying, "that if it rains on St. Swithin's, it will rain forty days following!"

In Poor Robin's Almanack for 1697 are the following lines:—

"In this month is St. Swithin's day;
On which, if that it rain, they say
Full forty days after it will,
Or more or less, some rain distil.
This Swithin was a saint, I trow,
And Winchester's Bishop also,
Who in his time did many a feat,
As Popish legends do repeat:
A woman having broke her eggs
By stumbling at another's legs,
For which she made a woeful cry,
St. Swithin chanced for to come by,
Who made them all as sound or more
Than ever that they were before.
But whether this were so or no,
'Tis more than you or I do know.
Better it is to rise betime,
And to make hay while sun doth shine,
Than to believe in tales and lies,
Which evil Monks and Friars devise."

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Abbey, Mrs.,	Thorganby,	Selby,	60	Aug. 13th, 1845.
Allen, Mrs. Eliz.,		York,	77	Mar. 21st, 1846.
Bailey, Mrs.,	Boughton,	Faversham,	28	Mar. 19th, 1846.
Barton, Mr. George,		Beverley,	56	Feb. 16th, 1846.
Boocock, Mrs.,		Sowerby-Bridge,	56	Mar. 23d, 1846.
Dolman, Mr. W.,		Burton-on-Trent,	41	Mar. 8th, 1846.
Ellis, Miss Louisa,	Clydach Ironworks,	Abergavenny,	20	Mar. 1st, 1846.
Fleming, Mrs. Ann,	Shildon,	Shotley-Bridge,	41	Feb. 17th, 1846.
Hickman, Rev. H.,	Wesleyan Minister,	Derby,	44	Feb. 10th, 1846.
Howard, Sebyas,	Halton,	Spilsby,	69	Mar. 5th, 1846.
Jones, Mrs.,	Nassau,	New-Providence,		Mar. 1st, 1846.
Kemp, Mrs. E.,	Nassau,	New-Providence,	33	Feb. 28th, 1846.
Lane, Mrs. Sarah,		Devonport,	80	Mar. 29th, 1846.
Lindsay, Mr. Andrew,		Wicklow,	71	Mar. 21st, 1846.
Lyddon, Mr. John, sen.,		Bristol,	66	Mar. 23d, 1846.
Millington, Mr.,	Gad-Brook,	Norwich,	43	Mar. 24th, 1846.
Neap, Mr. William,	Epperstone,	Mansfield,	77	Jan. 21st, 1846.
Pitney, Miss A.,	Somerton,	Glastonbury,		Mar. 27th, 1846.
Plant, Mr. John,		Spilsby,	69	Jan. 14th, 1846.
Roberts, Mrs. Jane,		Penzance,	70	Mar. 8th, 1846.
Robinson, Mrs. Dinah,	Derwent-Cottages,	Shotley-Bridge,	29	Jan. 21st, 1846.
Scattergood, Mr. Thomas,		Melton-Mowbray,	70	Feb. 16th, 1846.
Scott, Mr. Thomas,		Strabane,	29	Mar. 28th, 1846.
Shaw, Jos., Esq.,		Southampton	53	Mar. 13th, 1846.
Short, Mr.,	Bicester,	Brackley,	61	Dec. 10th, 1845.
Smart, Miss Eliz.,	Roundhill-House,	Bingley,	23	Nov. 3d, 1845.
Stevenson, M. A.,		Chelmsford,	55	Mar. 22d, 1846.
Toft, Mrs. Mary,		Oundle,		Mar. 5th, 1846.
Wayte, Rev. James H.,	Freetown,	Sierra-Leone,	23	Jan. 16th, 1846.
Whitworth, Mr. James,	Whittle-le-Wood,	Chorley,	51	Dec. 29th, 1845.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

AUGUST, 1846.

REMARKS ON "A CLEAN HEART," THE CHRISTIAN'S PRIVILEGE.

"MAKE clean our hearts within us," is a petition to which an enlightened and sincere believer of Methodist doctrines adds an "amen," with a promptitude and emphasis for which some other sincere Christians are not prepared. The limited and indistinct conceptions of the latter of the importance of "a clean heart," and their doubts as to the possibility of every child of God obtaining such an inestimable blessing, and living in the possession of it, disqualify them for that elevated tone of spiritual devotion which those enjoy who apprehend it to be their undoubted privilege to obtain inward holiness by faith. "Bowing their knees to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," they can say, "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may *perfectly love thee*," with an energy of faith peculiar to themselves. True, many who believe it to be their privilege to be "sanctified wholly," rest short of "a clean heart." The root of bitterness is still felt within; the unsubdued portion of the carnal mind yet infects the heart with "the plague of leprosy;" the Canaanites, devoted to destruction, have become, as it was prophesied of them, "thorns in their sides, and pricks in their eyes;" the heart, destined, when the Holy Ghost took possession of it in justification, to be "a house of prayer," is in danger of becoming too much like "a den of thieves," "a cage of every unclean and hateful bird," a chamber of idols and wicked abominations." But, among other causes for tolerating this inbred sin, and submitting to such a comparatively unhappy state of mind, is not the want of due encouragement to the children of God to claim their Christian privilege, one of the foremost? "Being justified by faith," *they* have embraced the covenant whose gracious provisions give them a "sure" title to "all things;" but more especially to "all spiritual blessings in Christ." "A clean heart" is a part of the legacy bequeathed to them by their dying Saviour, when he said, "My peace I leave with you, that my joy may remain in you, and that your joy may be full." Yes, his will is their present and "entire sanctification." And this inestimable boon may be obtained *now* by a simple act of faith: "According to your faith be it unto you." Do not mistake your position. While you are even the feeblest "babe in Christ," the blessing is yours in reversion, because you "are Christ's." That is, "by the covenant

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ordered in all things and sure," you have a right, an indefinite right, to "a clean heart," to that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord:" and that not in the same sense in which you hold the title to heaven, your future reward; *that* happiness is not to be obtained here: but to inward holiness, you hold a legal claim to present occupation, to immediate possession. You may have it now: do not delay to possess it, however numerous the inconveniencies and sorrows to which you may be exposed, from a want of faith; and if you continue "*pursuing*," though "*faint*," your long-suffering Saviour will by his own arm, and for his name's sake, "perfect that which concerneth you," and receive you to his mercy above.

But, "dearly beloved," do not rest here; do not leave *your property* in the hands of your enemy; "thank God, and take courage:" be of good cheer; the blessing, even the blessing of "a clean heart" is before you, it is near you, it is within your reach. Put out your hand, your hand of faith, and take it. Yes, this moment take the blessing of perfect love, that "perfect love which casteth out fear" and sin, all evil desire, all pride and passion, and fills the soul with "all joy and peace in believing." *In believing* you shall realize the great salvation. One act of trust, and yours is "the heaven of loving God alone." The object of sanctifying faith, is Christ crucified: it is his blood that "cleanseth from all sin." In this act the believer takes Christ for his Sanctifier,—for his "Redeemer from all sin;" and in the full assurance of faith, ventures to say in his heart, "Jesus, my perfect Saviour, thou dost cleanse me now from all sin." This is "believing with the heart unto righteousness," unto "pardon, and holiness, and heaven." By this bold act of faith, you say to the mountain sin, "Remove from hence, and be thou cast into the sea of my Redeemer's blood," and the powerful mandate is obeyed. It is granted that this is not unlike the performance of a moral miracle. No sooner is this faith exercised in the true spirit of contrite, humble prayer, than the Holy Ghost answers for himself, by "creating within us a clean heart." Now it is that, in a more full and perfect sense than in justification, we become "new creatures in Christ Jesus;" "old things are passed away, and behold all things are become new." Suffer me then to ask, Do you feel your want of this change? Is indwelling sin your grief and burden? Are you willing to part with all for Christ? To "walk with him in white?" To be crucified to the world? To be *singularly* good? Then is Christ this moment willing to give you himself, and become at once your "sanctification." "Fear not; only believe." Dare to say over *for yourself*, yea, and repeat again, and again, the four last verses of the 417th hymn. Come, begin at once:

"For this, as taught by thee, I pray," &c.

Now fall on your knees, and in the spirit "of wrestling Jacob," pray for the Comforter, and the God of peace will verily "sanctify you wholly;" and *on the condition* of your continuing *thus to believe* and pray, and *pray* and believe, you will henceforth be "preserved in your whole spirit and soul and body blameless, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Amen, so be it.

But whither am I led? It was not my intention to enlarge on the nature of the blessing, or the mode of attaining it, but rather to offer a few remarks on the importance of keeping the doctrine before the eyes of the Church; of urging the necessity of using all diligence to lay hold on this Christian privilege; of exemplifying its power and blessedness in our experience; of maintaining it, if possible, openly, firmly, explicitly, and zealously; and with

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stronger assurance that God has called us to this state of "perfect holiness," and that he is well-pleased to bestow it now on "every one that believeth." We shall observe :—

1. First, then, it is an object of *special divine favour*. Upon "such as are of a clean heart" God looks with peculiar approbation. There he sees his image, and he loves it. The righteous Lord who loveth righteousness "looketh on the heart;" and the man who is "renewed in righteousness and true holiness,"—"after the image of Him who created him,"—is an object of divine complacency. Over him God "rejoices with joy, he rests in his love, he joys over him with singing." As the holy Daniel walked in spotless purity in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, this "wholly new man" shall hear a voice from the court of the King of Kings, "O man, thou art greatly beloved." As Enoch walked alone in perfect holiness, in the midst of a corrupt world, the perfect man shall have this testimony from the Angel of the Covenant,—that "he pleaseth God." Covered with the robe of righteousness, beautified with the garment of salvation, and, "like the King's daughter, all-glorious within," the Spirit of truth shall say in his heart, "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over his bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." What a distinguished felicity, what a high honour! Who would not aspire to such a crown of rejoicing? And is it holiness, inward holiness, a clean heart, that confers this distinction? Then without holiness no one can enter and abide in the felicity of the divine presence; but "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," shall enter the holy of holies, shall possess his ineffable smile, and abide in his "fulness of joy."

2. *The witness of the Spirit expects a clean heart for its residence.* Unless all sin be cast out, or you are sincerely seeking its destruction, you must not look to enjoy the Spirit's abiding witness. The moment you yield to sin, the evidence of your adoption is beclouded. It is only while we walk in the light of the Spirit's testimony, that we can "read our title *clear*." When the Holy Spirit (now dwelling in the believer as the temple of the living God) is "grieved," the "beams of sacred bliss" no longer shine from the propitious heavens, and the sweet "whisper" from Jesus, that "I am his," is no longer heard. "The temple of the Holy Ghost being defiled," the threatening rod is uplifted, and the anger that was "turned away," is again seen gathering in the eye and on the brow of the eternal Father. It is true the door of repentance is open, and the gracious, all-prevalent Advocate is in his place above; but while sin, even inward sin, is tolerated or connived at, the glory of God "removes to the threshold of the house," and the "joy of his salvation" takes its departure. Hence you may perceive the true reason why so many who profess justification become shorn of their strength, and retain nothing of their adoption, but a cold, feeble, unloving confidence. Their first love is gone, and the witness of the Spirit, "vexed" with many heart-backslidings, is lingering on the "threshold." The two peculiar doctrines of Methodism, the direct witness of the Spirit, and that of entire sanctification, are like the two kine that drew back the ark of God from its exile,—they are yoked together; they are a wedded pair; and what God hath joined, let no man put asunder. If they be not kept side by side, if they be not equally encouraged and led on together, the ark of Methodism, the chariot of our Aminadab, will move heavily along. The one blessing brings us into immediate contact with the Deity, the other assimilates us to the divine nature; the one brings us to see openly God's reconciled countenance, the other changes us into the same image. The Spirit's direct testimony places us so immediately in the divine presence, so directly in the midst of the "holy of holies," that unless we consent instantly to have "holiness to the Lord" written on our

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hearts, we must submit to withdraw to some less favoured compartment of the "temple of the living God."

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL PREACHING.

But what is preaching without impression and effect? And is nothing here to be sacrificed to secure this? Can you plant a flower without bending, or lift up a child from the ground without stooping? Is there to be no difference between the press and the pulpit? Are Preachers only to consider what will be gratifying to scholars, and overlook the mass of their audience? "The words of the wise are as goads and as nails." There is no informing the multitude in the way of dissertation: argument with them is nothing, unless it be brief and illustrated by comparison; and no feeling is to be produced without facts, examples, natural imagery, touches of passion, and strokes of imagination. How few are there of those who freely pronounce on Preachers, who are proper judges of what is necessary to rouse the careless mind, to relieve the jaded attention, to recall the wandering thought, to fix a sentiment, to furnish a handle to an idea, so that it may be laid hold of and carried away; to put a picture over the lesson of the child, to honey the vessel which contains the medicine which the patient is by no means willing to receive! Yet we are talked of, and we are censured, by persons who consider condescension as a want of taste, and a plainness of address as vulgarity, and who never take into account our situation as Ministers, our difficulties, and our aims. I remember a French King wished that all his subjects could be Kings for a few months; for, he said, "it would free them from envy and vexation." I wish that all our hearers, upon the same principle, could be Preachers for a few months; for I am sure it would disarm them of those free and foolish remarks in which they now often indulge. However, I bless God I have never regarded fastidious criticism, or resigned one particle of that freedom by which I could use anything important or convertible to popular edification. Is not one sentiment, though it may be quaintly expressed, which is remembered and repeated by numbers twenty years afterwards, better than a whole sermon of tame smoothness which slides off from the mind like oil or mercury down a slant marble, and is forgotten before the admiring audience have even reached their own homes?—*Rev. William Jay.*

A DRUNKARD SAVED.

During the period that the late Rev. Theophilus Lessey laboured in the Halifax Circuit, the following affecting fact transpired, and has been recorded by his biographer, the Rev. Dr. Hannah. A most notorious drunkard repaired one Sunday afternoon, as usual, to the public-house. But the landlady refused to supply him with any more liquor until the old score, which stood against him, was discharged. At last, however, she consented to let him have a pot of beer *for his hat.* Not a drop more would she give him; and he returned home mortified and vexed. On entering his cottage he perceived a tract lying on the table. It had just been left by a Tract-Distributor. A woodcut on the first page attracted his attention. That cut represented a woman, the mistress of a public-house, driving a drunken-looking fellow from her door, while she pointed with one hand to a long score against the wall, and held his hat in the other. The man was thunderstruck.

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It was precisely such a scene as the one in which he had been an actor. He saw what an object of contempt and derision he had rendered himself by his misconduct, and resolved that he would change his course. Having washed and dressed himself, he set out after tea for a walk; but as he passed the Wesleyan chapel, he was attracted by the singing which he heard, and turned in thither. Mr. Lessey was the Preacher. The word of God, as administered by him, reached the heart of this poor sinner. From that time he resolved that he would regularly attend the chapel, entirely withdrawing himself from the scenes of his accustomed resort. Deep conviction had seized upon his heart. He was heavily burdened with a sense of his guiltiness before God, and earnestly sought acceptance with him. The Sunday but one after the event above-mentioned had occurred, he again heard Mr. Lessey, and during the sermon was enabled to commit himself, by faith, into the hands of our Lord Jesus Christ. He instantly found the mercy for which he mourned, and "went down to his house justified." And the change was not transitory. He continued steadfast in the ways of the Lord; and more than a year afterwards recited the circumstances of his wonderful conversion in a Wesleyan lovefeast, rejoicing in that divine compassion which had plucked him also "as a firebrand out of the burning."—*Lessey's Memorials.*

RUSSIAN RESTITUTION.

An English woman, who held an appointment in the Winter Palace, and whose daughter was educated at Zarskoje-Sselo, delivered to a poor Isdawoi five hundred rubles, which he was to carry to the latter. Next day the man came back to his constituent, kissed her hands, and said, "Forgive me, I am in fault; I have lost your money, I know not how, and have searched everywhere, but cannot find it. Do with me what you think proper." The lady, who had no wish to ruin the poor fellow, put up with the loss, said nothing about the matter, and some time afterwards entirely lost sight of the man, on his removal to another part of the palace. At length, six years after the occurrence just related, he went to her one day with joyous countenance, and in the most cheerful mood, and counted out upon the table the five hundred rubles which he had lost by his carelessness. On her inquiring how he had raised such a sum, he told her that he had denied himself every indulgence, and saved so much of his monthly wages till he had at last scraped together three hundred rubles. As he had lately obtained a better situation and higher wages, he had found himself in a condition to marry. His wife had brought him one hundred rubles, and other little valuables. He had persuaded her to give up these articles and dispose of them by lottery among his comrades, and the produce of this had completed the sum, which he now repaid as a debt that had weighed heavily upon his mind for six years. As the honest fellow was not to be persuaded to take back his money, the English lady, whose head and heart were likewise in the right place, put the little capital out to interest as a gift to the first offspring of the marriage, thus grounding the good luck of the child on the honesty of the parent. Such instances of integrity, adds the same author, are by no means rare among the Russians. Truly, honesty is the best policy.—*Russia and the Russians: by J. G. Kohl, Esq.*, vol. i., p. 167.

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THEOLOGY.

THE ENSIGN OF THE CHURCH.

A SERMON.

BY THE REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, M.A.

"And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek: and his rest shall be glorious."—Isaiah xi. 10.

How precious are the promises contained in this chapter! "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." "For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." If it be inquired how or by what means this great work shall be effected, the answer from our text is obvious: "In that day," that is, the Gospel dispensation. A day in Scripture is an indefinite portion of time. Christ himself calls his dispensation a day: "Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad." It is called "a day of salvation:" hence Paul applied it to his time; "Behold, now is the day of salvation." It is with us the same day: the day of the Gospel dispensation is now: "The Sun of righteousness is shining with healing in his wings."

I. Consider what is meant by "the root of Jesse."

II. How it shall be an "ensign for the people."

III. The blessed promise, "To it shall the Gentiles seek."

IV. Consider the glorious rest promised to such.

(Get your minds in a proper frame; sit as under the cross, as if you saw the blessed Jesus exalted.)

I. Consider what is meant by "the root of Jesse."

The person meant by this is the Lord Jesus Christ, that complex being who is very God and very man. In our text we have,

1. His divine nature pointed out; and it is very important to observe it. He is called "the root of Jesse;" for, as God, he was the first of all beings; the root of Adam, as well as every living thing. Hence David in spirit called him Lord: "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool." But though his divine nature only is pointed out here, yet I take it,

2. That his human nature is implied. Turn to the first verse; "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots." Here is his humanity: he grows out of the stem of Jesse. Observe the wonderful beauty of the figure. Through all the changes of David's family they are reduced from royalty to abject poverty; no mark of dignity attaches itself to them, and yet God had wonderfully preserved the line distinct, and it was just about to expire when the Messiah came. But the Prophet does not say, "a rod shall come out of David," but of Jesse; it shall spring, not from the royal branches, all these are lopped off; but, like an old tree cut down, the stump only remaining in the ground, a rod, or, as the word may mean, scion, sprig, a little stem shall shoot up; as if the old stump were left in the ground for this purpose; a straight, slender twig shall come, out and grow up to perfection. God passes by all the stately cedars of the Jews, and pitches upon the neglected stem, "his roots;" they barely remained, yet these roots send forth "the Branch." Thus Christ is the stem as well as the root of Jesse: hence St. John beautifully connects the two ideas, (Rev. xxii. 16,) "The root and the offspring of David." Perhaps God meant to show that, in sending his Messiah into the world, the most humble state should be his: hence he pitches not on royalty, but traces him to David's first state of humiliation; "For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him."

II. How it shall be an "ensign for the people."

It may have two meanings, referring either to the standard itself, which was called the ensign, or to the standard-bearer. In both these senses it will apply to Jesus Christ.

The standard was used first in the camp; the hosts were marshalled under it. In the camp it is like the pillar of fire and cloud: it will station with thee in the camp. Secondly, in the march it went before, and led on the company. So our standard is raised on high, and carried

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before us; and we are commanded to follow the cross. "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Mark the need that Christians have to be encouraged in the march by the ensign being carried before them. Thirdly, in the battle. So long as the standard is kept elevated, victory may yet be gained: it is the token of conquest being yet undecided, the battle not finally won. So in our fights, so long as our standard is unfurled, we rally to it and fight beneath it, victory is certain, not dubious; for the standard cannot be plucked out of the hand of Omnipotence. Fourthly, it is used in the triumph, in exultation, and in joy. Thus, then, shall it be when all Christ's cross-bearers will come forth with, not laurels, but "everlasting joy upon their heads."

But, as to the ensign itself. In this point of view it answers to Christ: he stands for an ensign. 1. See Mount Calvary. Paul was not ashamed of a crucified Master. 2. He is lifted upon the pole of a preached Gospel. Paul to the Galatians: they had not seen Jesus with their eyes, and yet they had, says St. Paul, seen him crucified among them. It was doubtless in this sense he meant it. On this pole he is now elevated, and shall continue to be to the end of the world. Miserable are those Christless sermons in which this is hardly touched upon.

III. What a blessed promise! the Gentiles shall yet flock to this standard. We had a proof of this in the wise men, they sought to it; next in the Syro-Phœnician woman, of whom our Lord said, "Great is thy faith," &c. See the case of the Roman centurion. Next Cornelius, a seed of Gentilism, which produced the conversion of all his house. And see in our day, whenever the light is sent abroad, how the poor Heathen flock to it. All Gentiles; we too are Gentiles, and have sought this ensign. However it is despised now, the nations shall seek to it; for "righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

IV. The glorious rest promised.

Some think the rest here refers to the building of the Jewish temple. For above five hundred years the Shechinah inhabited a moveable tabernacle, and this was never called his rest. But when Solomon built the temple, God said he would dwell there, and that should be the place of his rest. This was the holy of holies, in which he displayed his glory between the cherubim; and it might well be called a glorious rest. At times the High-Priest could not enter in because of the glory of this rest. Now, this holy of holies was a type of the Christian and Gospel dispensation, our Mount Zion, this hill of the Lord. This is his rest; and how often has the glory of the Lord been displayed among us! Witness Paul's prayer for the Ephesians: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." This rest is peculiarly the Lord's. But, whether it refer to this or not, there is a rest which those experience who seek to this standard; a rest from sin here. But O! what will it be in the world to come, when all his saints shall stand with the Lamb on Mount Zion, clothed with his glory! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." "And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God Kings and Priests: and we shall reign on the earth. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

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APPLICATION.—The standard has now been lifted up: Christ has been set forth, &c., on the pole of this Gospel. Sinner, hast thou sought to it? Christ suffered this for thee! See his blood, his hands, &c.; and wilt thou sin against so much love? O! seek to it.

Believer, this is thy ensign: it is thy banner, under which alone thou art safe in the march; under which alone thou canst fight in security; and by which alone thou wilt triumph. Hold on: the rest shall yet be glorious: we were Gentiles, and had no right to the covenant of promise after the flesh. Come, poor pilgrim, after all thy fighting here, though doomed to hardship and many a battle, there is a rest, a glorious rest. Only take care to keep thy life hid with Christ in God, and, if thou put it in this casket, it will be preserved till that day as a precious jewel when Christ brings forth this treasure and shows those costly deposits.

PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILMENT CONCERNING OUR SAVIOUR.

1. A MESSENGER went before him to prepare his way.—Prophecy, Isai. xl. 3; Mal. iii. 1; and iv. 5.—Event, Matt. iii. 1—3; Mark i. 1—6; Luke iii. 1—6; John i. 15, &c.

2. Christ appeared at the period predicted: so that all expectation of a Messiah to come is vain and unscriptural.—Prophecy, Gen. xlix. 10; Daniel ix. 24; Haggai ii. 7—9; and Mal. iii. 1. These passages limit the coming of Messiah to a period preceding the expiration of four hundred and ninety years, reckoning from the edict of Artaxerxes, Ezra vii., preceding the total dissolution of the Jewish constitution; and preceding the destruction of the second temple.—Event, Jesus Christ lived when Herod, a Jew, was King of Judea; he entered the second temple; and expired exactly at the expiration of the seventy prophetical weeks, as appears from the most authentic chronological accounts extant.

3. Christ was born of a pure virgin.—Prophecy, Gen. iii. 15; Isai. vii. 14; Jer. xxxi. 22.—Event, Matt. i. 18, &c.; Luke i. 27, &c.

4. Christ was born of the seed of Abraham; of the tribe of Judah; of the lineage of David; of the family of Zerubbabel.—Prophecy, Gen. xii. 3; xxvi. 4; xlix. 10; 2 Sam. vii. 12, &c.; Psal. lxxxix. 29—52; cxxxii. 11; Haggai ii. 23.—Event, Matt. i. 1—12; Luke iii. 27, 31, 33, 34.

5. Bethlehem, David's city, was the place of Christ's nativity.—Prophecy, Micah v. 2.—Event, Matt. ii. 1; Luke ii. 1—6.

6. A star attended his birth.—Prophecy, Numbers xxiv. 17.—Event, Matt. ii. 2.

7. Wise men of Sheba and Seba came and offered him gifts.—Prophecy, Psal. lxxii. 10.—Event, Matt. ii. 1.

8. Galilee was the principal place of his ministry.—Prophecy, Isai. ix. 1, 2.—Event, Matt. iv. 12; Mark i. 14; Luke iv. 14—31.

9. Christ opened the eyes of the blind; unstopped the ears of the deaf; made the dumb to speak; the lame to walk; cleansed the lepers; &c., &c.—Prophecy, Isai. xxix. 18; xxxii. 3, 4; xxxv. 5, 6; xlii. 7.—Event, Matt. ix. 27, &c.; xi. 5; xii. 22; xx. 30, &c.; xxi. 14; John ix. 6, 7.

10. Christ judged not after the sight of his eyes.—Prophecy, Isai. xi. 3; collate 1 Sam. xvi. 7.—Event, Matt. xvi. 8.; Mark ii. 8; Luke v. 22; Matt. ix. 4; xii. 25.

11. Christ sharply censured the wicked.—Prophecy, Isai. xi. 4.—Event, Matt. xxiii.; Luke xi. 52.

12. Christ was meek and lowly.—Prophecy, Isai. xlii. 3; Zech. ix. 9.—Event, Matt. xi. 29; John viii. 1, &c.

13. Christ was that Prophet whom the people were to hear, and obey on the peril of their souls.—Prophecy, Deut. xviii. 15, 18, 19.—Event, John i. 45; Matt. xvii. 5. "Hear ye *him*."

14. Christ entered Jerusalem in the meek and humble way predicted.—Prophecy, Zech. ix. 9.—Event, Matt. xxi. 1, &c.

15. Christ showed himself zealous of the glory of God.—Prophecy, Psal. lxix. 9.—Event, Matt. xxi. 12; Mark xi. 15; Luke xix. 45; John ii. 14, &c.

16. Christ was rejected by the rulers and Pharisees.—Prophecy, Psal. cxviii. 22; Isai. liii. 3; Psal. ii. 2.—Event, Matt. xxvi. 3, 4; Mark xiv. 1; Luke xxii. 2; John xi. 47.

17. He dealt prudently.—Prophecy, Isai. lii. 13.—Event, Matt. xxii. 21, 29—33; xxi. 23—25; John viii. 7.

18. Christ was betrayed by his friend.—Prophecy, Psal. xli. 9; lv. 12—14, 20.—Event, Matt. xxvi. 14; Mark xiv. 10; Luke xxii. 3.

19. The price for which he was betrayed was thirty pieces of silver, for which a potter's field was purchased.—Prophecy, Zech. xi. 12, 13.—Event, Matt. xxvi. 15; xxvii. 7, 8.

20. His disciples forsook him at his apprehension.—Prophecy, Zech. xiii. 7.—Event, Matt. xxvi. 56.

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21. Christ gave his back to the smiters; and hid not his face from spitting.—Prophecy, Isai. l. 6.—Event, Matt. xxvi. 67; xxvii. 30; John xviii. 22.

22. Christ bore his sufferings with patience and meekness; when reviled, he reviled not again.—Prophecy, Isai. liii. 7. —Event, Matt. xxvi. 63; xxvii. 12—14; Mark xiv. 61.

23. They pierced his hands and feet in nailing him to the cross.—Prophecy, Psal. xxii. 16.—Event, Matt. xxvii. 35; Mark xv. 25.

24. They cast lots upon his garments. —Prophecy, Psal. xxii. 18.—Event, Luke xxiii. 34; John xix. 24.

25. In his thirst they gave him to drink vinegar mingled with gall.—Prophecy, Psal. lxix. 21.—Event, Matt. xxvii. 34, 48; Mark xv. 23; John xix. 29.

26. He was crucified between two thieves.—Prophecy, Isai. liii. 12.—Event, Mark xv. 28; Luke xxiii. 32.

27. His enemies, in mocking him, used unknowingly the very words of the Prophet, Matt. xxvii. 43; Psal. xxii. 8.

28. Christ, in the extremity of his sufferings, used likewise the words of the Prophet, Matt. xxvii. 46; Psal. xxii. 1.

29. Christ was buried in the manner foretold, Matt. xxvii. 57, &c.; Isai. liii. 9.

THE CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

(From Ordination Address of Dr. Bunting, at the late Wesleyan Conference.)

We believe that Christ never calls unspiritual men to preach a spiritual religion; that he does not call unconverted men to take a leading part in the conversion of others; that personal regeneration, and personal justification,—I should rather say, personal justification, and regeneration, as connected with it,—are indispensable qualifications. We do not mean to say this is the only qualification; but it is the primary one, and one without which it is vain to concern ourselves with inquiring into the presence or absence of other secondary and auxiliary, but important qualifications. The man must have passed from darkness to light; must have fled to the cross of Christ; and must have found "redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of sins;" he must have experienced that personal regeneration which comes from the mighty working of the Holy Spirit on the heart, and be "walking in the fear of God and the comforts of the Holy Ghost." To ascertain this, in the first place, is a point of primary importance. It is true, that all who are converted are not called to the ministry. Though we believe no unconverted man is called, yet, to constitute a scriptural and divine call, there must be something more than the possession of real religion, even in some of its highest measures of attainment. We believe that God has declared it to be his will, that there should be persons, selected by himself in the first instance from the mass of the whole people, the mass of Christians, from the midst of the converted church, and by himself called, to constitute an order of men, devoted entirely to the ministry of the word, the pastorship of the people, and the promotion of the spiritual and eternal interests of their fellow-men.....Some may demand higher acquirements than we are disposed to consider essential; though we feel that no degree of competency is too great for the claims of the work; that no branch of knowledge, no amount of general information, can be considered as otherwise than serviceable, when rightly employed in the work of the ministry, which requires the best and choicest of this class of gifts: yet we have come to the conclusion, that the only qualification which can be deemed absolutely, uniformly, and indispensably necessary, is a competent acquaintance, on the part of the individual, with the science he is called to teach;—the science of salvation, God's method of saving sinners by Jesus Christ; the scriptural plan of justification and acceptance through the blood-shedding and meritorious sacrifice of our Saviour, "the Lord our Righteousness;" and the Spirit's work in applying the effects and beneficial results of his atonement to the salvation of individual man. With this knowledge, and with the power to teach it intelligibly and acceptably to others, we believe God always furnishes a man to whom he gives a divine call.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Men have tried all kinds of methods except the only right, effectual, and divinely-appointed one, for gathering into union the broken and scattered fragments of the church, and for turning to harmony its discordant voices. They have tried the compulsion of law, the power of logic, the persuasion of eloquence, the subscription of articles, the application of tests, the authority of tradition; and yet

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all these means have signally failed, not only to procure internal unity, but external uniformity. Emperors and Kings, Popes and Prelates, Councils and Convocations, Cabinets and Senates, divines and lawyers, have all employed their wits and exerted their hands in this great work of unity; and yet they have left the church as divided and inharmonious as they found it. While there lies upon the very surface of revelation, where every eye can see it, and has lain for nearly eighteen centuries, a principle so simple that a child may understand it, which, if properly felt and judiciously applied, would have effected that which has ever been considered so necessary, and yet so difficult. "Forbearing one another in love." Divinely inspired, heaven descended, godlike sentence! How simple, yet how sublime! This one short precept, universally obeyed, would set all right, and reduce all to order. It would not at once reconcile all minds, but it would harmonise all hearts. It would not amalgamate all churches into an external uniformity, but it would combine the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace.—*Rev. J. A. James, in "Essays on Christian Union."*

PREACH CHRIST.

Our hearers need only examine how we preach Christ, to form an idea how far we are evangelical. Shall we glory in the beauty of our composition, in the flowers of rhetoric, in the force of oratory, in the harmony of periods, and leave the *cross* out as *unfashionable?* Thus did not Paul. Shall we glory in the teachings, in the example, of Christ; and not in the cross of Christ also? So did not Paul. See! he is going into Greece, the eye of the world: and what did he do? "I determined not to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ, and him crucified." He is going to Rome, the imperial city, among sages, generals, poets, legislators, and statesmen. Will he not change his theme? Will he there talk of the "Supreme Being, eternal providence, destiny," &c.? No. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile." And when he heard that the Galatians were about to conceal the cross, O, what were his feelings! They were about to blot the sun out of the firmament, and what could they have left but darkness, desolation, and death! The cross of Christ is the grand luminary of the Gospel system, from which all its parts derive light, life, and influence. All else is darkness; and God forbid that we should glory, on earth or in heaven, in life or in death, save in Christ our crucified Lord!—*Rev. R. Newton.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

NONCONFORMIST MINISTERS.

1. Mr. Thoroughgood, who was ejected from Monkton, in Kent, was a bold reprover of sin. He had once preached so pointedly against the vice of swearing, that one of his hearers, addicted to it, thought himself to be particularly intended, and was so exasperated that he resolved to kill the Minister. He accordingly hid himself behind a hedge, in the way which Mr. Thoroughgood usually took in going to preach his weekly lecture. When he came up to the place, the man, who intended to shoot him, levelled his gun, and attempted to fire at him; but it only flashed in the pan. The next week he went to the same place to renew his attempt; but the very same event happened. The man's conscience immediately smote him: he went after Mr. Thoroughgood, fell on his knees, and, with tears in his eyes, related his design to him, and asked his forgiveness. And this providence was the means of the man's conversion.

2. Mr. Maurice, of Stretton, in Shropshire, was often hid in God's hand, when in danger of being apprehended by his enemies for preaching after his ejection. At one time, having received evidence that he had been preaching, and knowing that he was in his own house, they made a narrow search in all parts of it, except the closet where he was concealed; but though they were in the room where it was, they never discovered the door of the closet. At another time a constable found him preaching, and commanded him to desist; but Mr. Maurice, with great courage, charged him, in the name of the great God, whose message he was then delivering, to forbear molesting him, as he would answer it at the great day. The constable, awed by his solemn manner, sat down trembling, heard him patiently to the end of his discourse, and then quietly left him.

3. The great plague in London, in 1665, gave occasion for the display of the sincerity and zeal of the Nonconformist Ministers, and of the providence of God in preserving them from the contagion, when engaged in their

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ministerial labours in the midst of it. Mr. Thomas Vincent, who had been ejected from St. Mary Magdalen, Milk-street, was, when the plague broke out, a Tutor in an academy at Islington. He then determined to leave his situation, and devote himself to the spiritual instruction of the people in London, where the pulpits were, in a great measure, deserted. His friends endeavoured to dissuade him from the dangerous enterprise, but in vain. He agreed, however, to follow the advice of his reverend brethren, in and about the city. When they were assembled, he told them his resolution, and assured them that it had been the result of much serious thought. He had carefully examined the state of his own soul, and could look death in the face with comfort. He thought it absolutely necessary that the vast numbers of people then dying should have some spiritual assistance; and that he never could have such a prospect of usefulness as a Minister, as now presented itself. He added, that he had often left the matter and himself with God; that he had solemnly devoted himself to the service of God and souls upon this occasion; and that, therefore, he hoped none of them would endeavour to weaken his hands in this work. When the Ministers present had heard what he said, they unanimously expressed their joy, and their confidence that the matter was of God, and united in prayer for his protection and success. He then entered on his work with fortitude and diligence. During all the time of the plague, he preached every Sunday in some of the parish-churches. He chose the most moving and important subjects, and treated them in the most pathetic and searching manner. The awfulness of the judgment then before the eyes of all, gave great force to his addresses. It was a general inquiry through the preceding week, where Mr. Vincent was to preach on the Sabbath. Multitudes followed him wherever he went; and several were awakened under every sermon. He visited all that sent for him: and it pleased God to take peculiar care of him; for though in London there died of the plague this year 68,596, and seven persons died in the family where he lived, he continued in perfect health all the time, and was an useful Minister to a numerous congregation, at Hoxton, for upwards of twelve years afterwards. Thus were the precious promises in the ninety-first Psalm fulfilled to this servant of God.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home? See the traveller: does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." O! the joyful reunion of a divided family; the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence! Behold the man of science: he drops the laborious and painful research, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study, and, unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children. Take the man of trade: what reconciles him to the toil of business? what enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? what rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will come, when he will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompence. Yonder comes the labourer: he has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him of his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half-way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness. His hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats, and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden; enters again, and retires to rest; and "the sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." Inhabitant of this lowly dwelling! who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house!—*Rev. W. Jay.*

HOW MAY I TEACH MY CHILD SINCERITY?

That children are naturally indisposed to sincerity must be admitted. A propensity to deceive by word and act is among the bitter fruits of our common apostasy. "*The wicked,*" saith the Psalmist, "*are estranged from the womb; they go astray as soon as they are born, telling lies.*" One of the first things observable in children is an effort to deceive. To exonerate themselves from blame, or free

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themselves from anticipated punishment, they falsify their word, or cover up what truth and duty demand should be exposed. Very important, therefore, is it to prevent this; to nip this evil propensity in the bud, and cultivate a frank, open, sincere disposition. How may this be done? I suggest four things:—

1. Impress them deeply with the criminality and odiousness of insincerity. This may be done by reading and expounding to them portions of Scripture bearing upon this point, and making them commit to memory those portions of Scripture.

2. Always be sincere with them; never allowing yourself to deceive them in any particular, or for any cause. There is often a temptation, on the part of the parents, to do the opposite of this. It is often quite convenient to deceive a child; but he who does it, does it to the child's moral injury and his own guilt. He teaches falsehood by example, the most effective of teaching; and the pupil will most surely learn and practise deceit himself.

3. When your children commit an offence and confess it, commend them for the confession, and forgive them the wrong done.

4. When you detect your child in a lie, invariably punish him for it. Whatever other offence goes unpunished, let not this. If Jehovah regards lying as a crime, that parent who omits severe discipline in case of falsehood, is certainly deserving of censure.

Our Saviour tells us that he who lies *bears Satan's image*. "He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh his own; for he is a liar, and the father of it." And Jehovah hath said: "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

While the path of sincerity is straight and plain, and the sunlight of heaven rests upon it, and while it leads upward to the home of God and truth, the paths of dissimulation are dark and crooked, and lead down to the abode of the prince of darkness. Can we be too careful that our children should be kept in the way of the Father of Lights, and out of the tortuous, snaky course of the infernal serpent?—*Mother's Magazine.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

A DREAM.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D., PHILADELPHIA.

I HAVE never crossed the Atlantic, though it has ever been one of the strongest desires of my heart to do so; to visit what was the home of my fathers; the region of revolutions and battles; the country of song, of eloquence, of great deeds, good and bad. Probably my short purse will never permit me to enjoy all this, and mercy may give me to see a "better land." But in my dreams I often visit it. There is not a mountain or lake in Scotland which I have not many times climbed or sailed over, nor a landscape of note which I have not pictured in my imagination. In one of these mental visits lately, the following pictures were before my mind:—

I was walking in a nobleman's park; the tall trees were in clusters, and their arches everywhere admitted light and shade in beautiful contrast. The wild birds had their home here, and even the timid deer were seen bounding from one thicket to another, without uttering the wild whistle which we hear in our forests when a deer sees a man. In the midst of all that was lovely, stood the old family mansion, and there it had stood for centuries; its towers, its wings, its great niche for the family plate, its gardens and stables, and its thousand conveniencies and elegancies. But all around the house was still. The clock in the tower was stopped, the horses in the stables were unharnessed, and the domestics were gathered round in whispering groups; the bell and the knocker were bandaged in crape, and I now knew that Death was looking into the windows, or that he had already entered the door. On entering the lofty rooms, panelled and stuccoed after the fashion of other days, you of necessity associated it all with great wealth. In the antiquated but beautiful furniture, you saw, at a glance, that in no generation had the possessor been called upon for self-denial. In one of the most remote rooms, whose doors were curiously inlaid with variegated wood, whose ivory knobs turned noiselessly, whose carpet rendered the heaviest tread a velvet one, lay an old man, the possessor of all this estate. He was tall, noble in mien; but trouble had most evidently known him long. His countenance was sunken and haggard, the lips colourless, and the breast scarcely moving as he breathed with great difficulty. It was difficult to say whether he was weighed down most heavily by bodily or mental agony. Friends were standing near him, but they were not near in blood. Servants were anxiously waiting, but their sorrows were not those which children have for a dying father. A large scroll of parchment

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was lying on the table: it was the will of the dying nobleman. The gentleman named in it as executor was carefully reading it over.

"Mr. Douglas," said the dying man, "I know you will scrupulously observe all the directions of that instrument. I believe I have been minute and particular. As to that son,—my only child!—the memory of the past is overwhelming,—he is mine, as you know, only by adoption. I took him when a mere child, at the dying request of his father. I have educated him as my own child, and loved him as such. O, what returns have I received from him! Ungrateful, disobedient, prone to all that is evil, giving himself up to every vice, he grew more and more vile, till at length he fled from me and from his country, and for many years has lived in a foreign land, amid society and scenes which I dare not think of. During all these years I have supplied his necessary wants, and have tried every method to recall him; but he scorns every overture I can make. For the last six months I have sent by every packet, sometimes writing, and sometimes sending special messengers, urging him to return to me; promising that I will forgive all, and make him my heir, if he will return. I have taken the pains to be assured that my messages and letters have been put into his hands; as many as one a week for a long time. In that will, Mr. Douglas, I have directed, that if he return before my death, even if it be but an hour before I die, he shall still be my son and heir. If he do not, the reason is that he is unworthy, and I have cut him off from all part in the inheritance. You understand me, do you not, Sir?" "I do, Sir: I shall follow your directions to the letter."

At that moment the sufferer was seized with anguish, and the pain brought large drops of cold sweat upon his forehead. It seemed as if his end must be at hand. I wanted to console him, but he seemed to have a consciousness that dreaming people cannot do good.

* * * * * *

My dream was changed. I seemed to be ascending the creaking stairs of a miserable old building in one of the narrowest, most filthy streets in New-York. All around seemed dirty, decaying, and vile. These stairs led into a comfortless attic story. It was about noon. The room had an old table, a few broken chairs, a cot-bed, as its furniture; while bottles that were empty, and cards scattered round, showed that it was a miserable haunt of dissipation. A young man sat leaning on the table, who wore a torn coat, dirty shirt, and slovenly garments to correspond. A large letter lay before him. His eyes were red, his countenance haggard and woful, and everything about him distressing. He was musing over the letter. He would read it, or a part of it, and then get up, and hurriedly walk across the room. Again he would sit down and read. After doing so repeatedly, he suddenly stopped, and said aloud, "Yes, it is just so. I have tried this course a great while. My companions are friends just as long as my money lasts, and then they forsake me till I receive more. Once more I am stripped, and they have helped to strip me, and have even proposed to me to commit robbery, in order to replenish their wants and mine. When have they ministered to me? I have been in the hospital, and in prison, and not one of them ever came to me. And yet this good man,—how differently has he done! It is plain, too, that he is very near his end. The physician says there is no hope of my reaching him alive, unless I do it within thirty days from this very day. If I reach him, I may receive his pardon, his blessing, and his property; if I fail, I lose all. And now what shall I do? And the packet, the last packet sails this very day! Here I am a beggar, when I might there be the possessor of all the heart could wish. Nothing but my sins have kept me from all this. Can I give these up? Can I become virtuous and good? I trust I can. I will make the trial. I will make one effort more to recover, and save myself. This letter insures the payment of my passage when I reach home. And at twelve o'clock the packet sails. She must be already down the harbour, and the steam-boat must in a few minutes leave the wharf with the passengers and the mails. I have not a moment to lose."

Away went the young man down the stairs, and down the alley, with nothing but a small bundle of clothing under his arm. Towards the wharf I saw him rush. Panting and pale he went onward. Some thought him deranged; some thought him a thief; all thought him to be in a hurry. At length he sees the wharf, and hears the hissing of the steam of the boat that is to carry the passengers to the ship already under sail. There is the boat, and there! they are just letting her off from her moorings! Away he darts, and reaches the wharf. Alas! she is off, and he is just one minute too late! In agony he saw it all, and cried, "Too late! too late!" and sank down in despair. It *was* too late, and he lost the inheritance for ever. What a dream!

[Reader, you *have* a Father, and you *may* have an estate. Take care that you be not too late too obtain it. God is your Father; you are his wayward and rebellious child. You have crossed a very ocean of sin to be away from him; and you have tried to drown all thoughts of him in pleasure, in business, in dissipation, in indifference. He has sent after you many messages, beseeching you to return and be reconciled, and promising to make you heir of all things; nay, he has sent a vessel to bring you over free of trouble and expense, if you will but come. Hitherto you may have

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despised his love, and refused his offers. He sends you yet another message; and the vessel is still waiting, even the Covenant Ark: will ye not arise and enter, and go to your Father? Ye may not have another message sent, and this very day the vessel may depart. You will wish then you had gone; but it will be "too late." "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Beware lest the ocean of sin, which separates between you and your Father, rise and sweep you into wrath.]—*Christian Treasury.*

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

Dr. Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was a believer in apparitions. The following conversation of the Bishop with Judge Powell is recorded:—

"Since I saw you," said the lawyer, "I have had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions."

"I am glad you are become a convert to truth; but do you say ocular demonstration? Let me know the particulars of the story."

"My Lord, I will. It was—let me see—last Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up-stairs, and stalking directly towards my room. The door flying open, I drew back my curtain, and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber."

"Of a blue colour, no doubt."

"The light was of a pale blue, my Lord, and followed by a tall meager personage, his locks hoary with age, and clothed in a long loose gown; a leathern girdle was about his loins, his beard thick and grizzly, a large fur cap was on his head, and a long staff in his hand. Struck with astonishment, I remained for some time motionless and silent: the figure advanced, staring me full in the face. I then said, 'Whence, and what art thou?'"

"What was the answer, tell me, what was the answer?"

"The following was the answer I received:—'I am watchman of the night, an't please your honour, and made bold to come up-stairs to inform the family of their street-door being open, and that if it was not soon shut they would probably be robbed before morning."—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

OUR SERVANTS.

A VISIT TO MANCHESTER INFIRMARY.

A few years since I paid several visits to the Manchester Infirmary, in order to see a young woman who, at that time, was a patient there. The room in which this person lay, contained seven or eight patients, three of whom were female servants. On inquiry I found they all acknowledged they had been careless about their health, and would now give all they possessed, could they restore the strength they had so wantonly squandered.

It is not at the Infirmary alone that I have heard the same confessions: I have frequently received beneath my own roof, young women whose constitutions have been ruined by neglect and thoughtlessness, or by undertaking, for the sake of high wages, places which were too hard for them.

Perhaps some of my young readers may say, "We have our mistresses to thank for our bad health: they expect too much from us, and make us work at improper hours." Well, my girls, be patient, and I will endeavour to give such employers a few *friendly hints* on this important subject ere long; but for the present I shall confine my advice to servants.

Before you engage a place, make particular inquiries as to the services which will be required of you. Ask at what hour you may retire to rest, and at what hour you will be expected to rise: inquire, also, whether the kitchen is dry, and whether you will have to do much out-door work.

If you be strong and healthy, and accustomed to out-door work, you may stand some of these difficulties and take no harm; but if you are delicate, or liable to a cough, or if you are of a consumptive family, be careful how you choose a place. Do not, for instance, choose a cook's place when you have not strength to stand it, merely because you can get higher wages than as a housemaid or nurse.

If you are in a comfortable quiet place, where you have not more work than you can easily manage, do not leave it for one that will be too heavy for you, in order to get your wages raised.

A female servant told me, a week or two since, that she was once in a situation where she enjoyed good health and got comfortably through her work; but she left it to take a place where she would have much higher wages. In a few months her health began to sink under the exertions she was obliged to make, and at the end of six months, she was compelled to leave her place and return to her widowed mother to be nursed. She was nine months at home before she could take another situation. I am glad to say, this young person has learned wisdom by experience, and is now anxious to keep her place,

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where she has every needful comfort, though she might have one with higher wages.

But, believe me, my young readers, that where *one* servant loses her health by having too hard a place, twenty injure themselves by want of care.

The young woman I visited at the Infirmary said, "O ma'am, if I had but taken care of my health, I should not have been here. There was not a stronger young woman than I was a few years since; but I took no care of myself." "But how was it?" replied I: "you were not obliged at Mrs. A——'s to do anything likely to hurt you."

"O no, ma'am, but I was very careless; and when I was hot with cooking, I drank cold water, or sat down in the back kitchen with the door open; and sometimes I took off my shoes and ran about bare foot, and so the blood rushed to my head, and I was very ill: and, O this sad cough!"

I need not tell you how seriously I advised her to be more careful in future, should she be restored to health; but I must say I fear she never will be strong again.

This case reminded me of a very painful circumstance, the relation of which may be useful to you.

Mary ——, at the time I first knew her, lived with a family next door to our house, and she used to cough so violently as quite to distress me; for we could hear her distinctly into our kitchen, or when we were in the back garden. The ladies she lived with were very thoughtless; and often did my heart ache to hear their garden-gate creak on its hinges, on a cold wet night, and to know by the deep hoarse cough of poor Mary, that she was going on some needless errand. I say *needless*, because, if both she and her employers had practised proper forethought, it would not have been needful for her to go out, as she did every night, and often more than once a night, let the weather be what it would.

I often expressed my fears to our neighbours that the poor girl would not live; but they were used to her cough, and thought little of it: to the girl herself I did not feel at liberty to speak, except once, when meeting her out of doors on a wet day without pattens, I told her how imprudent it was, and advised her to get some advice for her cough.

The winter wore away; but Mary's cough got worse and worse, till at last we suddenly ceased to hear it. On inquiry, I found she had gone home ill, and no hopes were entertained of her recovery. In a few days a message was sent to me by Mary's mother, hoping that I would visit her daughter. When I entered the cottage, the poor woman addressed me with tearful eyes, and said, "I hope, ma'am, you won't be displeased at my desiring you to come here; but Mary recollects your visiting her poor sister who died about six years since, and she would have me send for you."

On making further inquiries, I recollected having visited this poor family, when their daughter, a Sunday-scholar of ours, lay upon her death-bed. Her end was peace: and I hastened to the bed-side of her sister Mary, who, I perceived, must soon follow her.

She lay pale and exhausted, breathing with difficulty, and coughing almost incessantly. She was in a rapid decline. The sun shone brightly into the room through the open window; some spring roses were blooming in pots on the window-sill, and the birds were singing sweetly out of doors, rejoicing in the return of the spring. How painful was the contrast! All around was joy and gladness, and the bright promise of a brilliant summer: but Mary seemed as a fair flower withered in its bloom, cut down in the spring-tide of its existence. She pressed my offered hand, and thanked me for my visit. "I am going to die," said she; "and I am not prepared: O pray for me!"

Mary had been brought up at a Sunday-school, and had listened for years to the preaching of the Gospel; but she had not, *while in health*, given up her heart to God; and now on the bed of death, she felt not the consolations of his Spirit. After explaining to her the exceeding sinfulness of the human heart, and the need there was that she should be born again before she could enter the kingdom of heaven, I spoke to her of the love of Jesus to perishing sinners; how he died, that we might live; and how he earnestly invites us to accept salvation through his precious blood. I told her, that she was not so anxious to go to her Saviour, as he was to receive her; that "He waiteth to be gracious." I opened the Bible, and read to her some of the precious promises it contains; and urged her to exercise faith in the blood of Christ, and to believe that he was able and willing to receive her as his own.

During the few weeks that Mary lived, I often saw her, and was rejoiced to find that as her bodily frame grew weaker, her confidence in her Saviour became stronger. She felt that she had no righteousness of her own to trust to, and she relied with child-like confidence on her heavenly Father's love. Christ was to her "all in all." She died in hope of a glorious resurrection. Reader, prepare while in health!

These instances will, I sincerely hope, convince you of the folly of exposing yourself to cold of any kind, when heated with cooking or any other exertion: and they should also warn you not to neglect a cold while it may be curable. The young woman I visited at the Infirmary continued several weeks there, and was then but partially recovered. She has had many dangerous illnesses since; and though now in a situation, is not likely ever again to enjoy sound health. It is but right to add, that Ann spoke in terms of gratitude for the blessings she enjoyed in the Infirmary, both of a temporal and a spiritual kind. The Clergyman who attended the institution was

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a great comfort to her, as well as to many others who were under the same roof. It may be as well to tell you that Ann became pious some years before this illness, and she then felt the power of religion in supporting her under her affliction. There were two little girls in the same room with her, and she undertook, at my desire, to hear them read in the Bible every day, and to see that they prayed regularly: happily for them, their complaints were of a kind that enabled them to read without retarding their recovery.—*Friendly Hints to Servants.*

RECORDS OF THE CHURCH.

TETZEL AND INDULGENCES.

AGENTS were employed in every part of Europe for the sale of these indulgences. They travelled from place to place in great pomp, calling upon the people to buy their valuable wares. Among them was John Tetzel, a Dominican. He had been engaged in the indulgence-trade for many years, on a small scale, and had acquired great skill in the management of the business. Albert, Archbishop of Mayence, being at that time in want of money, had farmed the indulgences for Germany, agreeing to divide the profits with the Pope. Tetzel offered his services to him, and was gladly accepted. Soon all Germany was in commotion; pardon, full pardon, for sins, of whatever enormity, was offered to all who could buy. The price varied according to the station of the purchaser, and the nature of the crime. * And remission might be obtained, not only for the sinners themselves, but also for souls in purgatory, whose release, it was confidently affirmed, immediately followed the conclusion of the bargain.† The indulgence was expressed in the following terms:—

"May our Lord Jesus Christ absolve thee, through the merits of his most holy passion. And I, by his authority and that of his blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and of our holy master the Pope, granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee: first, from all ecclesiastical censures, howsoever incurred: next, from all sins, faults, and excesses hitherto committed by thee, howsoever enormous, even those reserved to the Apostolical See, in as far as the keys of holy mother Church extend; remitting by plenary indulgence all punishment due to thee for the aforesaid in purgatory. And I restore thee to the holy sacraments of the Church, and to the unity of the faithful, and to the innocence and purity conferred on thee by baptism: so that the gates of punishment may be closed against thee at thy departure, and those of the joys of paradise be opened. Or, shouldst thou not presently die, let this grace remain in full force, and await thee at the point of death. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Great excitement prevailed. Sensible men saw the iniquity of the transaction. Some were indignant; others ridiculed. Defenders and opponents fiercely disputed on the subject. Meanwhile, however, Tetzel's progress through the country was attended with his customary success. Multitudes thronged to the sacred market, eager to buy pardon and heaven. Tetzel had reached Juttenbock, four miles from Wittemberg, but could not get nearer, as the Elector of Saxony had forbidden him to enter that State, and Juttenbock was in the territory of his employer, Albert. Thither the inhabitants of Wittemberg flocked to the merchant, and bought freely.

One day, Luther was seated in the confessional. Some citizens went to him, acknowledging the commission of many sins, but resolutely refusing to submit to the usual penance. When he denied them absolution, they showed him the indulgences they had purchased. He assured them that those indulgences were worthless, and persisted in refusing them absolution. They repaired forthwith to Tetzel, and denounced him. But the Monk's fury was little regarded. Luther had already learned the Gospel too well to be deceived by the imposing pretensions of Rome. From this occurrence he saw the dangerous tendency of the doctrine of indulgences, and acted at once on the principle by which his whole life was distinguished, by avowing his convictions as soon as they were formed. In a sermon, which was quickly published and widely circulated, he expounded the Christian doctrine of forgiveness, and warned his hearers against resting on earthly foundations.

A bolder attack followed. The relics which the Elector had deposited in the church of All Saints, Wittemberg, were exhibited to public view on All Saints' day, November 1st; on which occasion, all persons who

* Royal personages, Archbishops, and Bishops, paid twenty-five ducats; Abbots, Counts, and Barons, six; and so on in proportion. An indulgence for polygamy cost six ducats; for sacrilege and perjury, nine; for murder, eight; for magic, two.

† "I would not change my privileges for those of St. Peter in heaven," said Tetzel; "for I have saved more souls by my indulgences than he did by his sermons. * * Indulgences serve not only the living, but also the dead. * * As soon as the money rattles at the bottom of the chest, the soul is delivered from purgatory, and flies into heaven."

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visited the church, and confessed, shared in a special indulgence granted by the Pope. Luther resolved to expose the entire system, founded as it was upon error of the grossest kind, and indulgent to sin. Accordingly, on the eve of the great festival, October 31, 1517, he affixed to the gates of the church his celebrated theses, or propositions on indulgences, ninety-five in number, and thus began to undermine one of the strongest bulwarks of the Papacy. The next morning the theses were read by wondering crowds. They were afterwards printed and distributed by thousands throughout Germany, producing a powerful effect among all classes. In a very short time, they might be purchased in almost every part of Europe.

Tetzel stormed and raved like a true Inquisitor. After some time he issued counter theses, in which he was assisted by Conrad Wimpina, a Professor in the University of Frankfort on the Oder. He vented his spite, also, by publicly burning Luther's theses: he would have burned the author, had he been in his power. The students of Wittemberg retaliated. They seized a person who was employed to circulate Tetzel's theses in the dominions of the Elector of Saxony, and took from him his whole stock, amounting to eight hundred copies, which were consumed in the flames, in the presence of an immense crowd, and amid loud acclamations.—*The Reformation in Europe.*

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

CINNAMON.

In Ceylon cinnamon is carefully cultivated, the best gardens being on the south-western coast, where the soil is light and sandy, and the atmosphere moist from the prevalent southern winds. The plants begin to yield cinnamon when about six or seven years old, after which the shoots may be cut every three or four years.

The best kinds of cinnamon are obtained from twigs and shoots; less than half, or more than two or three inches in diameter, are not peeled. The peeling is effected by making several longitudinal incisions, and then elevating the bark by introducing the peeling-knife beneath it. In twenty-four hours the epidermis and greenish pulpy matter are carefully scraped off. In a few hours the smaller quills are introduced into the larger ones, and in this way congeries of

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quills are formed, often measuring forty inches in length. The bark is then dried in the sun, and afterwards made into bundles with pieces of split bamboo twigs.

By reducing the coarser pieces of bark to powder, and macerating it for two days in sea-water, an oil of cinnamon may be procured, which is submitted to distillation, and then ready for use.

Camphor is also obtained from the roots.

Cassia-bark is often sold for cinnamon. It is made up into similar bundles with cinnamon, weighing about one pound each; has the same general appearance, smell, and taste; but its substance is thicker and coarser, its colour darker, its flavour much less sweet and fine than that of Ceylon cinnamon, while it is more pungent, and is followed by a bitter taste; it is also less closely quilled, and breaks shorter, than genuine cinnamon. Cassia is imported into the London market from Bombay, the Mauritius, Calcutta, Batavia, Singapore, the Philippine Islands, and Canton.

It has been maintained by very competent judges, that cassia is the coarser bark of the true cinnamon. As there are several species of both plants, there is no doubt that this idea may be perfectly correct.

The Hebrew word translated cinnamon occurs only a few times in the sacred Scriptures. First, about 1600 years before the Christian era, in Exod. xxx. 23, where it is enumerated as one of the ingredients employed in the preparation of the holy anointing oil: "Take thou also unto thee principal spices, myrrh, and of sweet cinnamon, half so much, together with sweet calamus and cassia." It is next mentioned in Prov. vii. 17: "I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon." And again in Cantic. iv. 14: "Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices." While in Rev. xviii. 13, among the merchandise of Babylon, we have "cinnamon, and odours, and ointments, and frankincense."

ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

A DILEMMA.

MAJOR ROGERS had just had capital sport with a herd of elephants: his four guns had all been discharged, when an elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the jungle; there was no help for it except to run; and for four hundred yards the Major kept just ahead, feeling at every step the animal's trunk trying to insinuate itself round his loins. A turn round a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made the most of, by springing up into the branches; (he was nimble as a cat, and strong as a lion;) one foot higher, and he would have been out of the elephant's reach, but before he had time to draw up his legs, the elephant had got him firmly clenched in the coils of his proboscis: still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than to fall back bodily into the animal's power. The struggle, however, did not last long; for, to the delight of the pursued, and the chagrin of the pursuer, the Wellington-boot which the former wore slipped off, extricated the leg, and saved the life of poor Rogers. The dilemma, however, did not end here; for the elephant, finding himself balked of his prey, after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches, and kept his anticipated victim in the tree for twenty-four hours; when the *tappal*, or country postman, happening to pass by, Rogers gave him notice of his position, and on this being intimated to the nearest village, the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms and yelling. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle, poor Rogers would indubitably have been starved to death in the tree.—*Sporting Magazine.*

WILD BOARS AT COBURG.

WHILE the reporters were at Coburg, they took the opportunity of going to see some veritable "wild boars," in a forest belonging to the Duke; the animals being visible at feeding-time. The writer whose account we follow, set out with romantic associations of the ferocious boar and the adventurous chase, anticipating "a rich treat, heightened by a slight dash of personal apprehension, in seeing these animals roam at large through their native fastnesses." The party entered the forest with keeper and stag-hound; they marched in "Indian file," and in silence; the "gentlemen connected with the press" thought of "the wolves of Russia and the bears of Norway," and almost fancied that they were "following the trail of some wild elephant or tiger in an Indian forest." They were ensconced in a small hut, capable of holding a dozen persons, without windows, but with small sliding panels, whence they might view the wild beasts. Round the hut was an enclosure, in which the keeper strewed some grain. For an hour they bore the tedium and the stench, and then they heard the faint notes of a horn,—romantic sound! —followed by—a grunt. "Another pause of anxious expectation, and then in stalked two or three of these *ferœ naturæ*, with head and ears erect, and staring eyes, as if expecting a rifle-shot from behind the trunk of every pine. All the charm was at once dispelled: with every disposition to view the exhibition in the most favourable light, I could make nothing of them but long-legged gaunt porkers, with a cross of the wild deer in their limbs, and a strong touch of the alligator in their sharp and prominent snouts; and any respectable Irish pig-driver would have been ashamed to acknowledge the lot. The number

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soon increased till there were some fifty or sixty in the enclosure, most of them small and well-fed; and, after some little coquetting, they commenced their supper in a quiet and gentlemanly way. There was none of that ravenous or wolfish appetite exhibited which I had anticipated; and I am now firmly convinced that the German forest-pig is a much quieter and better-behaved animal than his keeper gives him credit for. We were assured, however, that there were some *in the forest* much larger and more ferocious, with great tusks and bristling heads." So the wild boar, after all, is but a pig; and the wild huntsman but a pork-butcher!—*Daily Paper.*

THE CUCKOO.

THE fact of the cuckoo laying in a season at least six eggs, has been proved by various observers. As this bird has, of course, six different nests to seek of other birds, all of which must be suited to her purpose, and fitted to receive the egg, that Being, whose unerring wisdom directs everything for the benefit of his creatures, has endowed the cuckoo with the extraordinary property of retarding the necessity of laying the egg after it has arrived at maturity; a qualification not possessed by other birds. This property must tend materially to insure a continuation of its species, and to obviate the difficulties it otherwise would have to encounter. When we consider that the weight of a cuckoo exceeds five ounces, and that the little fragile nests in which its eggs are deposited are those of birds which weigh only a few drachms, it is supposed that the cuckoo never gets into these nests for the purpose of depositing her egg, but conveys them into it by means of either her claws or mouth. This is the more probable, as the egg has been found in a nest built in a small hole in a wall, under the eaves of a house, and in the nests of wrens, into none of which could the cuckoo, whose length is fourteen inches, and its breadth from wing to wing twenty-five inches, by any possibility enter. This is the opinion of many eminent German naturalists, and some facts to prove it were mentioned in Weidman's "Feierabende." The feet of the cuckoo are well adapted to enable it to take up its egg, and deposit it in the nest, having its toes like those of the woodpecker, disposed two backwards and two forwards. Now, we know that the cuckoo never runs up the sides of trees like the woodpecker; and, as we may be quite sure that this peculiar formation is given the bird for some wise and good purpose, we may fairly infer that it is to enable it to place its eggs in the nests of the smaller birds. This disposition of the toes must give it a very powerful grasp. The eggs, also, being very small in proportion to the size of the bird, are thus more readily taken up. It is also remarkable that the eggs, though larger than those of the selected foster-parent, do not stand in need of a longer period of incubation. It may farther be mentioned that the winter retreat of this bird has never yet been satisfactorily ascertained. Having made these remarks, I may mention that some persons are prone to wonder at, and disbelieve, anything seemingly out of the common course of nature, forgetting that our contracted comprehensions and confined ideas are limited within a very small compass. To deny well-attested facts, because we are not able to see into the wisdom of an infallible Being, shows equal ignorance and obstinacy. I make this remark because I happen to know that some incredulous persons have doubted or disbelieved the possibility of some of the previous facts I had communicated to you on the natural history of the cuckoo. Let me, in conclusion, remark, that it is a joyous bird, the harbinger of spring and fine weather, and that its notes add much to the pleasure of our country walks. Spenser calls it "the merry cuckoo, messenger of spring;" and Shakspeare, "the plain song cuckoo grey." It is also associated with our pretty spring flowers:—

> "When daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows much bedight."

—*L. L. D., in Gardeners' Chronicle.*

THE PITCHER-PLANT.

THERE is not, perhaps, among the numerous examples that occur of the provident economy of nature, in the vegetable part of the creation, a more remarkable instance of contrivance adapted to circumstances, and of means suited to the end, than what is evidently displayed in a plant which is commonly met with in Ceylon, and other islands in the East, and which has obtained the appropriate name of the "pitcher-plant" (*nepenthes distillatoria*). Being the inhabitant of a tropical climate, and found on the most dry and stony situations, nature has furnished it with the means of an ample supply of moisture, without which it would have withered and perished. To the foot-stalk of each leaf, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same consistence and colour as the leaf in the early stage of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt round with an oblique band or hoop, and covered with a lid neatly fitted, and moveable on a kind of hinge, or strong fibre, which, passing over the handle, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fibre, the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is showery, or dew falls, which would appear to be just the contrary of what usually happens in nature, though the contraction probably is occasioned by the hot and dry atmosphere; and the expansion of the fibre

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does not take place till the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher. When this is the case, the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly as to prevent any evaporation taking place. The water, when gradually absorbed through the handle into the footstalk of the leaf, gives vigour to the leaf itself, and sustenance to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open, to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers, with all the covers of the pitcher standing open.—*Barrow's Cochin-China.*

MISSIONARY FACTS.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM CHINA.

Chusan, China, Dec. 20th, 1845.

I AM happy to tell you we have a comfortable place to meet in for prayer and praise. On our arrival in Chusan, we made application to Brigadier —— for the use of the school-room, which he kindly granted. I have much pleasure in telling you that the number of our class is augmented to nineteen. I have written out the Rules of the Wesleyan Connexion, and have made a class-book. We have one class-meeting on Monday nights, and prayer-meetings on Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday evenings. Sunday afternoons we have a Missionary to preach to us. He belongs to the Presbyterians, and is, I believe, a pious and devoted man of God. Occasionally we meet at his house for divine worship. How am I astonished that not one Methodist Missionary has as yet made his appearance in China! O what a field is here for Missionary enterprise and Missionary exertion! Here is the most extensive empire in the world, teeming with hundreds of millions of Adam's race, wholly given to idolatry! The Americans have several Missionaries in China, and they are going through the length and breadth of the land, proclaiming the tidings of salvation to the perishing millions: and God has blessed their labours; for ignorance, superstition, and sin are flying before them.—*Watchman.*

EDUCATION.

THE "RAGGED SUNDAY-SCHOOLS" OF LONDON.

WHEN we reached the school, the teachers were there, but few children had assembled. In bad weather it is generally well attended, sometimes by from two to three hundred; but when the evenings are fine, most of the scholars spend them in bird-nesting or other amusements or wickedness. A policeman was stationed at the door of the room, which is a commodious building of brick, though situated in a low and filthy neighbourhood. It is divided inside by a large moveable wooden partition, separating the boys from the girls. The scholars continued to drop in. Some came leaping and hopping merrily to their places, one clubbing his feet and making wry faces to his companion. The services began by singing a hymn, in which all manner of noises were mingled; and prayer, during which the scholars kept their seats, or were intended to keep them. This rule had been adopted from finding it impossible to keep anything like order if they were permitted to stand.

The scholars, mostly stout boys of from ten to fifteen years old, were squalid and filthy in their persons, and soon gave indications to strangers that they were very different from ordinary Sabbath-school materials. Some were scarcely seated when they began quarreling with their companions; others got up a good-natured fight, evidently for the purpose of annoyance; one restless ragamuffin, for obstinate misconduct, was handed or pulled by his teacher to another class. Scarcely had he reached his new place when one of the class he had left flung his cap after him, striking the teacher on the head. One lad began amusing himself by flinging peas at all within his reach, and supplying his companions for the same purpose. This was tolerated for a while in spite of remonstrance, to the annoyance of all; till at last the ringleader in the mischief ventured to throw a handful of peas into the middle of a class. As this was beyond endurance, the boy was seized by the teacher, who emptied his pockets, and gave him a cuff on the ear, on which he gave a shout and a scowl of defiance, declaring that he should not be hit here for nothing, and forthwith struggled to the door. Shortly after another began fighting, became unmanageable, and was handed to the policeman. Before the close, a policeman

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had to be brought in and set down within arm's-length of the most unruly.

Being desirous of knowing experimentally the difficulties of the teachers, we volunteered to take charge of a class. Three boys were given us, nine, eleven, and thirteen years of age. In a few minutes one of them got tired, and went off to another class. We soon found that those remaining were twice as many as we could comfortably manage.

One, Daniel D——, the son of an Irish labourer, a sharp and intelligent boy of nine, we were surprised to find, had considerable knowledge of some parts of divine truth: this we found had been acquired at a Roman Catholic school. We questioned and tried to instruct the two about man's ruin by the fall. Daniel answered well. We asked him, "Are we all sinners?" "I don't know." "Are you and I sinners?" "I know *I* am." "What makes you think you are a sinner?" "Sir, I can't help being a sinner: these boys lead me away, and I can't get free from them." We told him *all* were sinners, and born under the wrath of God. His answer surprised us. "Ah! you mean *original* sin. I know we are sinners in that way." We pursued the conversation a little further, Daniel making intelligent remarks. But on asking him, "What then must we do to be saved?" the lie of Satan came out. He answered, "We must receive the sacraments, do good works, and other things." We tried to show him the way of salvation by Christ. It was interesting to see this poor little fellow's willingness in following his blind guides. He pointed out to us a "beautiful hymn," in a book which he pulled from his pocket, where he said he always carried it, seeming to value it much. It was a Popish book of devotion, entitled, "The Garden of the Soul."

Our other scholar was very different, and a much fairer specimen of the class of which the school was composed. He was a complete sample of the good-natured, hardened young vagabond. We got on pretty well at first, but he soon began with his mischief. Speaking of the fall, we asked Daniel whether, if he had apples, would he give any to his companion? His companion interposed with the remark, "I say, Sir; I like a beef-steak a deal better." He amused himself and the other by calling frequently during the evening, "I say, teacher; is that beef-steak ready for me yet?" We asked him his name and occupation, when, repeating some nonsense, he looked to Daniel, apparently to get him to share the sport of keeping us in the dark. This boy, with several others, on leaving the school, followed us along the street, asking for halfpence. He seemed, with all his drollery, to be cunning and selfish, and ill-liked by his companions. One young ruffian who had edged near the seat where he was sitting, cried out against him, and sprung at his throat, jamming him into a corner.

A teacher sitting near me had been trying to impress on one of the boys that his heart was hard and wicked, and his need of a new heart. On separating, the teacher was repeating this, when the boy tore open his tattered jacket, and, drumming fiercely on his breast, cried, "Mine's not a bad un, Sir; mine's not a bad un!"

Before dismissing, an intelligent and vigorous teacher from Yorkshire shortly addressed them. At first they were inattentive and restless: plans were tried in vain to arrest their attention, till he began to tell of a man who was *hanged at the Old Bailey*. In a moment every eye was fixed: the subject was evidently no stranger to their thoughts. The teacher said, "His name was John." A lad called out, "That's my name, Sir." With ready tact he answered, "It's my name too; but attend to me. He used to frequent a place in Gray's Inn-lane." "I knows it, Sir," cried another, "Fox's-court, Gray's Inn-lane,—a bad place." "That it is, Sir, I knows it." They continued in this way, while the address continued, to offer their assistance to the speaker.

While the last hymn was being sung, one more was carried to the door, amid the derisive shouts of his fellows. Some half-a-dozen near me then began to cross their legs, and imitate the stitching and hammering of a shoemaker at work, others at the same time pulling and dragging each other from their places.

On prayer being begun, they were told as usual to put their hands together. Some of them forthwith clasped their hands and dropped down on their knees on the floor, while others kept calling to their companions across the room.

Amid such scenes, anything like regular lessons it is of course almost impossible to teach. Books are provided; but few have the ability, and fewer the will, to read them. Nearly all that can be done is to attempt, by reiteration, to fix in the memory of these poor outcasts some of the leading truths that can make wise unto salvation. The teachers' labour here is emphatically a work of faith.

The class of persons at the school described are believed to be among the most abandoned in London; but this sketch may give an idea of the population for whom the Ragged Sunday-schools are designed. In this lowest layer of society strange characters are sometimes found, and strange answers received. Once, when a school was addressed about the barren fig-tree, a boy exclaimed, "I say, Sir, you have been for cutting down that 'ere tree two times already: I'd like to know what you'd be arter with it now?" A Minister, visiting the school described, asked a boy, "How long have you been at this school?" With impudent wit he replied, "*Just five minutes*, Sir." Another boy was asked "Where do you live?" "I live where I can, Sir." "Why, where do you generally sleep?" "*Under a cart*, Sir, when I can get

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one." "And what do you live upon?" "Why, Sir, I do as they say in the Sunday-school:—

'O all ye hungry starving souls
That *feed upon the wind.*'"

A ruffian-like youth was once asked, "Have you a father or mother, boy?" He looked fiercely in the teacher's face, and answered, "Tell me, Sir, *do I look as if I ever had a father or a mother?*"

Our readers, like ourselves, will be ready to ask, Where were the men to be found to persevere in such a work as this? On conversing, at the end, with the teachers present, we found that at first many had come, attracted by the novelty of the enterprise, and perhaps the *romance* of the work; but when they met with such trials, their zeal, having no deepness of earth, had withered away; the floor had been winnowed, and nothing but wheat was left. We had a warrant, in their mere perseverance, for the sterling worth of those who remained. They were quiet, serious, earnest men; seemingly men of faith and prayer.—*Sunday-School Magazine.*

ANTIQUITIES.

THE ROMAN CENTURION

Was the Commander of a subdivision of the legion, called a *centuria*. It consisted of one hundred men, and was the half of a *manipulus*, the sixth part of a *cohort*, and the sixtieth part of a legion. The Centurion was distinguished from the rest by the branch of a vine which he carried in his hand.

The short tunic was another mark of distinction: he was also known by letters on the crest of the helmet. The accompanying woodcut represents a Centurion with a *vitis* in his hand: this was the badge of office with which he punished his men.

The duties of the Centurion were chiefly confined to the regulation of his own corps, and the care of the watch. He had the power of granting remission of service to the private soldiers for a sum of money. The exactions on this plea were one cause of sedition in the Roman army.

There were thirty *manipuli* in a legion, and each manipulus was allowed two Centurions, one to each centuria; and to determine the point of priority between them, they were created at different elections. The thirty who were first chosen took the precedency of their fellows, and therefore commanded the

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right hand; as the others did the left. The *triarii* had their Centurions elected first, next to them the *principes*, and afterwards the *hastiti*.

These distinctions afforded a wide field for promotion: first through all the orders of the *hastiti*; then through the *principes*; and afterwards, from the last order of the *triarii* to the *primipilus*, the most honourable of the Centurions.

These officers were usually elected by the military Tribunes, subject, probably, to the confirmation of the Consul. There was a time when desert was the only path to military rank; but under the Emperors, centurionships were given away almost entirely by interest, or personal friendship. Some, indeed, were appointed to this rank at once, without previously serving in a lower capacity. D. A.

TABLE-TALK.

FAULT-FINDERS;

OR, A WORD TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

When the heart is right with God, evils very often diminish from without; an improved state of feeling produces an improved state of things. If *fault-finders*—those fungus-roots of society, and fit only for the shelter of frogs and reptiles distinguished for croaking, and for their venomous qualities—were to consecrate the same time to prayer, carrying the injunction of the Apostle into effect, "Brethren, pray for us," which they expend in correcting less faults than their own, and in perfecting better men than themselves, "the word of the Lord" would be much more free in its course, and would be much more likely to be "glorified." But there is a class of individuals who are for reforming all, except themselves, while they themselves require it most,—fault-finding constituting, itself, one of their leading defects.—*Rev. J. Everett.*

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S OPINION OF DR. JOHNSON.

There is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure (without being deformed) seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in; but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the graces. He throws anywhere, but down his throat, whatever he means to drink; and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes or misplaces everything. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately; mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes: absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and, therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No. The utmost I can do for him, is to consider him a respectable Hottentot.—*Letters from Lord Chesterfield.*

NIAGARA WHIRLPOOL.

The whirlpool near Niagara Falls has of late become a receptacle of dead bodies. In addition to the two human bodies recently noticed, there are the bodies of two horses and a hog. These may be seen from the bank above, passing round a "funeral circuit" of a mile or more in circumference, each succeeding circuit drawing them nearer the vortex of the whirlpool, until each in its turn becomes submerged beneath the boiling element, again thrown violently from its angry embrace, to repeat its former evolutions. The sight of human bodies in the whirlpool is solemn and terrific: the blue waters seem to hold their prey, in defiance of human efforts to dispossess them, until, satisfied in revelling with the dead, it emits them through its narrow outlet into the rapids below, to be entombed in Lake Ontario.—*Toronto Globe.*

COLPORTEURS.

Colporteur is a French word, which signifies literally "neck carrier;" and the persons to whom it is applied are pious men, generally speaking, of little education, who sling a satchel or bag filled with Bibles, Testaments, and Tracts, over their shoulders, and travel through town and country, from house to house, to sell the word of God. This is, we apprehend, the humblest walk of the Christian ministry, but perhaps not the least important, and certainly, if special blessings are promised to the meek and lowly, not the least blessed. See the lonely man, his heart filled with Christian love, and his back loaded with the Bible, toiling along through summer's heat and winter's cold, at one time covered with mud,

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and another sinking in the snow; sometimes faint and weary, sitting down by the way-side, like his Master at the well of Samaria, for the twofold purpose of resting the exhausted frame, and conversing with sinners about their souls' salvation. See him rudely repulsed from one door, reviled at another, threatened with personal violence at a third, yet persevering in the well-founded hope of being permitted here and there to drop the good seed of the word. See him when the shades of night begin to gather, in some strange settlement, far from any friend, and surrounded by those who have been taught from their cradle to hate the Bible and all who teach it. The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but he, like his Master, has not where to lay his head, until God, who provided for Elijah in the desert, opens some door to receive him. There, after godly conversation, and a coarse meal, for which he scrupulously pays, he wraps himself in his well-worn great-coat, and seeks repose on the floor, ready to start on the morrow for a similar journey.—*Montreal Witness.*

GEORGE THE THIRD'S ATTENTION TO BUSINESS.

THE correspondence which he carried on with his confidential servants during the ten most critical years of his life lies before us, and it proves that his attention was ever awake to all the occurrences of the Government. Not a step was taken in foreign, colonial, or domestic affairs, that he did not form his opinion upon it, and exercise his influence over it. The instructions to Ambassadors, the orders to Governors, the movements of forces down to the marching of a single battalion in the districts of this country, the appointment to all offices in Church and State, not only the giving away of judgeships, bishoprics, regiments, but the subordinate promotions, lay and clerical: all these form the topics of his letters; on all his opinion is pronounced decisively; on all his will is declared peremptorily. In one letter he decides the appointment of a Scotch Puisne Judge; in another the march of a troop from Buckinghamshire into Yorkshire; in a third the nomination to the deanery of Worcester; in a fourth he says that, "if Adam, the architect, succeeds Worsley at the Board of Works, he shall think Chambers ill-used."—*Brougham's Statesmen.*

PROGRESS OF A POUND OF COTTON.

THE following account of the adventures of a pound of manufactured cotton, will show the importance of manufactures to a country in a conspicuous manner. "There was sent off for London lately, from Glasgow, a small piece of muslin, about one pound weight, the history of which is as follows:—The cotton came from the United States to London; from London it went to Manchester, where it was manufactured into yarn; from Manchester it was sent to Paisley, where it was woven; it was sent to Ayrshire next, where it was tamboured; afterwards it was conveyed to Dumbarton, where it was hand-sewed, and again returned to Paisley, when it was sent to a distant part of the county of Renfrew to be bleached, and was returned to Paisley; then sent per coach to London. It is difficult precisely to ascertain the time taken to bring this article to market; but it may be pretty near the truth to reckon two years from the time it was packed in America, till its cloth arrived at the merchant's warehouse in London, whither it must have been conveyed three thousand miles by sea, and nine hundred and twenty by land, and contributed towards the support of no less than one hundred and fifty people, whose services were necessary in the carriage and manufacture of this small quantity of cotton, and by which the value has been advanced two thousand per cent. What is said of this piece is descriptive of no inconsiderable part of the trade."

TIGHT LACING.

WE commend the following remarks to the tight-laced among the fair sex, as well of England as of America. They are from Headley's "Letters from Italy." "It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion that a small waist is, and *per necessita* must be, beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire only by the longest, painfullest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them, as models; and hence endeavour to assimilate themselves to *them*; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they will practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than nature herself."

A LEARNED MAYOR.

LORD MANSFIELD, when on a circuit at Shrewsbury, having been asked to dinner by

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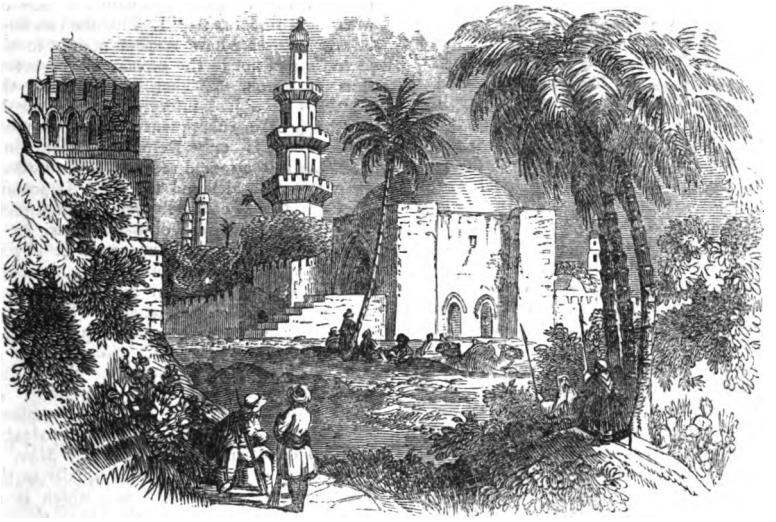
the Mayor of the town, his Lordship, observing an antique clock in the room, remarked to the Mayor, that he supposed Sir John Falstaff fought by that clock; to which the Mayor replied, he could not tell, for he had not the pleasure of knowing Sir John. Lord Mansfield then tried his host on another subject, and remarked that "the town appeared very old;" to which the Mayor replied, "It was always so, please your Lordship."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



GAZA.

Gaza lies on the road leading from Akabah to Hebron, which passes along nearly the whole length of the great Wady-el-Arabah. It is on the sea-coast, in the country of the Philistines; and is a very ancient place, as we find it mentioned in Gen. x. 19, where it is given as one of the border-cities of the Canaanites.

In the division of the land, Gaza fell to the lot of Judah, and was taken by him with the coast thereof, but its inhabitants were not exterminated. Gaza was one of the five Philistine cities which gave each a golden emerod as a trespass-offering to the Lord.

Solomon's kingdom extended as far as Gaza; but the place appears always as a Philistine city in Scripture. After the destruction of Tyre, it sustained a siege of two months against Alexander the Great. Jonathan Maccabæus destroyed its suburbs; but Simon Maccabæus took the city itself, though not without extraordinary efforts. It was attacked a third time by Alexander Jannæus, who spent a whole year in besieging it and punishing its inhabitants. It was then rebuilt by Gabinius.

Herod received this city from Augustus; but upon his death it was united to the province of Syria.

Gaza is celebrated for the exploit recorded of Samson, (Judges xvi. 1—3,) who took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them on his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of a hill that is before Hebron. The Philistines afterwards took Samson, and put out his eyes, and brought him to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass, and he did grind in the prison-house. He, however, pulled down the temple of Dagon, god of the Philistines, and slew, together with himself, "all the lords of the Philistines," besides men and women. (Judges xvi. 21—30.)

It was near Gaza (on the road from Jeru-

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salem to that place) that Philip baptized the "eunuch of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians." (Acts viii.)

Gaza lay some distance inland, though it had a port called "Gaza on the sea," which Constantine called Constantia from the name of his son, giving it at the same time municipal rights.

Julian took away this name, and ordered it to be called the port of Gaza.

Subsequent Emperors restored the name and the privileges of the place.

It was afterwards called "the sea-coast of Gaza."

BLESSING.

THE terms "blessing" and "to bless" occur very often in the Scriptures, and in applications too obvious to require explanation or comment. The patriarchal blessings of sons form the exception, these being, in fact, prophecies rather than blessings, or blessings only so far as they for the most part involved the invocation and the promise of good things to come upon the parties concerned. It has been thought by many, in all nations, that the departing soul has unusual keenness of perception with respect to the past, and the future, and in a particular manner receives strong inspirations of things to come. How far this may be generally true, no one can with certainty affirm or deny; but that a faculty of this sort existed in the leading members of the chosen family of Abraham is beyond all question. The most remarkable instances are those of Isaac "blessing" Jacob and Esau; (Gen. xxvii.;) of Jacob "blessing" his twelve sons; (Gen. xlix.;) and of Moses "blessing" the twelve tribes. (Deut. xxxiii.) On the first of these transactions Professor George Bush remarks, "It cannot be doubted that from such a father as Isaac a common blessing was to be expected on all his children; but in this family there was a peculiar blessing pertaining to the first-born, a solemn, extraordinary, prophetical benediction, entailing the covenant-blessing of Abraham, with all the promises temporal and spiritual belonging to it, and by which his posterity were to be distinguished as God's peculiar people." This was the blessing which Isaac intended to bestow upon his first-born Esau, but which was secured for Jacob.

With regard to the blessing bestowed by Jacob upon his twelve sons, the same author prefaces his valuable commentary thereon with these remarks:—"1. That the blessings or *announcements* have respect mainly to the *posterity* and not to the *persons* of the twelve sons of Jacob. 2. That, consequently, the materials of a just interpretation are to be sought in the subsequent history of these tribes. It is only from the documents furnished in the sacred record that the leading characteristic traits and the most important events related of each tribe can be determined. 3. That the fulfilment of these blessings is to be traced not in any one event or in any single period of time, but in a continuous and progressive series of accomplishments, reaching down to the latest era of the Jewish polity. 4. That the peculiar phraseology in which the blessings are couched, has in most cases a verbal allusion to the names bestowed upon the twelve phylarchs, or Princes of tribes; a circumstance not, indeed, obvious to the English reader, but palpable to one who consults the original." Most of these latter observations apply equally to the blessing pronounced by Moses, which is in fact a magnificent prophetic poem, characterized by the finest attributes of the class of Hebrew poetry to which it belongs.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. DIMMOCK,

Of Norton, in the South-Petherton Circuit.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH CRUMP.

DIED, January 17th, at Norton, in the South-Petherton Circuit, Mrs. Ann Dimmock, aged seventy-three. When a child, the Spirit of God strove powerfully with her, and she was frequently a subject of deep religious impressions. During the early part of her life she regularly attended the ministry of the Rev. Christopher Hull, one of the young men educated at Lady Huntingdon's College at Trevecka, in Wales; but his views of divine truth being in accordance with those of his highly-esteemed President, the Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley, he separated from her Ladyship's Connexion; and after labouring for some time as a Home-Missionary at Martock, Somerset, and in the neighbourhood, though not connected with any section of the church, he settled at Bower-Hinton, and the Lord gave him many seals to his ministry. But Mrs. Dimmock remained a stranger to the saving blessings of the Gospel till she attended the preaching of the Wesleyans at an adjoining village, about twenty-one years ago. Here she clearly and affectingly saw her natural and practical sinfulness, became truly penitent, and by a hearty reliance on the atonement of Christ obtained the salvation she needed, the pardon of her sins, the renewal of her heart after the image of God, adoption into the family of

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God, and a well-grounded hope of heaven. Highly appreciating the blessings she had received, and being wishful for others to realize and enjoy them, she opened her door for preaching in the village where she resided, and, like Lydia, gratefully received the heralds of salvation into her house. A devotional spirit, benevolence, and generosity, were prominent features in her character. Her attendance on the means of grace was marked by punctuality and diligence. From the early prayer-meeting on the Sabbath morning she was rarely absent; and in the means, whether class-meeting, prayer-meeting, or the preaching of the word, her deportment indicated a mind engaged with God. Her promptitude in attending the chamber of affliction, and her kind sympathy and services there, endeared her to the villagers around her, and have seldom been excelled. In a pecuniary way she contributed to the cause according to her ability; and though far from being affluent, in the common acceptation of that word, she generously gave the ground on which a commodious Wesleyan chapel now stands. There was a happy consistency in all her intercourse with the world: though not obtrusively, yet the life and power of religion were distinctly and unequivocally manifested. A few weeks before her decease, it pleased the Lord to visit her with affliction, and such was the nature of the disease as generally to prevent rapturous joy. At times she appeared to hold the object of her trust "with a trembling hand;" but as she drew nearer the heavenly world, her faith acquired considerable strength and vigour, and her prospects became bright and exhilarating. Early in the morning of the day on which she died, she said to a pious daughter, "Help me into glory! help me into glory! help me into glory!" The daughter inquired, "Do you feel every cloud removed?" "Yes, yes; all is light in the Lord; all is light in the Lord;" was her emphatic reply. Shortly afterwards she repeatedly said, "Help me into glory!" One present remarked, "You must wait patiently;" when she said, "Why should I tarry? Christ is waiting to receive me." And then presently, as though she had a view into the blissful region of the spirits of the just made perfect, and saw a departed friend there, and felt desirous to join her, she said, "She is waiting for me." These were her last words. And in the course of a few hours she entered into the glory which had been so resplendently disclosed to her.

POETRY.

THE VIOLET.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
That blooms in summer's early day;
The fairest gem in Flora's bower,
The sweetest hope of May.

It does not rear, in haughty pride,
Its head midst flow'rets gaily drest;
But seeks the hawthorn's shelt'ring side
To screen its silken vest.

Not by its hue, that gems the ground,
Though beauty's eye had scarce outshone;
But by its odour, scatter'd round,
This gentle flower is known.

Yet none so surely wins the eye,
Midst gorgeous flowers with dewdrops wet;
And they who pass the tulip by,
Will seek the violet.

A lesson lingers in my tale,
Divinely taught, to beauty's ear;
For not a flow'ret decks the vale,
But is God's messenger.

There is no charm adorns the maid
Like modesty, her virgin boast;
And beauty, hidden in the shade,
Is prized and loved the most.

S. E. A.

POPERY ADVANCED BY IGNORANCE.

(*From "Windsor," a Poem, by Thomas Chamberlain.*)

YE Monks of mammon! is it thus ye sell
The pardon of the' Almighty? Teach ye this
For Gospel truth,—to fright with flames of hell,
Groans of lost souls, and demons' horrid hiss;
Then shut the door of mercy on the soul,
Nor suffer man to flee for pardon there,
Till in his wealth your greedy avarice roll,
And ye, with great parade and pious air,
Perform deluding mass, and heartless, long-drawn prayer?

Work, Mystery of Iniquity, work on!
Extol the mighty power of Peter's keys;
Let Ignorance her darkest mantle don,
And Image-worship bend unholy knees.
Enthrone the Virgin: call her, Heavenly Queen,
And God's own Mother! light the dreadful flame
Of Purgatory; draw a darkening screen
Of ceremonies o'er the Saviour's name,
And loud your lofty rule o'er common sense proclaim.

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Ye will succeed: too well, I ween, ye will:
For, brutish and unlearned as ye are,
Ye hold the keys of knowledge; and your skill
Will fashion pompous lock and costly bar.
Ye will succeed, because ye have pent up
The Gospel stream, and in its channel turn'd
A filthy flow of error,—poisonous slop!
Which fond credulity, by fever burn'd,
Delicious drinks,—what human nature else
had spurn'd.

O that I could condemn, in deathless line,
And numbers terrible as ocean's roar,
The impious Church who calls her creed divine,
Dyes her fierce dogmas in opposers' gore;
Builds up, on fire and faggot, rack and chain,
A *dungeon* for the world's inquiring soul,
And for herself a *throne!* Doth heaven contain
No blasting thunder? Mercy, let it roll!
Thou holdest in thy hand long-threaten'd righteous dole.

LETTER-CARRIER.

A LETTER

From the Rev. Francis Asbury to Mrs. Mary Bright, at the Foundery.

Basingstoke, May 1st, 1771.

MY DEAR SISTER,

GRACE and peace be multiplied to you, that you may be kept in the evil day, and be upheld, by the everlasting arms, through all trials, inward and outward. I have received a letter from a friend of mine, Mr. Andrews, of Hertford, in which he gives me an account of a person he has had in his house as a school-mistress. She has left him, and I believe he wants another. I think the situation would do for you. He is a person that has a school under his own roof, at his own expense, for boys and girls. He has a man to teach the boys, and a woman to teach the girls. They are very spiritual people, and are well known at the Foundery. Hertford is but twenty miles from London. You may write to him to know his mind, on what terms he would employ you, what the children must be taught, and what your work would be; and then you will know whether you could undertake the situation. I have thought of this some time; but I did not think you would have gone to London so soon. When you write you may make use of my name, and tell him I requested you to write. The direction to him must be, "Mr. Abraham Andrews, Carpenter, Castle-street, Hertford."

From one that wishes you well, and is your friend and brother.

F. ASBURY.

POPERY.

TWENTY POPES APPEARING AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

(*Continued from p.* 217.)

XI.—LEO. X.

Leo. So, there is really a heaven; for, if I am not mistaken, I am standing at the entrance to it.

Peter. Didst thou doubt it?

Leo. I certainly did. I considered it as a mere tale.

Peter. Thou must then have been very ill taught, or thou hast lived wickedly.

Leo. Thy first remark is wrong: I was a Clergyman; nay, I was Pope! But as regards the second, there is some truth in it. But who regards such matters so closely? I lived merrily, so did my court; that's all.

Peter. Such a frivolous speech ill becomes a Pope, the pretended vicegerent of Christ.

Leo. People in Rome did not express such sentiments; but, as regards the vicegerency, thou art right in calling it a pretended one.

Peter. Thou allowest that the Popes have merely assumed this title, and that they are by no means vicegerents of Christ.

Leo. Why should I not? After all, is not the whole story of Christ a mere fable?

Peter. There! Thou art going a blessed road! But if this is thy opinion of the matter, why didst thou suffer people to call thee the vicegerent of Christ? How can you value that which you consider a mere fable?

Leo. Very much indeed, my dear Peter. The fable of Christ has been of very great service to us: the world knows it. On it the power and greatness of our Church is founded, especially that of the Papal See.

Peter. O! that is the view you take of the matter. But those who elected thee Pope, were they of the same opinion?

Leo. I can't exactly say: I only know that they elected me because they expected me to die soon.

Peter. Why did they expect that?

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Leo. My health was very feeble; ulcers broke out on my body, the origin of which thou mayest easily guess; in short, my life was in great danger.

Peter. And that was the reason they elected thee? Did they as much study thy fitness for the office?

Leo. The latter was no object of consideration. But I disappointed them. I recovered, contrary to their expectation; and, in spite of my weak body, remained Pope eight years.

Peter. The time was long enough to effect much good in thy high station.

Leo. Thou art jesting. I cared not to do good, but was anxious to enjoy and be merry. To have jesters and buffoons about me was my greatest delight. I certainly needed much money: this, however, I obtained by the sale of indulgences, which, considering mine a Papal dominion, I let by wholesale, to the highest bidder for cash.

Peter. But wert thou not ashamed of such proceedings, having so many people around thee?

Leo. Why should I be ashamed? My court imitated the manners of Sodom and Gomorrah. Even Cardinals occasionally ridiculed religion in their writings and sermons. There appeared even a poem recommending the vices practised at Sodom. All that passed quietly on, and no harm threatened me on that account. But, on the other hand, a German Monk, named Luther, alarmed me. Many complaints against him came before me; so I excommunicated him; without, however, knowing what to make of him. I troubled myself very little about the matter; and now I no longer care for it at all. They will certainly quiet him, as, a hundred years ago, they quieted the two audacious Bohemians, Huss and Hieronymus.

Peter. I tell thee they will not silence him! Thou, and people like thee, have, by your licentious manners, placed weapons in his hands: he will undoubtedly conquer. And now, wretch, begone: this is no place of refuge for thee.

A PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF RELICS AT ROME.

THE church of "the Holy Cross of Jerusalem" is one of the seven privileged churches of Rome, and the fourth Sunday in Lent is for it the most remarkable and important in the year. All who attend the services of that church on that day are entitled to certain indulgences; all who have part in the masses there celebrated are entitled to the release of one soul from purgatory. The record or official statement and verification of these privileges is suspended near the high altar of the church. I have carefully copied it; but it would occupy too much space to transcribe it at present.

The great scene, the fête connected with this day and this church, takes place in the afternoon, and is attended by a vast concourse of persons. I recognised Princes and Princesses in all the frippery of fashion, jostled and pressed by dirty pilgrims and wretched beggars. The crowd contained very few of the English, and was essentially Italian. It was diversified by the sombre dresses of the Monks and the showy dresses of the Roman peasants. Here was some Italian lady, brilliant in all the newest elegance of Parisian fashion; there was some tall pilgrim, with staff in hand, and large scallop-shells attached to the front and back of his pillerine; here knelt some peasant girls in all the yellow, and green, and crimson, that give so showy and brilliant an appearance to the festivals of Rome; there sat some sturdy beggar saying his bead-prayers with all vociferation, interrupted only by his demands on the charity of those around him; here stood a group of Cappucine Friars, with their long brown dresses, and their long beards drooping to their breasts; there stood a kind of Franciscan Friars, with their shaven crowns and shaven beards, and their ropes—the cord of St. Francis—around their loins. A few, perhaps one-tenth, of the assembly, seemed silent, and prayerful, and devotional, while all the rest chatted upon any and every topic, till a perfect Babel of many tongues pervaded the vast assemblage.

The principal object of this motley crowd was the public exhibition of the precious relics, for which this church is so remarkable, and the exhibition of which takes place on this day.

The catalogue of these relics is suspended near the high altar: I carefully copied it. It is as follows:—

Three pieces of the most holy cross, deposited by Constantine, and kept in a case of gold and jewels.

The title placed over the cross, with the inscription in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin.

One of the most holy nails with which our Lord Jesus Christ was crucified.

Two thorns from the crown of thorns of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The finger of St. Thomas, the Apostle, which touched the most holy rib of our risen Lord Jesus Christ.

The transverse beam of the cross of the good thief.

One of the pieces of money supposed to be given for the betrayal of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The bodies of the Saints Cæsarius and Anastasius.

The cord by which our Lord Jesus Christ was bound to the cross.

The sponge that was extended to our Lord with vinegar and gall.

A large piece of the coat of our Lord Jesus Christ.

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A large piece of the veil and of the hair of the most holy Virgin.

Some of the clothes of St. John the Baptist.

Parts of the arms of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Some of the ashes of St. Lawrence, the martyr.

A vessel of the balm in which the head of St. Vincent was dipped.—*Achill Missionary Herald.*

(*To be continued.*)

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

CELEBRATED BELIEVERS IN WITCHCRAFT.

We find the illustrious author of the "Novum Organon" sacrificing to courtly suppleness his philosophic truth, and gravely prescribing the ingredients for a witch's ointment; Raleigh adopting miserable fallacies at second-hand, without subjecting them to the crucible of his acute and vigorous understanding; Selden maintaining that crimes of the imagination may be punished with death; the detector of vulgar errors and the most humane of physicians giving the casting weight to the vacillating bigotry of Sir Matthew Hale; Hobbes, ever sceptical, penetrating, and sagacious, yet here paralyzed, and shrinking from the subject, as if afraid to touch it; the adventurous explorer, who sounded the depths and channels of the "intellectual system" along all the "wide watered" shores of antiquity, running after witches to hear them recite the Common Prayer and Creed, as a rational test of guilt or innocence; the gentle spirit of Dr. Henry More girding on the armour of persecution, and rousing itself from a platonic reverie on the divine life to assume the hood and cloak of a Familiar of the Inquisition; and the patient and inquiring Boyle putting aside for awhile his searches for the grand magisterium, and listening, as if spell-bound, with gratified attention, to stories of witches at Oxford, and devils at Mascon.—*Potts's Discovery of Witches in Lancashire.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A WORD TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Permit me to urge on you the attainment of higher qualifications for the important office in which you are engaged. Your work is of great moment. You have need of the greatest possible fitness for it. There is abundant proof that infidel principles are spreading among even our youth. In the manufacturing districts especially, with the increase of mental culture, there is reason to fear there will be an increase of depravity, though it may be more refined in its character, as intellectual improvement advances. Stir up, therefore, the gift that is within you, that you may become better qualified for your duties, and enter upon them with greater energy. Perhaps your opportunities for self-improvement are not numerous. But much may be accomplished where there is a determination to buy up every small portion of time that is not absolutely required for fixed duties. Permit me, therefore, to make a few suggestions:—

1. *Cultivate true piety.* This is the first and great qualification for your employment. The day on which you are engaged; the nature of the institution in which you are employed; and the final object of Sabbath tuition; all demand this of you. See to it, therefore, that you increase in the knowledge and enjoyment of religion.

2. *Cultivate your mind.* Read much; but not many books. If you read with attention and reflection, your mind will insensibly, yet gradually, be improved. But as your time for reading may be very limited, direct your attention especially to those works which are designed to explain the nature of religion, and to illustrate the Scriptures. You cannot find time to read everything; even that which may be innocently inviting; and there is, therefore, the greater necessity for your making a careful selection.

3. *Very carefully study the lessons for the following Sabbath in the course of the preceding week.* "Lists of Lessons," and "Tables of Sabbath Exercises," are now published, which may be both a convenience and an advantage to teachers, as by these you will always know what will be the lesson. By a careful preparation you will be enabled to go through the exercises of the school with much greater satisfaction, both to yourself and your pupils. If you can examine carefully all the passages referred to in that manual, and read

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some commentary upon them, you will go to your work with a mind fraught with information; and you will carry into your class an interest and a savour, that will make your labours attractive and grateful.

4. Regularly attend the Weekly Teachers' Meeting. Such a meeting I assume you have, at which your Minister, or some person sanctioned by him, conducts an exercise on the principal lesson, or lessons, for the succeeding Sabbath, with a view to explain the whole fully, and thus to prepare the teachers for their duty. Be constant and punctual in your attendance.—*Rev. John Stephenson.*

GENERAL RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PROTESTANT CHAPEL AT ALEXANDRIA.

The spirit of religious toleration is extending itself to Egypt, the Pacha of which has liberally granted the British residents in Alexandria an elegible site for a place of Christian worship, in the most conspicuous part of that city. The building is now rising, and is, we believe, the first instance of such an erection, open and independent, in a Mohammedan country. The places of Protestant worship at Constantinople, Smyrna, and even at Jerusalem, are secured from observation, and attached to the Consular residences; but the present is an avowed and independent concession to the spirit of religious liberty, which we hope will be suitably improved for the maintenance and diffusion of Christian truth in that benighted city.—*Biblical Review.*

AMERICAN MOVEMENT IN FAVOUR OF CHRISTIAN UNION.

An overture for Christian union, submitted for the consideration of the evangelical denominations in the United States, has just been published. It is a long and carefully-constructed document, containing several preliminary specifications, a definite statement of its objects, and a very lengthened confession of faith, headed by the Apostles' Creed. We learn from this paper that the promoters of the object include members of all the principal denominations of Christians; and that its design is to unite the members of the various Protestant churches, and to resist the encroachments of Papal error. In many respects the plan is in conformity with the proposed Evangelical Alliance of England; but in one particular it differs essentially from that, inasmuch as it proposes to admit churches, rather than individuals, to the union. The present plan is, however, only presented for preliminary consideration; and it is intended to hold a meeting in the month of May, in New-York, when all its details will be considered, and final action be taken upon it. The Spirit of wisdom and zeal will, we trust, rest on the assembly.—*Biblical Review.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW. (Aug. 24th.)

The word Bartholomew means the son of Tolmai, or Tolomæus, the name of a family among the Jews, mentioned by Josephus. He preached the Gospel in Armenia, converted the Lycaonians, and afterwards visited India. Some authors assert that he was crucified, like St. Peter, with his head downwards: others, however, with more probability, say that he was flayed alive, by order of Astyages, King of Armenia.

In the year 1662, on this day, two thousand Ministers were ejected from their livings because they would not comply with the Act of Uniformity. The anniversary of Bartholomew is also memorable for the cruel massacre of the Protestants in France, begun on this day in the reign of Charles IX. Some calculate the number of miserable sufferers at seventy, others at a hundred, thousand! In the "Memoirs of the Duke of Sully" (vol. i., pp. 33, 34, ed. 1778) there is an interesting narrative of his own escape from this horrid carnage.

"I was in bed," says the Duke, "and awaked from sleep, three hours after midnight, by the sound of all the bells, and the confused cries of the populace. My governor, St. Julian, with my valet-de-chambre, went hastily out to know the cause; and I never afterwards heard more of these men, who, without doubt, were among the first that were sacrificed to the public fury. I continued alone in my chamber, dressing myself, when, in a few moments, I saw my landlord enter, pale, and in the utmost consternation: he was of the Reformed religion, and, having learned what the matter

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was, had consented to go to mass, to save his life, and preserve his house from being pillaged. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think proper to follow him, but resolved to try if I could gain the college of Burgundy, where I had studied; though the great distance between the house where I then was and the college made the attempt very dangerous. Having disguised myself in a scholar's gown, I put a large Prayer-book under my arm, and went into the street. I was seized with horror inexpressible, at the sight of the furious murderers; who, running from all parts, forced open the houses, and cried aloud, 'Kill, kill, massacre the Huguenots:' the blood which I saw shed before my eyes redoubled my terror. I fell into the midst of a body of guards: they stopped me, interrogated me, and were beginning to use me ill, when, happily for me, the book that I carried was perceived, and served me for a passport. Twice after this I fell into the same danger, from which I extricated myself with the same good fortune.

"At last, I arrived at the college of Burgundy, where a danger still greater than any I had yet met with, awaited me. The porter having twice refused me entrance, I continued standing in the midst of the street, at the mercy of the furious murderers, whose numbers increased every moment, and who were evidently seeking for their prey; when it came into my mind to ask for La Faye, the Principal of this college, a good man, by whom I was tenderly beloved. The porter, prevailed upon by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, admitted me; and my friend carried me to his apartment, where two inhuman Priests, whom I heard mention Sicilian vespers, wanted to force me from him, that they might cut me in pieces; saying, the order was, not to spare even infants at the breast. All the good man could do, was to conduct me privately to a distant chamber, where he locked me up. Here I was confined three days, uncertain of my destiny; and saw no one but a servant of my friend's, who came from time to time to bring me provisions." The Duke, three days afterwards, left his cell, and the murdering and pillaging were at an end.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Atkins, Mrs.,		Hull,		Mar. 31st, 1846.
Baker, Mrs. John,		Chester,	23	Mar. 26th, 1846.
Balbernie, Mrs.,		Glasgow,	71	April 5th, 1846.
Birch, Mr. W.,	Barnacle,	Coventry,	42	Mar. 27th, 1846.
Bisbrown, Mrs.,	Winsford,	Northwich,	43	April 9th, 1846.
Brooke, Miss,		Buxton,	19	April 18th, 1846.
Gawtress, Mr., sen.,	Oatland-street,	Leeds,	83	Mar. 27th, 1846.
Gibson, Mr. John,	Great-Lumley,	Durham,	65	Mar. 31st, 1846.
Hall, Mary,		Glossop,		April 10th, 1846.
Huddart, Miss Is.,	Santon-Bridge,	Whitehaven,	25	April 2d, 1846.
Hughes, Rev. Thomas,	Wesleyan Minister,	Llanrwst,	38	April 13th, 1846.
Johnson, Mrs.,		Darlington,		April 7th, 1846.
Jones, Miss Eliz.,		Bingham,	78	Mar. 19th, 1846.
King, Sarah,		Barnstaple,	14	Mar. 23d, 1846.
Lucas, Miss,	Carlingford,	Dundalk,	24	Mar. 6th, 1846.
Luck, Mr. James,		Canterbury,	71	Mar. 19th, 1846.
Parker, Mr. Samuel,		Leeds,	66	April 9th, 1846.
Penrose, Mrs.,	Foxholes,	Scarborough,		Jan. 11th, 1846.
Potter, Miss S. E.,	Runcorn,	Warrington,	22	April 7th, 1846.
Raven, Miss,	Quornden,	Leicester,	14	April 14th, 1846.
Romaine, Ann,	Bereheath,	Dorchester,	67	April 10th, 1846.
Saville, Mr. St.,	Newhall,	Burton-on-Trent,	79	Mar. 22d, 1846.
Stephenson, Mr. Thomas,		Dromore,	44	Mar. 23d, 1846.
Stevenson, Mrs.,		Chelmsford,	55	Mar. 22d, 1846.
Tatham, Mr. Thomas,		Nottingham,	85	Mar. 31st, 1846.
Taylor, Mr. W.,	Collumpton,	Tiverton,	34	Feb. 9th, 1846.
Thomas, Rev. Thomas,	Wesleyan Minister,	Barmouth,	62	April 16th, 1846.
Wilkinson, Rev. Joseph,	Wesleyan Minister,	Aberdeen,	36	Mar. 26th, 1846.
Wilson, Mrs.,	Bawtry,	Doncaster,	92	Mar. 26th, 1846.
Wright, Mr. Thomas,	Stevenage,	Hitchin,	82	April 6th, 1846.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

SEPTEMBER, 1846.

REMARKS ON "A CLEAN HEART," THE CHRISTIAN'S PRIVILEGE.

(*Continued from page* 228.)

3. In this doctrine is also involved *the glory of divine grace.* Is not God holy? is he not glorious in holiness? and was he not manifest in the flesh to make an end of sin, and to destroy the works of the devil? Is it not therefore "to the praise of the glory of his grace" that we should cease from sin? Unless sin be removed from our hearts, the blood of Christ must be dishonoured; he is "wounded in the house of his friends." The atonement is a fountain opened for transgression, and its efficacy is proved by washing the heart from every sinful stain. Let the atoning merit be applied "with faith," and the efficacy of grace will soon appear in inward holiness; the heart once defiled with sins of deepest die becomes "whiter than snow." Alas! it is unbelief which dishonours this "precious blood," and obscures the glory of His grace, who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, that he might "sanctify the people with his own blood." The truth of the promises, the authority of the commands, the power of the Spirit, are all dishonoured by the believer stopping short of "a clean heart." To what purpose is it that God hath said, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean," &c., if the promise be not fulfilled? Has not the existence of sin in *me* given rise to the derogatory inquiry, "Doth his promise fail for evermore?" To what end is it commanded, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," if it remain evident to God, to myself, to all men, that love does not fill and rule *my* heart? And why is the Holy Ghost called "the Spirit of power," if he has not created a clean heart in *me?* Does not *my* indwelling sin obscure *his* glory? Some indeed may contend that divine grace is more glorified by saving believers *in* their sins, than *from* their sins. As if Christ were more honoured as a Prophet and Teacher, by retaining in his school those who are "ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," than he would be by making the dullest scholar "wise unto salvation:" as if he were more honoured as a Priest and sacrifice by believers doubtfully accepting a part of the purchase of his blood, than by their receiving the whole in the full assurance of faith: as if, as a Sovereign and King, it were more for his glory that his subjects should murmur in their

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hearts at his sceptre, and every now and then rebel against him, than if they always cheerfully submitted to all his just and righteous laws : as if, as a physician, his skill were more commended to the world by his patients continuing, every one of them, under the influence of latent and even visible disease, than it would by his restoring all to perfect health who consented to take his prescriptions and abide by his regimen : or, finally, as if, as a benefactor, his kindness were more apparent, and more to be appreciated, in promising to relieve us from the wretchedness of inbred sin at the end of threescore years, than it would be by his promptly delivering us as soon as we asked him. O for that strong and lively faith which leads to the brightest exemplifications of that "great grace" which rested on the church in the days of the Apostles!

4. It has been often remarked that a *peculiar unction attends the ministry* when this doctrine is insisted on from the pulpit, and Ministers urge their hearers to a present acceptance of full sanctification in Christ. The exemplification of the truth of this has been specially noticed in the ministry of some of our most respected and useful Preachers. Dr. Clarke has been named as a striking instance of it; and in his Letter to a young Preacher, he says, "Preach it in every sermon:" and Mr. Wesley says, "Preach it strongly, explicitly, constantly;" and adds, "Hardly can this point be insisted upon, either in preaching or prayer, but a remarkable blessing attends it." Speaking of a certain Preacher, when writing to a friend, he says, "When opportunity serves, encourage him, 1. To preach Christian perfection constantly, strongly, explicitly; 2. Explicitly to assert and prove that it may be received now; and, 3. That it is to be received by simple faith." A Christian Minister in preaching full salvation, sets his heel at once on the head of the old serpent, seizes the whole truth of God as the sword of the Spirit, takes his stand close beside the cross, and asserts the full rights of Him that was crucified, throws himself immediately and absolutely into the hands of the Holy Spirit, and becomes "mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds." Heartily to aim a full blow at the entire destruction of the monster sin, is such a Christ-like act, that the smile of heaven cannot be withheld from it. God approves, the heart of the Preacher feels it, a door of utterance is opened, his words become quick and powerful, a gracious unction descends on the listening congregation, and a spreading cry is heard among the faithful, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able." Let the Methodist ministry continue to "declare the whole counsel of God," and assuredly it shall "bring forth fruit," "much fruit," "fruit unto perfection," and its fruit, its gracious "fruit, shall remain."

5. This doctrine has the happiest effect on personal experience, giving a new tone and energy to Christian character, creating a kind of *moral heroism*. Nothing in Methodism tells on the heart like this. It quickens every moral power, it directly inspires the courageous spirit of that noble-minded man in the wilderness, who "followed the Lord fully." One shall chase a thousand, even when furnished with nothing better than the unlikely weapon of the "jaw-bone of an ass." All things are possible to *him* that believeth; *he* is mighty through the divine arm revealed within him. God smiles on the "stripling with his sling," standing undaunted before the brazen Goliath, and says, "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness." Where there is a clean heart, unbelief is gone; the clear and piercing eye of faith is fixed on the promise, and "that alone;" the doctrine of impossibilities is "laughed at;" the lever that moves the world has found a fulcrum, the hand of Omnipotence is engaged, and the work is "done." This is the secret of many of the mightiest deeds of Methodism: you must look for it

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in this doctrine of "holiness by faith now." But for the maintaining of this point amongst us in bold relief, many humble individuals in the church of Christ, who would otherwise have passed as unobserved as a drop in the Euphrates, have suddenly been raised to "great views, great virtues, and great energies," and have filled a sphere of usefulness strikingly extensive and beneficent. Living in the true possession, and "walking in the steps of the faith of Abraham," God has fulfilled to them that "great and precious promise," "Thou shalt be a blessing;" thousands have praised the eternal Ruler on their behalf, and their names will go down to posterity as the benefactors of their species. O, that all the multiplied agencies of the militant church, whose feet are continually running to and fro to do good, knew the blessedness, and possessed the sacred power, conferred by "a clean heart!"

6. This subject has also a close connexion with those *blessed revivals* which so cheer the hearts of faithful Ministers and their flocks. Writing to one of the Preachers, Mr. Wesley observes, "Where Christian perfection is not strongly and explicitly preached, there is seldom any remarkable blessing of God, little addition to the society, and little life in the members of it. Therefore, speak and spare not. Till you press believers to expect full salvation now, you must not look for any revival." This remark proceeded from a long, extensive, and intimate acquaintance with the origin, object, and operation of revivals. The honoured father of Methodism well knew that a genuine revival, a revival of "pure religion," must needs begin in the hearts of God's people. They are the light of the world, and in them its increasing lustre must first appear: they are the salt of the earth, and in them an increase of the seasoning power must first be experienced: in them is the heart of all moral principle below the skies, and from the invigorated moral pulsation in their breast, the impetus must be supplied to send forth the moral life-blood into the various ramifications of the vast human family. To revive, is to restore what has been drooping: it pre-supposes previous life, and the decline of it. Therefore that prayer, "O Lord, revive thy work," has an immediate reference to the quickening of church-members. Now when entire sanctification is pressed, here is the field for its operation. And where the truth of the doctrine is already admitted, it animates and quickens by wholesale. Among the sound members of the Methodist society, there is an immediate response from all their moral powers. Such is the nature of our spiritual machinery, that when thus touched, all the springs and wheels move at once. The claim of every holy duty flashes on the mind, and conscious neglect of privilege instantly stimulates to humiliation, confession, and prayer. The admission of the two-fold fact, that it is my privilege to be saved from all sin, and that I am not so, gives the sound of the doctrine a stinging, stirring influence over all my moral and spiritual sensibilities. When this vantage-ground is well occupied by the living Minister, all those amongst us who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, feel the "word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." And when the church is roused to mighty prayer and becoming efforts of Christian zeal, the transition is matured, the fountain overflows, inroads are made on the well-disposed hanging on the skirts of the church, and through them on the more daring and sinful ranks beyond. Thus the church, sanctified through the truth, and blood and Spirit of Christ, becomes "fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners." God is in the midst of her, his arm is made bare, floods are poured on the dry ground, the wilderness becomes as the fruitful field, and the desert as the garden of the Lord.

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7. And now, at the close of these remarks, may not the writer be permitted to ask, *Are there not responsibilities devolving on the Wesleyan Methodists*, on account of this *peculiar* doctrine of perfection, as it is sometimes termed? Are we not responsible to our creed, so firmly founded and cordially believed?—responsible to the other branches of the catholic church, trembling before that threatening Goliath, indwelling sin?—responsible to our poor brethren living in the corruption of the world, and perishing through the want of that seasoning power which can only proceed from *them* with whom is deposited "the salt of the earth?" Is it true that "we are allowed of God to be put in trust" with a certain portion, or the *knowledge* of a certain portion, of the "unsearchable riches of Christ," which others of our Father's children profess to know not? Do we admit that the design of Methodism is to "spread scriptural holiness over the land?" Is entire sanctification "the grand *depositum* which God has lodged with the people called Methodists?" And did the venerated founder of the body say, "For the *propagating* of this He appeared to have raised them up?" Then what is our obvious duty? As the foundation-stone of all our sanctuaries is laid in the doctrine of Christ crucified, as viewed with Wesleyan eyes, will not the stones of our temples cry out against us, if we prove unfaithful on a point professedly held to be so vital in our creed? If at any period the Wesleyan Methodists shall so forget the doctrine of "a clean heart," that their unbelief shall deny it any practical influence over them, well may they "hang their harps on the willows," and refuse to "sing the Lord's song;" for how shall they sing, when their Hymn-book, their version of the "songs of Zion," will so bitterly reproach them? Like the unfaithful sons of Israel, clinging at this day to the Scriptures which condemn them,—like the heretical sons of the Anglican Establishment, professedly cleaving to formularies of doctrine which seal their guilt and condemnation,—will be the unenviable position of the followers of Wesley, when they shall lose sight of that doctrine which, to use the words of a great Divine, is "the glory of Methodism." And in this day of lamented spiritual feebleness, does not the true church of Christ stand in need of something above "milk for babes" to strengthen and to stimulate her? And what can do this like the diffusion—the *affectionate*, the *prudent*, the *believing* diffusion—of the Wesleyan views of "perfect love?" This is the cure for her disorders,—"perfect love;" this is the mode of applying Gilead's balm that shall tend to restore health and vigour to her many sons and daughters; this is the "strong meat" which will enable her to pursue her "labours more abundant." Are the great mass of the sincere still feeding on "milk" diet, the sustenance mercifully provided for "babes?" This is not sufficient for the army of Christ in the vast campaigns which lie before them. In the conquest of the world, (the work committed to the church,) does not the Captain of our salvation now call for an army of giants? Then let "the children of the kingdom," and the "young men" in Christ, be well supplied with what is most nourishing, strengthening, and invigorating; let them "have their portion of meat in due season," that they may be "able to bear strong meat," and so become fit to "endure hardness as good soldiers." O, who can deny it—is it not obvious to all of us?—that inbred sin is the source of all the disorder and misery in the church of Christ, and of all the maladies that afflict the body catholic formed by the "sacramental host of God's elect?" Is it not equally clear that the cure lies in entire sanctification, in a clean heart? O yes! Then let us keep to this point; let us invite all our brethren in Christ to join with us, and "go up at once and possess"

"The Canaan of God's perfect love."

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Thus shall our Master be honoured, the world believe in the divinity of his mission, and that happy period be hastened and consummated, when "the whole earth shall be filled with his glory. Amen and amen." C.

NOAH'S ARK AND CHRIST COMPARED.

WAS there only *one* ark? "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.) Divinely planned? "Christ the power of God, and the *wisdom* of God." (1 Cor. i. 24.) Humanly constructed? "Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall *bring forth a son.*" (Matt. i. 23; Jude 20; Phil. ii. 12.) Wonderful? "Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." (1 Tim. iii. 16.) Capacious? "And yet there is room." (Luke xiv. 22.) Accommodating an entire family? "Bringing many sons unto glory." (Heb. ii. 10; Acts ii. 39; Eph. iii. 15.) Receiving the clean and the unclean? Rejecting none; the "*chief*" of sinners not excepted. (John vi. 37; 1 Tim. i. 15; Rev. xxii. 17.) Including "every living thing of all flesh of every sort?" "That in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might *gather together in one all things in Christ*, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in him." (Eph. i. 10.) Harmonious? "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for *ye are all one* in Christ Jesus." (Gal. iii. 28; Isai. xi. 6—9.) Amply stored with provisions? "Blessed with *all* spiritual blessings in heavenly places *in* Christ." (Eph. i. 3.) Closed in? "Shut up unto the faith which should *afterwards* be revealed." (Gal. iii. 23; Isai. xxvi. 3.) Secure? "Preserved *in* Jesus Christ." (Jude 1.) Invulnerable? "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. xvi. 18.) Landed safe? Conducted to glory, "that of all which he hath given me, I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." (John vi. 39.) Happy change! The waters assuaged? "Death *abolished.*" (2 Tim. i. 10; Ezek. xlvii. 9; Heb. ii. 14, 15.) The enemies of God swept away? "That he might destroy the works of the devil." (1 John iii. 8.) The family of Noah rescued? The family of God saved. (John xvii. 12.) The earth no more to be destroyed? "Now no condemnation." (Rom. viii. 1.) The seasons continued? Divine ordinances perpetuated. (2 Chron. vii. 16; Matt. xxviii. 20; 1 Peter i. 24, 25.) The dove found no rest *without* the ark; neither can we anywhere but in Christ. (Micah ii. 10; Matt. xi. 28, 29; Heb. iv. 3.) How delightful! the olive-leaf plucked off! How sweet the assurance of heavenly wisdom applied! "She is *a tree of life* to them that *lay hold* upon her." (Prov. iii. 18.) "The bow in the cloud,"—how beautiful!—"token" that God would no more destroy the earth with water. "The rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald,"—how splendid!—*Pledge* that God will not break his covenant to save his people, nor alter the thing that has gone out of his lips. (Rev. iv. 3; Psal. lxxxix. 34.) A renovated world? "New heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." (2 Peter iii. 13; Isai. lxv. 17; 2 Cor. v. 17.) Well might Noah sacrifice to the Lord in *gratitude!* "*Thanks* be unto God for his unspeakable gift." (2 Cor. ix. 15; 1 Peter i. 3, 5.) As the divine, however, excels the human, so this ark excels that. That saved only *eight* persons; this "a great multitude which no man can number." (Rev. vii. 9.) That from *water;* this from "everlasting burnings." (Isai. xxxiii. 14.) That only a *temporal* deliverance; this *everlasting*, "having obtained *eternal* redemption for us." (Heb. ix. 12; Isai. xlv. 17.) That from *some* evils; this from *every* evil, "that he might redeem us from *all* iniquity." (Titus ii. 14; Col. ii. 10; Num. xxiii. 21.) That rested on Mount Ararat;

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this on "*the everlasting hills*," whither he ascended, "*far above* all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." (Eph. i. 21,) "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the *top* of the mountains, and shall be *exalted above the hills*, and all nations shall *flow* unto it." (Isai. ii. 2.) "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God," (Heb. iv. 9.) "Who can be compared unto the Lord?" (Psal. lxxxix. 6.) "All the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto" him. (Prov. iii. 15.) "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest *through the waters*, I will be with thee; and *through the rivers*, they shall not *overflow* thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." (Isai. xliii. 1—3; Rev. ii. 11; Phil. iv. 13.) "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall *behold the land that is very far off*." (Isai, xxxiii. 17.) "And there was no more sea." (Rev. xxi. 1.)

WILLIAM ATHERTON BINGLEY.

THEOLOGY.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

A SERMON.

"FOR the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds."—2 Cor. x. 4.

THIS world was created by Christ, and for him. He, therefore, is its rightful Lord and Ruler. He is the one blessed and glorious Potentate, unto whom all homage and tribute should be paid. Sin introduced anarchy and rebellion into our world. Man revolted from God, allied himself to Satan, the usurper, and placed himself in an attitude of defiance to the Most High. God could have easily overthrown his rebellious creatures; he could have destroyed them with "the breath of his mouth," and "the brightness of his presence." But "in wrath hath he remembered mercy." He adopted an expedient of grace by which his banished ones might not be expelled from him. The rebel now has the offer of life; now he may return to God, and be forgiven. The preaching of the Gospel is that instrumentality which God employs for restoring men to his favour. "Through the ignorance that is in them," men place themselves in opposition to the Gospel. (Eph. iv. 18.) They refuse to hear it, or do not believe it. They cavil at its doctrines, or refuse to obey its precepts. In one word, they dislike Christ's kingdom; and say, with the servants in the parable, "We will not have this man to reign over us." (Luke xix. 14.) Now, to subdue these is the great end of the Christian ministry. Graciously to conquer these is the design of the preaching of the cross; and the text refers to the character of our weapons and the success of our efforts. "The weapons of our warfare," &c. Notice,

I. THE WARFARE REFERRED TO.

"Our warfare." Now our warfare is distinguished from all other scenes of conflict:—

1. *It is divine, and not diabolical.* War is the general result of hellish passions, and sin. (See James iv. 1, 2.) Most wars originate from beneath. This is a divine and heavenly warfare. The Son of the ever-blessed God is the "Captain of our salvation."

2. *This is a holy, and not an unrighteous war.* Wars generally arise from avarice, or ambition, or revenge; and are therefore wicked and abominable in the sight of God. This war, on the other hand, is based on righteousness. It is the cause of truth, and justice, and equity. It is the cause of holiness against sin; of obedience against rebellion; of the reign of God, against the usurpation of the Prince of darkness.

3. *It is a benevolent, and not a carnal war.* War aims at spreading misery, devastation, and death. War is one of those insatiable monsters, that has often spread

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terror, and misery, and woe, through the length and breadth of our world. Peace, comfort, health, and felicity, are exiled by its terrific influence. Our war is one of compassion, of tenderest goodness, and sweetest mercy. Paradoxical as it may appear, our banners bear the symbol of a Lamb. And this is the inscription, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." (Luke ii. 14.) It produces real and abiding blessings, and spreads comfort and felicity in its triumphal course. It offers health, and peace, and life.

4. *It is a blessed and not an accursed war.* It bears along with it every national, domestic, and personal blessing. It strews its flowers of gladness all around. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." (Isai. xxxv. 1.) Contrast those countries where it has extended its conquests, and those where Satan the usurper still reigns. In the one is intelligence; in the other ignorance. In the one, civilization; in the other, barbarism. In the one, domestic comfort; in the other, family despotism. In the one, man sinks to the level of the brute; in the other, he rises almost to an equality with angels. Notice,

II. THE STRONG-HOLDS IN WHICH SINNERS ENTRENCH THEMSELVES IN THEIR OPPOSITION TO GOD. Of these, we notice,

1. *The strong-hold of ignorance.* Satan blinds his votaries. Ignorance is essential to the duration of his kingdom. It is the kingdom of darkness. Error is the main pillar on which it rests. Now, men do not know the true state of things. They will not consider the great question. They will not come to the light. This is criminal ignorance, wilful closing the eyes against the light of heaven.

2. *The strong-hold of prejudice.* This is the general result of ignorance. Hence, how readily persons seize hold of the most trifling objections to religion! Any foolish thing will satisfy them, if it be against God's holy word and truth. Sometimes this prejudice is against doctrines, or duties, or against the people of God. It is often, however, deadly and fatal.

3. *The strong-hold of pride.* This is a common barrier to the salvation of the soul. Sin commenced with it. It is one of the last things to be given up; yet it is incompatible with the spirit of the Gospel. "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." (1 Pet. v. 5.) Sinners must be abased. Men must confess their iniquity. They must repent, and "receive the kingdom of God as a little child." (Mark x. 15.) They must become nothing, and "Christ be all in all." Thus the Gospel was foolishness to the Greeks.

4. *The strong-hold of mammon.* Love of this present world. A desire to gain the riches of time. Setting the affections on things on the earth. This was the strong-hold of Balaam, the false Prophet: he preferred gain to godliness. (Num. xxii., &c.) This was the strong-hold of Gehazi, the servant of Elisha; (2 Kings v. 20, &c.;) of the young man who came to Christ; (Matt. xix. 22;) of Judas; (Matt. xxvi. 15;) of Demas; (2 Tim. iv. 10;) of Simon Magus; (Acts viii. 18;) of Ananias and Sapphira. (Acts v. 1—10.)

5. *The strong-hold of unbelief.* The rejection of the truth. Not crediting the Gospel. Men do not believe their state so evil and dangerous. They will not believe "that all have sinned," (Rom. iii. 23,) and that "the wicked shall be turned into hell." (Psal. ix. 17.) They will not believe in the requirements of the Gospel, "repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." (Acts xx. 21.) Neither do they believe the threatenings of the word of God. Unbelief is a gross attack upon the truth of God, and continually throws back the offer of grace and salvation. These are some of the strong-holds. Observe,

III. THE WEAPONS BY WHICH THEY ARE TO BE OVERTHROWN. Now, the weapons are described, negatively, as "not carnal;" and then, positively, in their efficiency, "mighty through God." Observe, carnal weapons are disowned. Among these we notice,

1. *The sword.* This was the weapon by which Mohammedanism was extended. This was the weapon Peter drew forth to defend the Saviour in the garden. This has too often been employed by the intolerant and the dominant sects of the professed churches of Christ. This may make slaves, hypocrites, and formalists.

2. *Temporal reward is a carnal weapon.* The multitude followed Christ because of the loaves and fishes. Men have been known to purchase proselytes in this way. Is not this calculated to extend cupidity and deceit?

3. *Sophistry and specious reasonings are carnal weapons.* This was one of the chief weapons of the ancient schools of philosophers. They reasoned, and philosophized, and had their profound mysteries, &c. But "my speech and my

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preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the Princes of this world, that come to nought: but we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory." (1 Cor. ii. 4—7.)

Now, carnal weapons we totally disown and reprobate, in all matters of conscience and religion. Observe, our weapons are the truths of the Gospel. The "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God;" and this used plainly, simply, yet earnestly, is effective to the overthrow and "pulling down of the strong-holds" of sin and Satan. The strong-hold of ignorance is overthrown by the Gospel of truth. The strong-hold of prejudice is to be met by the simple facts and statements of the Gospel. The strong-hold of pride is to be overthrown by the revealed and exalted glories of another world. The strong-hold of mammon, by offering the riches of eternity. The strong-hold of unbelief, by the persuasive statements of the evidences of Christianity. The Gospel can do all this. It is mighty to produce all these momentous and glorious effects. It is God's own instrument. It is full of the wisdom and power of God. It is that by which the Spirit carries on and perpetuates the kingdom of Christ. Numerous are the evidences of its blissful triumphs. They have existed in all ages, in all countries, and in all ranks and classes of mankind. Many of you are evidences of it: "ye are our epistles written in our hearts, known and read of all men." (2 Cor. iii. 2.)

APPLICATION.

Learn,

1. The only means we are to employ for the extension of Christianity. We repudiate all carnal weapons, the sword and bayonet instrumentality, &c. We must avoid intolerance, bigotry, and coercion. The truth is to convert the world, and lift it up to a holy state of divine exaltation and bliss. And the truth must be preached in love.

2. These means must be faithfully and perseveringly employed. We are responsible to God, and to our dying fellowmen, for an earnest devotedness to the eternal interests of our perishing race.

3. The means we employ are divine, and must ultimately and universally prevail.—*Sermons on Missions.*

A PRAYING MINISTRY.

In prayer, in real, hearty, earnest prayer, all things around us are set into their proper places. The earth and its interests shrink into their real insignificance. Time and all its train of pleasures, pains, shame, poverty, honour, and riches, what are these to one whose eye is on the great white throne, before whom lies the awful book of judgment, who sees heaven opened, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God? In prayer, our minds are armed for the coming temptations of the day; they are cooled, refreshed, and calmed after its vexations, fatigues, and anxiety. In it we can, indeed, even whilst compassed with infirmities, bring our own crooked or withered will into His presence who is the healer; and whose word of power shall restore the shrunken sinews to their vigour, and make him straight whom long infirmity hath bowed down. On our knees, if anywhere, we learn to love the souls of our people; to hate our own sins; to trust in Him who shows us then his wounded side and pierced hands, and to love him with our whole heart. Nothing will make up for the lack of prayer. The busiest ministry without it, is sure to become shallow and bustling. To come forth from secret communing with him, and bear our witness, and to retire again behind the veil to pour out our heart before him in unceasing intercessions, and devout adorations, this is, indeed, the secret of a blessed fruitful ministry. In God's strength thou must wrestle with wandering thoughts; sap their strength by the countermines of watchfulness and self-denial; fly from them into quietness and separation; so shalt thou find in the wilderness of this world the mountain of God's presence, where he shall look in upon thy soul, and draw out all its hidden powers and fragrance by the sunshine of his own countenance.—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

WHAT IS REVIVAL-PREACHING?

It is such an exhibition of divine truth, as tends to convince the impenitent sinner, not alone, nor principally, of the fearful doom of original law against him; but rather, and more especially, of his ingratitude, of his baseness, of his inexcusable fault, and of his exceeding damning guilt, for sinning against the Gospel.

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This latter impression should be so deeply laid upon the soul, so firmly riveted on the conscience, as, if possible, to swallow up the former; that the sinner might well forget that he is going to hell, in the absorption of that other element of conviction that he has sinned against such a holy God, and so long rejected such a compassionate Saviour. He should be made to feel, that if he deserves hell for his transgression of the law, he deserves more than hell for the contempt of the Gospel. Of course such preaching implies a presentation of the Gospel in all its fulness. It is not to be taken for granted that the sinner involved in such distress does not understand the Gospel,—and needs it to be preached unto him. It is because it *has* been preached to him, and because he *does not* understand it. It is not simply because his Minister has stood up before him, clothed in the terrors of Sinai; but rather, and especially, because his Minister has opened to his vision all the tenderness of a dying Redeemer. It is not the fear of punishment which agitates his bosom; it is the pangs of remorse. He has been *ungrateful;* and now to him ingratitude, of all others, is his crying sin, his weighty, soul-oppressing guilt.—*Colton.*

THE BIBLE.

The interest which this volume excites by its antiquity, will be greatly increased, if we consider the violent and persevering opposition it has encountered; and the almost innumerable enemies it has resisted and overcome. We contemplate with no ordinary degree of interest, a rock which has braved for centuries the ocean's rage, practically saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." With still greater interest, though of a somewhat different kind, should we contemplate a fortress, which, during thousands of years, has been constantly assaulted by successive generations of enemies; around whose walls millions had perished; and to overthrow which, the utmost efforts of human force and ingenuity had been exerted in vain. Such a rock, such a fortress, we contemplate in the Bible. For thousands of years, this volume has withstood, not only the iron tooth of time, which devours men and their works together, but all the physical and intellectual strength of man. Pretended friends have endeavoured to corrupt and betray it; Kings and Princes have perseveringly sought to banish it from the world; the civil and military powers of the greatest empires have been leagued for its destruction; the fires of persecution have often been lighted to consume it and its friends together; and, at many seasons, death, in some horrid form, has been the almost certain consequence of affording it an asylum from the fury of its enemies. It has also been almost incessantly assailed by weapons of a different kind, which, to any other book, would be far more dangerous than fire and sword. In these assaults, wit and ridicule have wasted all their shafts; misguided reason has been compelled, though reluctantly, to lend her aid, and, after repeated defeats, has again been dragged to the field; the arsenals of learning have been emptied to arm her for the contest; and, in search of means to prosecute it with success, recourse has been had, not only to remote ages, and distant lands, but even to the bowels of the earth, and the region of the stars. Yet still the object of all these attacks remains uninjured; while one army of its assailants after another has melted away. Though it has been ridiculed more bitterly, misrepresented more grossly, opposed more rancorously, and burnt more frequently than any other book, and, perhaps, than all other books united; it is so far from sinking under the efforts of its enemies, that the probability of its surviving until the final consummation of all things, is now, evidently much greater than ever. The rain has descended; the floods have come; the storm has arisen, and beat upon it; but it falls not, for it is founded on a rock. Like the burning bush, it has ever been in the flames, yet it is still unconsumed: a sufficient proof, were there no other, that He who dwells in the bush preserves the Bible.—*Payson.*

SALVATION.

How is it possible, you ask, to attend to your salvation, in the midst of the world, and plunged into commerce with mankind? What is it you say, O my brother? It is not the place in which we are, saves us, but the Christian life we lead in it. Adam did not make the less deplorable wreck of his happiness for being in paradise. Lot, among the inhabitants of Sodom, an agitated sea, still found a safe harbour. Job was justified, sitting in the ashes. Saul, upon his throne, lost both his kingdom here, and his crown

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of eternal life hereafter. Do not accuse the world, or the business that connects you with it: accuse only your own negligence, your want of zeal in prayer, your careless attendance at places of worship. The daily labour of St. Paul threw no obstacles in the way of his piety. Do not say, therefore, that your employment interferes with the discharge of your duties: it ought to bind you more closely to them. Poverty and labour make more saints than wealth and idleness.—*Chrysostom.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

THE REV. JOHN ROGERS, M.A.

Sir Richard Cradock, a Justice of the Peace, who was a violent hater and persecutor of the Dissenters, and who exerted himself to enforce all the severe laws then in existence against them, happened to live near Mr. Rogers, who had recently been ejected by the Act of Uniformity from Croslin, in Cumberland, to whom he bore a particular enmity, and whom he wanted, above all things, to have in his power. Hearing that he was to preach at a place some miles distant, he thought it a fair opportunity for accomplishing his base design; and, in order thereto, hired two men to go as spies, and take down the names of all the hearers whom they knew, that they might appear as witnesses, both against them and Mr. Rogers. The plan seemed to succeed to his wishes. These men brought him the names of several persons who were present at the meeting; and he warned such of them as he had a particular spite against, together with Mr. Rogers, to appear before him. Knowing the violence of the man, they came with trembling hearts, expecting to be treated with the utmost severity. While they were waiting in the great hall, expecting to be called upon, a little girl, about six or seven years of age, who was Sir Richard's grandaughter, happened to come into the hall. She looked at Mr. Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance. He, being naturally fond of children, took her upon his knee, and caressed her, which occasioned her to conceive a great fondness for him. At length, Sir Richard sent a servant to inform him, and the rest, that one of the witnesses, being taken ill, was unable to attend, and that, therefore, they must come again another day. They accordingly came at the time appointed; and being convicted, the Justice ordered their mittimus to be written, to send them all to prison.

Mr. Rogers, expecting to see the little girl again, brought some sweetmeats with him to give her. As soon as she saw him, she came running to him, and appeared fonder of him than before. This child, being a particular favourite of her grandfather, had got such an ascendancy over him, that he could deny her nothing; and she possessed such a violent spirit, that she could bear no contradiction; so that she was indulged in everything she wanted. At one time, when she had been contradicted, she ran a penknife into her arm, to the great danger of her life. This bad spirit, in the present instance, was overruled for good. While she was sitting on Mr. Rogers's knee, eating the sweetmeats, she looked earnestly at him, and asked, "What are you here for, Sir?" He answered, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to jail." "To jail!" said she: "why, what have you done?" "Why, I did nothing but preach, and they did nothing but hear me." "He shall not send you to jail," replied she. "Ay, but, my dear," said he, "I believe he is now making out our mittimus to send us all there." Upon this, she ran up to the chamber where Sir Richard was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, and said to him, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman in the hall?" "That's nothing to you," said he: "get about your business." "But I won't," says she: "he tells me, that you are going to send him and his friends to jail; and if you send them, I'll drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone: I will indeed." When he saw the child thus peremptory, it shook his resolution, and induced him to abandon his malicious design. Taking the mittimus in his hand, he went down into the hall, and thus addressed these good men: "I had here made out your mittimus to send you all to jail, as you deserve; but, at my grandchild's request, I drop the prosecution, and set you all at liberty." They all bowed, and thanked his Worship. But Mr. Rogers, going to the child, laid his hand upon her head, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "God bless you, my dear child! May the blessing of that God, whose cause you did now plead, though as yet you know him not, be upon you in life, at death, and to all eternity!" He and his friends then went away.

The above remarkable story was told by Mr. Timothy Rogers, the son of the ejected Minister, who had frequently heard his father relate it with great pleasure; and the celebrated Mr. Thomas Bradbury once heard it from him, when he was dining at the house of Mrs. Tooley, an eminent Christian lady in London, who was distinguished for her

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piety, and for her love to Christ and his people; whose house and table, like Lydia's, were always open to them. What follows is yet more remarkable, as containing a striking proof of the answer which was returned to good Mr. Rogers's prayers for this child, and the blessing which descended upon her who had been the instrument of such a deliverance for these persecuted servants of God. Mrs. Tooley had listened, with uncommon attention, to Mr. Rogers's story, and when he had ended it, she asked him, "And are you that Mr. Rogers's son?" He told her he was: upon which she said, "Well, as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before. And now I will tell you something which you do not know: I am the very girl your dear father blessed in the manner you have related; and it made an impression upon me, which I could never forget." Upon this double discovery, Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Tooley found an additional tie of mutual love and affection; and then he and Mr. Bradbury expressed a desire to know how she, who had been brought up in an aversion to the Dissenters, and to serious religion, now discovered such attachment to both. Upon which she cheerfully gave them the following narrative.

After her grandfather's death, she became sole heiress to his estate, which was considerable. Being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she ran into all the fashionable diversions of the age, without any restraint. But she confessed, that when the pleasurable scenes were over, she found a dissatisfaction both with them and herself, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of any other way than by running the same round over and over again; but all was in vain. Having contracted some slight illness, she thought she would go to Bath, hearing that it was a place for pleasure, as well as health. When she came thither, she was providentially led to consult an Apothecary who was a very worthy and religious man. When he inquired what ailed her, she answered, "Why, doctor, I don't ail much as to my body; but I have an uneasy mind, that I cannot get rid of." "Truly, Miss," said he, "I was so too, till I met with a certain book; and that cured me." "Books!" said she: "I get all the books I can lay my hands on; all the plays, novels, and romances I hear of; but after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same." "That may be, Miss," said he; "and I don't wonder at it. But as to this book I speak of, I can say of it what I can say of no other I ever read, that I never tire in reading it, but can begin to read it again, as if I had never read it before; and I always see something new in it." "Pray, doctor," says she, "what book is that?" "Nay, Miss," answered he, "that is a secret I don't tell every one." "But could not I get a sight of that book?" says she. "Yes," replied he: "if you speak me fair, I can help you to a sight of it." "Pray, then, get it me, doctor; and I'll give you anything you please." "Yes," said he; "if you will promise me one thing, I'll bring it you; and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading." She promised faithfully that she would. After coming two or three times without it, to raise her curiosity, he at last took it out of his pocket, and gave it her.

This book was the New Testament. When she looked at it, she said, with a flirt, "Poh! I could get that at any time." "Why, Miss," said he, "so you might; but, remember, I have your solemn promise that you will read it carefully." "Well," says she, "though I never read it before, I'll give it a reading." Accordingly she began to read it, and it soon attracted her attention. She saw something in it, wherein she had a deep concern; but her mind now became more uneasy than ever. Not knowing what to do, she soon returned to London, resolved to try again what the diversions there would do to dissipate her gloom. But nothing of this kind answered her purpose. She lodged at the court end of the town, where she had with her a female companion. One Saturday evening, she had a remarkable dream, which was, that she was in a place of worship, where she heard a sermon; but when she awoke, she could remember nothing but the text. This dream, however, made a deep impression upon her mind; and the idea she had of the place, and of the Minister's person, was as strong as if she had been long acquainted with both. On the Lord's-day morning, she told her dream to her companion, and said, that after breakfast she was resolved to go in quest of the place, though she should go from one end of London to the other. They accordingly set out, and went into several churches as they passed along; but none of them answered to what she saw in her dream. About one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city, where they dined, and then set out in search of this place of worship.

Being in the Poultry about half an hour after two o'clock, they saw a great number of people going down the Old Jewry, and she determined to see where they went. She mingled with the company, and they conducted her to the meeting-house in the Old Jewry, where Mr. Shower was then Minister. As soon as she entered the door, and surveyed the place, she turned to her companion, and said, with some surprise, "This is the very place I saw in my dream." She had not been long there before she saw Mr. Shower go up into the pulpit, and, looking at him with greater surprise, she said, "This is the very man I saw in my dream; and, if every

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part of it hold true, he will take for his text, Psal. cxvi. 7,—'Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.'" When he rose up to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished his prayer, he took that very passage which she had mentioned for his text; and God was pleased to make the discourse founded upon it the means of her saving conversion; and thus she at last found, what she had so long sought elsewhere in vain, "rest to her soul." And now she obtained that blessing from God, the Fountain of felicity, which pious Mr. Rogers, so many years before, had so solemnly and fervently implored on her behalf.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

BISHOP BEVERIDGE ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

I SHALL always endeavour to make choice of such a woman for my spouse who hath first made choice of Christ as a spouse for herself; that none may be made "one flesh" with me who is not made "one spirit" with Christ my Saviour. For I look upon the image of Christ as the best work of beauty I can behold in her, and the grace of God as the best portion I can receive with her. These are excellencies which, though not visible to our carnal eyes, are nevertheless agreeable to a spiritual heart; and such as all wise and good men cannot choose but be enamoured with: for my own part, they seem to me such necessary qualifications, that my heart trembles at the thought of ever having a wife without them. What! shall I marry one that is wedded to her sins? Shall such an one be united to me here, who shall be separated from me for ever hereafter, and condemned to everlasting burnings? No: if it ever be my lot to enter into that state, I beg of God that he would direct me in the choice of such a wife only, to lie in my bosom here, as may afterwards be admitted to rest in Abraham's bosom to all eternity; such an one as will so live, and pray, and converse with me upon earth, that we may both be entitled to sing, to rejoice, and be blessed together for ever in heaven. That this may be my portion and felicity, I firmly resolve never to set upon such a design before I have first solicited the throne of grace, and begged of my heavenly Father to honour me with the partnership of one of his beloved children; and shall afterwards be as careful and cautious as I can, never to fix my affections upon any woman for a wife, till I am thoroughly persuaded of the grounds I have to love her as a true Christian.

A GOOD WIFE.

SHE commandeth her husband in any equal matter by constantly obeying him.

She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing-water. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot.

Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it.

Her husband's secrets she will not divulge; especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities.

In her husband's absence she is wife and deputy-husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return he finds all things so well, that he wonders to see himself at home when he was abroad.

Her children, though many in number, are none in noise, steering them with a look whither she listeth.

The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light, by orderly and seasonably enjoining it.

In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows.—*Fuller.*

A WIFE.

"WHEN a man of sense," says Mrs. Hannah More, "comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and dress, and dance. It is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and act, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, gratify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children."

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE TWINS.

A FEW years since, a man and his wife arrived in the town of M——, N. Y., as permanent residents. They were young, lately married, and their prospects for the future were bright and cheering. They purchased

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a farm in M——, which was then a new country, and had happily spent two or three years in this situation, when, by a mysterious Providence, the young man was called from this world. With his surviving widow, he left two lovely twin infants to deplore a loss which time could not retrieve. The widow sought comfort in vain from the limited circle of her acquaintance. There was no Minister of the Gospel in that region to direct her to the great Source of comfort, nor was there a pious friend who could guide her trembling footsteps to the cross of Jesus. But she went to her Bible, and, by the assistance of the Spirit of truth, found that consolation which a selfish world can neither bestow nor taste. She mourned, indeed, a husband who was no more; but she was cheered by the hope that God would protect her and hers. She wept over her innocent babes, and resolved that while she lived they should never need a mother's care. As they grew up she endeavoured to teach them the first principles of religion; but they received only her instructions. One week after another rolled away, one Sabbath after another dawned upon the wilderness, but they brought none of its privileges. The wilderness had never echoed with the sound of the church-going bell. The solitary places had never been gladdened by the sound of the footsteps of him who proclaims glad tidings of great joy. The feeling mother clasped her little boys to her aching bosom, and sighed and wept for the opportunity of taking them by the hand and leading them up to the courts of God. In the days of her childhood she had possessed great advantages, and she now mourned that her babes could only receive instruction from her lips. Alas! no man of God came to instruct, to cheer, to gladden the bosom of her, who, for years, had never heard the whispers of love from the servants of her Saviour.

When the little boys were five years old, and before they were old enough to be sensible of their loss, a consumption had fastened upon their tender parent, and she was soon encircled in the cold arms of death. She steadily watched the certain issue of her disease; and even in her last moments, commended her children to Him who is "a Father to the fatherless." A few moments before she expired, she kissed her little boys, who wept, almost without knowing why, on feeling the last grasp of the clay-cold hand of their mother. "It is hard," said she to a neighbour who was present, "it is hard for a mother to leave two such helpless babes without friends, and without any one to protect them; but I leave them in the hands of God, and I do believe he will protect them. My last prayer shall be for my poor destitute orphans."

After the death of their mother they were received into the house of a neighbour, a poor widow. In less than a year, one of them was stretched beside his mother beneath the sods.

About this time a pious young lady arrived in the place. She too was an orphan, but was not comfortless. It was her first inquiry how she could do good to the spiritually destitute villagers around her.

In the course of one of her afternoon walks she met a little boy straggling by the side of the road. There was something in his countenance which excited interest at once, though he was exceedingly ragged. The young lady was struck with his appearance, and immediately entered into conversation with him.

"What is your name, my little boy?" said she gently. "James." "Where do you live?" "With widow Parker, just in the edge of the wood, there, in that little log-house: can't you see it?" "I see it; but is widow Parker your mother?" "No; I had a mother last year, and she loved me. She used to take care of me and my brother John. She made our clothes, and taught us to say our prayers and catechisms. O, she was a most good mother!" "But where is your mother?" said the lady, as soothingly as possible. "O, madam, she is dead! Do you see that grave-yard yonder?" "Yes." "And the great maple-tree which stands in the farther corner of it?" "Yes, I see it." "Well, my poor mother was buried under that tree, and my brother John lies there too. They were both buried deep in the ground, though my mother's grave was the deepest. I shall never see them again; never, never, as long as I live. Will you go with me and see the graves?" continued he, looking at the lady with great earnestness and simplicity.

The short account which the little boy gave of himself awakened the best feelings of the young lady, and she had been devising some plan by which to do him good. For the present she declined visiting the grave, but continued to converse with him, and to gain his confidence. She found him very ignorant, having never been at school; and the instructions of his pious mother, not having her to repeat and enforce them by precept and example, were nearly forgotten.

A Sabbath-school had never been established in the place, and whether it was practicable to establish one was doubtful; but she was determined to make the experiment. Accordingly, she visited every little cottage in the village, and urged that the children might be assembled on the next Lord's day, and a school formed. A proposal of this kind was new, was from a new-comer, and was unpopular. All the old women in the place entered their protest against such innovations. For the first three Sabbaths, the young lady had no other scholar besides her little James. But she had already been taught, that however faint our prospects of doing good at first may be, we should not be discouraged. Our labour may not be lost, though the first blow

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may not produce much effect. She was sorry that she had so few scholars; but she bent all her energies to the instruction of her little boy, and afterwards felt that Providence had ordered it wisely.

But in a few weeks the prejudices of the people began to wear away; and before the summer closed, this school embraced every child whose age would allow it to attend.

It was the second summer after the establishment of this school, and after little James had become well acquainted with his Testament and Catechism, that his health also began to fail. This good young lady beheld his gradual decay with anxiety, visited him frequently, and always wept after having left him. She used often to walk out with him, and to endeavour to cheer him by her conversation.

One pleasant afternoon she led him out by the hand, and at his request visited the spot where lay his mother and his little brother. Their graves were both covered with grass, and on the smaller grave were some beautiful flowerets. It was in the cool of a serene summer's day, as they sat by the graves in silence, and neither of them felt inclined to speak. The lady gazed at the pale countenance of the little boy, upon whose system a lingering disease was preying, while he looked at her with an eye that seemed to say, "I have not long to enjoy your society." Without saying a word, he cut a small stick, and measured the exact length of his little brother's grave, and again seated himself by the lady. She appeared sad while he calmly addressed her.

"You see, Miss S., that this little grave is shorter than mine will be." She pressed his little bony hand within her own, and he continued:

"You know not how much I love you, how much I thank you. Before you taught me, I knew nothing of death, nothing about heaven, or God, or angels: I was a very wicked boy till you met me. I love you much, very much; but I would say something else." "And what would you say, James?" inquired the lady, trying to compose her own feelings. "Do you think I shall ever get well?" "Indeed, I hope you will; but why ask that question?" "Because I feel I shall not live long; I believe I shall soon die: I shall then be laid beside my poor mother, and she will then have her two little boys, one on each side of her. But do not cry, Miss S.: I am not afraid to die. You told me, and the Testament tells me, that Christ will suffer little children to come unto him; and though I know I am a very sinful little boy, yet I think I shall be happy, for I love this Saviour who can save such a wicked boy as I am. And I sometimes think I shall soon meet mother and little brother in happiness. I know you will come too, won't you? When I am dead, I wish you to tell the Sabbath-scholars how much I loved them all: tell them they must all die, and may die soon; and tell them to come and measure the grave of little James; and then prepare to die."

The young lady wept, and could not answer him at that time. But she was enabled to converse with him many times afterwards on the grounds of his hope, and was satisfied that this little lamb was indeed of the fold of Jesus. She was sitting at his bedside, and with her own trembling hand closed his lovely eyes as they shut in the slumbers of death. He fell asleep with a smile, without a struggle. The lady was the only sincere mourner who followed the remains of the child to the grave; and while she shed many tears over that grave which concealed his lovely form, she could not but rejoice in the belief, that God had permitted her to be the feeble instrument of preparing an immortal spirit for a mansion in the skies, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

INFIDELITY MORE IN THE HEART THAN IN THE HEAD.

I HAVE a striking illustration of this fact to mention. I was asked one day to breakfast at the house of an excellent gentleman, who has gone to his everlasting rest, the late Thomas Meux, of Bloomsbury-square; and on going in, I heard him saying, "You deny the Bible, and therefore there is no arguing with you." I instantly guessed there was a sceptic present; and instead of giving an exposition of a chapter, as I had done on one or two occasions, I resolved to give a succinct summary of the evidences of the Christian faith. In the course of my remarks, I made the following statement, which I had received from good authority:—"There was an infidel of great notoriety, and of no ordinary powers of mind. He had a wife who was a Christian, and a daughter who was believed to be so: his wife died, and went to her rest, and after some time consumption laid the daughter also on her dying-bed. Three or four days before her death, she called her father to her bed-side, and put the question to him, 'Father, am I to die in the creed you teach, or in the faith in which my mother died?' The struggle in the father's mind was intense, and his frame was convulsed for a moment. At last, in the agony of his feelings, he gave utterance to the convictions of his heart, 'Die, my child, in your mother's faith.'"

I little suspected, when I rose from the table, and was introduced to the party, that that very father was at the moment in the room. There were tears in his eyes, but no conviction carried to his heart; and though I reasoned with him for two hours, no impression was made apparently upon his hardened heart, or his seared and deadened conscience. But carry this fact with you, that infidelity may do for Sunday newspapers and Socialist halls, but it will not bear the terrible test of the departing hour.—*Dr. Cumming.*

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OUR SERVANTS.

SUPERIOR AND INFERIOR SERVANT.

INDEPENDENTLY, however, of the connexion between master and servant, there is one of no small moment between the servants themselves, which must not be forgotten. In a large family, wherever there are more than two servants, instead of their forming, as with many, a separate and separated community, they should form, though in some sense a distinct, yet an intimate, branch of but one family. If they do so, the connexion between the servants themselves will not be neglected. This is the more necessary, from the system of tyranny, among servants in a large family, which proceeds occasionally to great excess, unknown to the master. Let not such a man feel surprised if he is informed, that, without the slightest occasion for it, there dwells under the same roof with himself, one human being, perhaps more, who is degraded into a mere fag, and drags out a miserable existence. The blame is his. Insight is incumbent, and access to him, at certain periods, should be open to all. True, subordination is absolutely necessary to domestic happiness: a general principle of deference from the inferior to the superior, analogous to that among children from the younger to the elder, must exist; but to the superior servant say, "So live with your inferior, as you would wish your superior to live with you." The size of the establishment is here no apology; for the task, far from being insuperable, is, in the end, its own reward, and brings along with it many gratifications. The late King of Great Britain, in his own family, is said to have been most exemplary in this duty, to the great benefit of his domestic servants. There are, indeed, many men, and even men of war, who have excelled in it. They have compared their army to a *family*, and, acting accordingly, have shown to us the duties incumbent on its master. Witness the behaviour of the late Emperor of the French, when proceeding on his fatal expedition into Russia. Napoleon's inspections then were frequent and systematic. "He overlooked not even the youngest soldier; it seemed as if everything which concerned them was to him a matter of deep interest. He interrogated them. Did their Captain take care of them? Had they received their pay? Were they in want of any requisite? He wished to see their knapsack; in short, all particularities, which delighted the soldier. They told each one how Napoleon occupied himself with their minutest details, and that they composed his oldest and *real family*. If he happened to meet with convoys of wounded, he stopped them, informed himself of their condition, of their sufferings, of the actions in which they had been connected, and never quitted them without consoling them by his words, or making them partakers of his bounty. On his guard, he bestowed particular attention: he himself daily reviewing some part of them, lavishing commendation, and sometimes blame; but the latter seldom fell on any but the administrators."

What an example! yet what a melancholy misapplication of talents! And the crowning misery is, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." But let the master of a family proceed on similar principles: instead of leading those under him to ruin, both children and servants may, by him, as an instrument, not only be prepared for enjoying this life, but be conducted to immortality.—*Domestic Constitution.*

RECORDS OF THE CHURCH.

THE VISION OF THE CROSS.

A LARGE army was marching across a plain. The armour of the soldiers was soiled with dust. Their faces betokened extreme weariness. Those who were on foot, moved with difficulty; and those who were mounted, held the reins of their horses loosely and listlessly; while the horses themselves, with drooping heads and parched nostrils, were as weary as their masters. And no marvel was it: for they had been marching since the dawn of day; and it was now long past noon, the burning rays of an Italian sun beating fiercely, in its decline, upon the brazen helmets and heavy armour of the soldiers.

In front of them rode their leader; a man of majestic presence, whose noble countenance and deep piercing eye would alone, even without the imperial purple, have been sufficient to show that he was born to command. Yet now he looked sad and anxious; for he was on his way to fight against a powerful enemy; and he knew not what should befall him. The fearful alternative was, whether he should gain the victory, and so become the master of the world; or

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whether he should be defeated, and thus either fall in battle, or be led away to a hopeless captivity, terminating but too probably in death by the hand of the executioner.

For many days, thoughts such as these had troubled him: and, beyond the troops which followed him, he knew not whither to go for aid or protection. He remembered, that those who had been Emperors before him, had put their trust in a multitude of gods, and had offered to them abundant sacrifices and precious gifts: but he remembered, also, that, notwithstanding their devotion to these multifarious deities, they had, in numerous instances, come to an unfortunate and miserable end. He remembered, too, that his own father, who had been great and prosperous, had worshipped but one God: and he recollected, how, while the Christians had been cruelly persecuted in other parts of the empire, his sire had shielded and protected them in Britain. Hence, he naturally felt a strong wish, that the God of his father would guard and assist him likewise. But then he was conscious that he knew nothing about this God. Still he would not allow this feeling to discourage him; but, from the unknown one God he earnestly besought a token of aid and protection.

We are told, that it pleased God to hear and answer his prayer. For, as he was thus marching at the head of his army, wrapped in meditation on these things, and silently employed in inward prayer, a radiance, softer and yet more glorious than that of the sun, gleamed suddenly upon him. Astonished at the portent, he lifted up his eyes; and, high in the heavens, above the sun, he beheld a bright and beautiful cross, with these words in shining letters:—BY THIS, CONQUER!

All the soldiers were struck with amazement, and gazed eagerly upon the cross. Brighter and brighter it grew in the clear sky; and Constantine (for he was the leader of the host) felt a new and strange impression of awe upon his heart, as he watched it with fixed and earnest eyes. But he did not watch it long, ere it began to fade and grow dim. Letter after letter of the shining words melted away into the sky. Then the faint outline of the cross was all that could be discerned. That, too, at last was gone; and, where it had appeared, nought could be seen but the rich crimson and gold of the approaching sunset. Long and anxiously did Constantine look on those brilliant hues, as if his glance could pierce the very firmament: but the cross, in its clear and marvellous beauty, gleamed out through them no more.

The Emperor rode on slowly and silently, meditating on the vision, and wondering what it should mean, and whether it were a sign sent in answer to his prayers.

That night, as he was lying asleep in his tent, there appeared to him, in a dream, one, who commanded him to cause a standard to be made like the cross which he had seen in the sky, and to have it always carried at the head of his army.

When Constantine awoke in the morning, he recollected this dream, and immediately set himself to obey it. With such object in view, he sent for some Christian Bishops, and inquired of them the meaning of the sign which he had seen. They told him that it was the symbol of immortality, and the token of the victory of Jesus Christ over death. They told him, too, the history of the Saviour's coming into the world, of his life of beneficence upon earth, and of his death for the salvation of man.

With the deepest reverence and attention, Constantine listened to their words. They seemed strange; but they came to him with a mysterious power and truth, such as he had never known before; and he felt indeed, that the God of whom he now heard, was the one true God, able to save and defend him from all his enemies. From this time, he made the holy Scriptures his constant study: and now, strong in trust and hope in God, he marched onward, bearing the sacred standard in the front of his army.

The Labarum, for so it was called, consisted of a cross, overlaid with gold, and surmounted by a golden crown, glittering with pearls and diamonds, rubies and emeralds, and all manner of precious stones. It was raised on the top of a staff, which should be held by the standard-bearer; and, from the cross, hung a purple flag, so bright with gold and jewels, that it dazzled the eyes of the beholders.

Until this time, the standard of the Roman empire had been an eagle, similarly fixed on the top of a staff. This meet emblem of rapacity and conquest was deemed the favourite bird of the chief heathen god; and the eagles of the legions, as we are informed by a great Roman historian, were even idolatrously worshipped by the soldiers as their own proper and peculiar divinities. But the ferocious eagle-god was henceforth to give place to the banner of faith and humility, the Christian sign of heavenly hope: and very remarkable it is, that, in our own days, when the crucified Redeemer was denied and renounced by the madness of a whole people, then, characteristically, the standard of the cross was contemptuously discarded, and the Pagan eagle was systematically resumed.

Constantine proceeded on his way, until he approached Rome. The imperial city was then in the power of his enemy Maxentius, a fierce and cruel tyrant, who was as much hated and feared by the people, as Constantine was beloved and honoured.

When Maxentius knew of his rival's approach, he caused a bridge of boats to be made over the river Tiber, so contrived, that, when Constantine and the vanguard of his

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army should be upon it, (for the troops would be obliged to cross it, before they could reach the city,) it should give way, and plunge them into the water. Thus, Maxentius thought that he should make sure of his adversary's death, which would give him, for the rest of his own life, the uncontrolled sovereignty of the Roman world. But, of the wicked, we read in the Bible, "He made a pit, and digged it; and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head: and his violent dealings shall come down upon his own pate." And again: "The Heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made; in the net which they hid, is their foot taken." And so it proved with Maxentius. For, while he himself, with many of his soldiers, was on the bridge, examining whether it had been made according to his direction, it suddenly gave way, and plunged them into the river. It was a fearful scene: the fragments of the broken bridge; the spears, and shields, and swords of the soldiers, cast away in their agony; and they themselves vainly struggling to escape, borne down by the weight of their defensive armour, and hurried on by the force of the current, until they sank like lead in the mighty waters. A moment after, the yellow waves of the proud Tiber rolled over their heads, placid in semblance, and bearing no trace of that stormy scene of despair and death.

Thus were Constantine's enemies utterly broken before his face: and, after he had sung praises to God for this great deliverance, he entered Rome in triumph. Men, women, and children, all crowded round him with joyful faces, and hailed him, with shouts of acclamation, as their saviour and deliverer.

After this, he placed a statue of himself in the most public part of Rome. The figure leaned upon the cross; and, below it, was this inscription:—

"By this salutary sign, which is the cognizance of true valour, I have delivered and freed your city from the slavish yoke of the tyrant; and have set at liberty the Senate and people of Rome; and have restored them to their ancient splendour and dignity."

For many years, Constantine reigned in great prosperity: and he did not forget God, who had so signally blessed him. He ruled his vast empire with mercy and justice; he relieved numberless widows, orphans, and distressed persons; and he built many beautiful churches, in which he was assisted by his mother, the Empress Helena, a British lady, and also a Christian. One of these churches was erected on the place of our Saviour's burial, and was, therefore, called *the Church of the holy Sepulchre*. It was magnificently adorned with stately pillars of marble, glittering pavements, gold and silver, and precious stones of every kind. Constantine and Helena thought no pains too great, and no treasure too costly, to bestow on the house of God. They built another church on the Mount of Olives, whence our Lord ascended to heaven; and one at Bethlehem, where he was born.

In thus labouring for the service of God, in rooting out idolatry, in protecting the church of Christ, did Constantine spend his long reign. And now, that hundreds of years have passed by since the fall of the mighty empire which he governed, it may truly be said, that, of all the many proud and powerful Monarchs who went before and who came after him, none so well deserved the name of *Great*, as he, the first Christian Emperor.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

HUNTING THE GIRAFFE IN KORDOFAN.

GENERALLY speaking, two horsemen, provided with one or two camels laden with a supply of provender and water sufficient for a few days, proceed into the desert frequented by the giraffes. The camels are left at an appropriate place, whilst the riders reconnoitre the country until they come upon the track of an animal. Great experience is now requisite to distinguish whether the trace be of to-day or yesterday, or of a yet older date. If it be recent, and that of a young animal, it is immediately followed up, and the huntsman may make sure of gaining a sight of their prey in a few hours. As soon as the giraffe is in view, the run instantly takes place, for the animal, very timid by nature, seeks refuge in flight and indeed with extraordinary fleetness. Everything now depends on the dexterity of the rider, and the activity of his horse. They must do all in their power to gain upon the game they have started; an endeavour which is the more readily to be effected, as the giraffe never takes a straight course, but, by nature timid, doubles, in the fear of its life, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and is thus quickly overtaken by the horsemen. Having come up to the young animal pursued, the rider casts a lasso over its head: his throw but seldom fails, and in the worst case must be repeated. He then attaches the end of the rope to his saddle, drags the animal as closely as he can to his horse, and thus the capture is effected. But now a steady and patient horse, well broken to its work, is again necessary for the farther transport; for the horse must resist the ani-

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mal's efforts, or give way to them (for it pulls and jumps in all directions,) in conveying it to the nearest village, which the huntsmen endeavour to reach as quickly as they possibly can. A she-camel should stand in readiness there to give the young giraffe milk, with which it is fed before being weaned to grass or hay. This treatment must be subsequently followed; and even full-grown giraffes should receive milk daily as drink, if it be in any way possible.—*Pallme's Travels.*

FRANKINCENSE.

FRANKINCENSE is supposed to derive its name from *franc*, "free," because of its liberal or ready distribution of its odours.

It is a dry, resinous substance, in pieces or drops of a pale yellowish white colour, a strong smell, and bitter, acrid taste. The tree which produces it is not well-known in this country: it is cultivated in India. Pure frankincense is that which is first obtained from the tree; that which is strongest, and most free from adventitious mixtures.

This was one of the ingredients in the perfume mentioned in Exod. xxx. 35, which was to be placed in the tabernacle of the congregation, dedicated unto the Lord, and considered "most holy." The Israelites were strictly forbidden, on the most awful penalties, to make any perfume similar to that described in this chapter, even for their own use; for it is said, "Whosoever shall make like unto that, to smell therete, shall even be cut off from his people." (Ver. 38.)

Where so many sacrifices were offered, it was essentially necessary to have some pleasing scent to counteract the disagreeable smells that must have arisen from the slaughter of so many animals, the sprinkling of so much blood, and the burning of so much flesh. It was, therefore, necessarily placed in every part of the tabernacle and its environs.—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

THE ANT-EATER OF MALTA.

G. brought home with him a very pretty little bird, called the "queen" or "ant-eater," the latter name referring to its singular manner of obtaining its livelihood. It lays itself down on the ground, in the neighbourhood of its prey, and remains quite motionless, feigning death, but at the same time hanging its long tongue out. The ants, attracted by a glutinous moisture peculiar to it, are soon brought round; and when there are a sufficient number collected, the bird suddenly draws in its tongue, and swallows the repast.—*Major and Mrs. Griffith's Journey.*

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THE AFRICAN LION.

THE sun had scarcely set when the numerous herds of well-fed cattle returned from the rich pasture to be shut up for the night. Their pens were surrounded by a wall of stones and plaster, between eight and nine feet high, yet even this fence did not afford complete protection against the wild beasts; for, only a week before, a lion had leaped over the wall and back again, carrying off a calf in his jaws. He did no further mischief at this time, and succeeded in escaping with his booty, though he was immediately fired at and pursued for a considerable distance. The marks of his claws were distinctly visible on the plaster of the wall. Mr. Lyon assured me that it was no uncommon occurrence for a lion to attack a herd while at pasture in the day-time; and, from the mere love of slaughter, to kill a number of animals by striking them in the neck with his paw. Ten or fifteen victims would seldom satisfy him; nay, on one occasion, no less than thirty-six oxen fell a prey to his fury. Scarcely any of them had an external wound, for the lion generally rips up the belly of one ox, and satisfies his hunger by devouring the entrails. I heard many tales of the cruelty of the lion; but no one knew anything of his much-lauded magnanimity. Last year our host, when standing at the window, shot a lion which was about to leap over the wall of the cattle-pen; upon which the wounded and enraged animal rushed into the house to seek his assailant; and, not meeting him, was in the act of springing over the high reed partition, when he was struck by another ball and fell dead to the ground. The Negroes, as well as the Europeans, are fully persuaded that the lion is never killed by the ball, but by the prodigious leap which he takes when wounded to reach his enemy, in order, when dying, to inflict death in return by a blow of his formidable paw. One of the company related that, in the new colony of Mossamedes, a wounded lion had leapt into a slave-yard, where, in an instant, he killed thirteen Negroes and a white man, and then succeeded in taking flight.—*Tam's Visit to South-Western Africa.*

SPONGES.

MANY persons may be surprised to find sponges classed among animals, and it is a very difficult point to determine where the line should be drawn between the vegetable and the animal kingdoms: since so many of the polypi, when cut in pieces, become perfect animals, like cuttings from a plant; and so many plants are sensitive, and even carnivorous and predatory, like the several kinds of fly-trap. But sponges seem inseparably allied to corals and molluscs, both in their manner of growth and propagation: thus they must be regarded as animals; and hence naturalists begin with sponges, as the lowest form of animal life. A living sponge, closely examined, is found to have the power of circulating the sea-water, in rapid currents through its substance, from whence it obtains the nutriment by which the life is sustained and the growth proceeds; and the gemmels, or young sponges, when separated from the parent stock, shoot like microscopic meteors through the sea, to a considerable distance from the place of their birth, by the co-operation of thousands of almost invisible oars, which vibrate continually, moved by some innate power, till, settling down on some appropriate surface of rock, its oars disappear, and it soon becomes another sponge like the parent.—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

THE WILD HORSE OF TEXAS.

WE rode through beds of sunflowers miles in extent, their dark seedy centres and radiating yellow leaves following the sun through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows fell over them. These were sometimes beautifully varied with a delicate flower, of an azure tint, yielding no perfume, but forming a pleasant contrast to the bright yellow of the sunflower. At half-past ten we discerned a creature in motion at an immense distance, and instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes' riding brought us near enough to discover by its fleetness that it could not be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erect head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and sped away with an arrowy fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, then bounded away in another direction with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We paused; for to pursue him with a view of capture was clearly out of the question. When he discovered we were not following him, he also paused, and now seemed to be inspired with curiosity equal to our own; for, after making a slight turn, he came nearer, until we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear bright eye, and the quick motion of his inflated nostrils. We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill, him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly. We had not advanced far before he moved away, and, circling round, approached on the other side. It was a beautiful animal, a sorrel, with jet-black mane and tail. As he moved, we could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs; and when half playfully and half in fright he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed—hopelessly, vexatiously longed—to possess him. We might have shot him where he stood; but, had we been starving, we could scarcely have done it. He was free, and we loved him for the very possession of

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that liberty we longed to take from him; but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head. He heard the shot and the whiz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant ridges, still seeming smaller, until he faded away to a speck on the far horizon's verge.—*Kennady's Texas.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

In Wesley's Works, vol. xii., p. 476, 12mo. edit., there is a letter, said to be from Mr. Wesley to Mrs. Rebecca Gains. This is a slight mistake: she was then single, and lived in the Orphan-house in this town. She was afterwards married to a Mr. Gair,—not Gains. She was a member of the Methodist society for seventy years, and died when I was in Newcastle, in 1827. The following is the letter, to which Mr. Wesley's was the answer. SAMUEL DUNN.

Letter to the Rev. John Wesley.

Newcastle, July 20th, 1770.

SIR,

I HAVE often thought of you since you left Newcastle, and can bless God that I have not forgotten the labours of love you bestowed upon us, for which the Lord will reward you. I bless his name that I still retain a sense of the necessity of being cleansed from all sin. I long to feel my soul all on fire to be dissolved in love, but I have not yet the victory over unbelief. O when shall the happy moment come, that I shall enjoy that sweetness I was wont to feel in my soul, and every moment live in God, and hold communion with him? I am as weak as helpless infancy. My dependence is on God. I look upon every earthly thing as empty. I desire his will to be done in and by me, that I may live to serve him alone, and only him to know. Nothing else can make me happy, but an entire dedication of my whole soul to his disposal. I have real need of a watchful fear at all times, lest I should deviate in anything from the narrow path. O, dear Sir, pray for me, that I may ever humbly keep at the feet of Jesus, ever looking to receive out of his fulness, grace upon grace!

I feel much liberty in my bands, and they are made a great blessing to me; though even in this the enemy is not wanting. Well may it be said, he goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. I feel him as such; yet I trust the Lord will keep me. Since you were here, there has been a little shyness between Jane Johnson and me. Being both singers, I often, when in the room together, strove not to stand near her: the reason was, the hardness of her voice, with my own, hurt my head. But when going wrong with the tune, I would give her some signal; yet this she could not bear. There was also a stubbornness of temper, a mimicking of fine speaking, and other things, which wrought such prejudice in me as almost destroyed all the love that subsisted between us. I found I was hurting my own soul, and wounding my sister. I was told that she was coming no more to the singing, on my account. I was now convinced that I was more in fault than she, and thought I would go to her, and own my fault, and endeavour in the Lord to love her as I ought, and persuade her back to the singing. I did so, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness. She said she had forgiven me, but would not come again to the singing. O, dear Sir! you must forgive me in this. I am determined to look less at the failings of others, as I am not wanting in them myself.

Jenny Scott, whom you admitted into the band, and I, are very helpful to each other. Sister Hall and sister Strcloger, with one or two more, are the only companions I have. I want to be more in earnest; and hope that, ere long, you will have the happiness to rejoice over me as one fully saved of the Lord. I trust I shall have an interest in your prayers, as I would assure you, dear Sir, you are not forgotten by me.

Your obliged and affectionate servant,

REBECCA YEOMAN.

Letter from the Rev. J. Wesley to Rebecca Yeoman.

London, Feb. 5th, 1772.

MY DEAR SISTER,

As far as I understand, you are now properly in the wilderness state. I advise you to read over that sermon in the fourth volume, and examine yourself thereby. If you find out the cause of heaviness or darkness, you are more than half-way to the cure. If Jenny Johnson is throughly sensible of her fault, you may trust her: if not, she should not meet in band. As your mind is tender, and easily moved, you may readily fall into inordinate affection: if you do, that will quickly darken your soul. But watch and pray, and you shall not enter into temptation. If it please God to continue my life and strength, I expect to come through Scotland in April and May, so as to reach Newcastle about the beginning of June; but who knows whether we may not, before then, take a longer journey? Our wisdom is to live to-day. I am, dear Becky, your affectionate brother, JOHN WESLEY.

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POETRY.

THE CONTRAST.

THERE is a blight on all things here,
On all beneath the sky;
The brightest buds will fade and sere,
The fairest flowers will die.

The sweetest hopes that earth can give
Wither, and pass away;
And e'en our dearest pleasures live
But for a summer's day.

E'en love, although so much of heaven,
To be of mortal birth,
If but to earthly objects given,
Must share the fate of earth.

Yet mourn not, brighter hopes than these
In Eden's bowers are seen;
And fairer flowers, where fell disease,
And death, have never been.

And love, if heaven approve the tie,
If sanctified by prayer,
Shall raise its deathless hopes on high,
And grow immortal there.

S. E. A.

ANECDOTES.

THE REV. JOHN BERRIDGE AND THE BISHOPS.

SOON after I began to preach the Gospel at Everton, (says Mr. Berridge,) the churches in the neighbourhood were deserted, and mine so overcrowded, that the Squire, who did not like strangers, he said, and hated to be incommoded, joined with the offended Parsons, and soon after, a complaint having been made against me, I was summoned before the Bishop. "Well, Berridge," said his Lordship, "did I institute you to Eaton, or Potten? Why do you go preaching out of your own parish?" "My Lord," said I, "I make no claim to the livings of those parishes: 'tis true I was once at Eaton, and finding a few poor people assembled, I admonished them to repent of their sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of their souls. At that very moment, my Lord, there were five or six Clergymen out of their own parishes, and enjoying themselves on the Eaton bowling-green." "I tell you," retorted his Lordship, "that if you continue preaching where you have no right, you will be very likely sent to Huntingdon jail." "I have no more regard, my Lord, for a jail than other folks," rejoined I; "but I had rather go *there*, with a good conscience, than be at liberty without one." His Lordship looked very hard at me. "Poor fellow!" said he, "you are beside yourself, and in a few months you will either be better or worse." "Then, my Lord," said I, "you may make yourself quite happy in this business; for if I should be better, you suppose I shall desist of my own accord; and if worse, you need not send me to Huntingdon jail, for I shall be better accommodated in Bedlam." His Lordship then pathetically entreated me, as one who had been, and wished to continue, my friend, not to embitter the remaining portion of his days by any squabbles with my brother Clergymen, but to go home to my parish, and so long as I kept within it, I should be at liberty to do what I liked there. "As to your conscience," said his Lordship, "you know preaching out of your parish is contrary to the Canons of the Church." "There is one Canon, my Lord," said I, "which I dare not disobey, and that says, '*Go, preach the Gospel to* EVERY CREATURE.'"—*Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon.*

THE REV. JOHN NEWTON'S DESCRIPTION OF WHITEFIELD AS A PREACHER.

FEW Preachers possessed eloquence so well adapted to an auditory as Mr. Whitefield. In a company of noblemen and gentlemen, at breakfast, some years ago, the conversation turned on powerful Preachers, and Mr. Whitefield was naturally mentioned. The Rev. John Newton said, "I bless God that I have lived in his time: many were the winter mornings I have got up at four, to attend his Tabernacle discourses at five; and I have seen Moorfields as full of lanterns at these times as I suppose the Haymarket is full of flambeaux on an opera night. As a Preacher, if any man were to ask me who was the second I had ever heard, I should be at some loss; but in regard to the first, Mr. Whitefield exceeded so far every other man of my time, that I should be at none. He was the original of popular preaching, and all our popular Ministers are only his copies." As a proof of the power of Mr. Whitefield's preaching, Mr. Newton mentioned, that an officer at Glasgow, who had heard him preach, laid a wager with another, that, at a certain charity-sermon, though he went with prejudice, he would be obliged to give something. The other, to make sure, laid all the

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money out of his pockets; but before he left the church, he was glad to borrow some, and lose his bet. He mentioned another example of Mr. Whitefield's persuasive oratory,—his collecting at one sermon *six hundred pounds*, for the inhabitants of an obscure village in Germany, that had been burnt down: no very interesting object, surely, for the public in London. After the sermon, Mr. Whitefield said, "We shall sing a hymn, during which, those who do not choose to give their mite on this awful occasion may sneak off." Not one stirred: he got down from the pulpit, and ordered all the doors to be shut but one, at which he held the plate himself, and collected the above sum; more than ever was done on a similar occasion. Mr. Newton also related as a fact, that at the time of his greatest persecution, when obliged to preach in the streets, in one week he received not fewer than a thousand letters from persons distressed in their consciences by the energy of his preaching.—*Ibid.*

A SHARP REPROOF TO A LADY OF TITLE.

When Lady Huntingdon withdrew from the fashionable circles of the great, the line of conduct she thought proper to pursue naturally excited the enmity of those of her own rank, although she had a testimony in the consciences of them, as appeared even in their words, that what she did was right. One day, at court, the Prince of Wales inquired of Lady Charlotte Edwin, a lady of fashion, where my Lady Huntingdon was, that she so seldom visited the circle? Lady Charlotte replied, with a sneer, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The Prince shook his head, and, turning to Lady Charlotte, said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle, to lift me up with her to heaven."—*Ibid.*

AN INFIDEL PHYSICIAN.

Dr. Oliver, the eminent physician, was visited by Lady Huntingdon, a few days before he died. He lamented, not only his own past infidelity, but the zeal and success with which he had endeavoured to infect the mind of others. "O that I could undo the mischief I have done! I was more ardent to poison people with the principles of irreligion and unbelief, than almost any Christian can be to spread the doctrines of Christ." "Cheer up!" answered Lady Huntingdon: "Jesus, the great sacrifice for sin, atoned for the sins of the second table, as well as those of the first." "God," replied he, "certainly can, but I fear never will, pardon such a wretch as I." "You may fear it at present," rejoined the Countess; "but you and I shall most certainly meet each other in heaven." The doctor then said, "O woman! great is thy faith! My faith cannot believe that I shall ever be there."—*Ibid.*

TABLE-TALK.

EPITAPH

On a Grave-stone, in the Parish Churchyard of Bolton, Lancashire.

John Okey, the servant of God, was born in London, 1608. Came into this town, 1629. Married Mary, the daughter of James Compton, of Brightmet, 1635, with whom he had lived comfortably twenty years, and had four sons and six daughters. Since then he lived sole till the day of his death. In his time were many great changes and terrible alterations. Eighteen years civil wars in England; besides many dreadful sea-fights. The crown or command of England changed eight times. Episcopacy laid aside fourteen years. London burnt by Papists, and more stately built again. Germany wasted three hundred miles. Two hundred and sixty thousand Protestants murdered in Ireland by the Papists. This town thrice stormed; once taken and plundered. He went through many troubles and divers conditions. Found rest, joy, and happiness only in holiness, the faith, fear, and love of God, in Jesus Christ. He died the 29th April, lieth here buried, 1684.

Come, Lord Jesus, O, come quickly!
Holiness is man's happiness!

—*Imperial Magazine.*

DR. JOHNSON.

It has been observed by Dr. Johnson that "the difficulty of the first address is felt by every man in his transactions with the world, and confessed by the settled and regular forms of salutation which necessity has introduced into all languages. Judgment was wearied with the perplexity of being forced upon choice, where there was no motive to preference; and it was found convenient, that some easy method of introduction should be established, which, if it wanted the allurement of novelty, might enjoy the security of prescription."

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ANTIQUITIES.

DIANA.

In mythology this was the Latin name of the goddess known to the Greeks as *Artemis*, the daughter of Jupiter and Latona, and sister of Apollo. She was the virgin goddess of the chase, and also presided over health. The sudden deaths of women were attributed to her darts, as those of men were to the arrows of Apollo.

She was generally represented as a healthy active maiden, in the dress of a huntress, with a handsome but ungentle expression of countenance.

The homage rendered to Diana was so extensive that the silversmith who remarked that she was worshipped in all Asia and the world, can scarcely be accused of exaggeration. A catalogue of the various places where temples were erected in her honour, would comprise every city of note in the ancient world.

Among others may be mentioned Ephesus, Abydos, Heraclea, Aulis, Eretria, Samos, Bubastos in Egypt, Delos, and Mount Aventine in Rome.

But of all her temples, that in Ephesus was the most celebrated. It was erected at the joint expense of all the states of Asia; and according to the accounts of ancient authors, it must have surpassed in splendour all the structures of antiquity, and fully deserved to be regarded as one of the wonders of the world. A small statue of the goddess, or, as she was termed by her votaries, the "Great Diana of the Ephesians," which was commonly supposed to have been sent from heaven, was here enshrined and adorned with all that wealth and genius could contribute. The fate of this temple is well known. On the day that Alexander the Great was born, it was set on fire by Eratostratus, from a morbid desire to transmit his name, even with infamy, to posterity.

Some Heathen writers would assure us that

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this great calamity might have been prevented by the goddess of the place, had she not been absent at the time, attending at the birth of the conqueror of Persia.

This wonderful edifice was afterwards rebuilt on a plan of similar magnificence; and it remained in full possession of its wealth and reputation till the year of our Lord 260: when it was completely destroyed during an invasion of the Goths. She was there represented with a great number of breasts and other symbols, which signified the earth and abundant nature.

The remains of the temple of Diana have been diligently sought for by each successive traveller; but none are so well-defined, as satisfactorily to determine its site.

Pococke, however, and Fan Egmont, guided by the ancient accounts, place the structure near a morass, once a lake, between the river Cayster and the mountains on the south.

A confused heap of ruins is found on the spot, but nothing to evidence the character of the building of which they are the remains.

It is strange, that a fabric so massive should so totally have disappeared; and that one of the wonders of the world should have vanished like a phantom, without leaving a trace behind. The event predicted in the verses of an ancient sibyl, that the earth should open and swallow up the temple of Diana, like a ship in a storm, while Ephesus, lamenting on the Cayster's banks, should inquire for it in vain, we might almost fancy had been realized; and that the song of the Prophetess deserved to be recognised as a genuine oracle.

The Ephesians are now a few Greek peasants, living in extreme wretchedness, dependence, and insensibility; the representatives of an illustrious people, and inhabiting the wreck of their greatness.

Sir Paul Ricaut remarks, "This place, where once Christianity flourished as to be a mother-church, and the see of a Metropolitan Bishop, cannot now show one family of Christians."

"I was in Ephesus," says Mr. Arundel, "in January 1824: the desolation was then complete. A Turk, whose shed we occupied, his Arab servant, and a single Greek, composed the entire population, some Turcomans excepted, whose black tents were pitched among the ruins. What would have been the astonishment of the beloved Apostle and Timothy, if they could have foreseen that a time would come when there should be in Ephesus, neither angel, nor church, nor city?"

"The traveller who now visits the plain of Ephesus, and contemplates the scene of desolation which it presents, must be impressed by many affecting remembrances; but to the Christian it affords a striking testimony in behalf of the faith he reverences, and a salutary warning with regard to his own personal responsibility. The changes which have occurred in the sweep of ages, since Ephesus emerged from the grey mists of antiquity, give a far more striking lesson of human vanity and littleness, than the most impressive lecture of the moralist conveys; and the last transition from the highest eminence in the faith to the depth of Moslem superstition, should prove a beacon to the succeeding churches of Christendom, that the will of their Supreme Head cannot with impunity be disregarded. The city, once the busy scene of commerce and the arts of civilized life, has vanished; the temple, which required the wealth of Asia and the genius of Ctesiphon to create, is gone; the idol, at whose shrine the Lydian, Persian, and Macedonian bowed, is no more; and Christianity, which introduced into this emporium of Pagan pomp and idolatry its Bishops, churches, and councils, has likewise disappeared."

It is impossible to find a more striking instance of the literal accomplishment of prophecy, than in the fate of Ephesus: the avenging stroke has swept away everything belonging to it, but the "eternal hills," the river, and a few mouldering columns; and excepting the mournful cry of the jackal, the night-hawk, and the owl, with the occasional voice of the wayfarer, or the wild shout of the Turcoman, all is silence and solitude.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. SUSANNA PENROSE.

BY THE REV. JOHN WALSH.

DIED, January 11th, 1846, at Foxholes, in the Scarborough Circuit, Mrs. Susanna Penrose, having been thirty-one years a consistent member of the Wesleyan church. A long and painful affliction suffered by her husband was the means employed by Heaven to bring them both to a knowledge of themselves as sinners, and of Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour. At that time the inhabitants of Foxholes, with one solitary exception, were sitting in darkness, and in the region of the shadow of death. Mr. Prudence, though he sat alone as a sparrow upon the house-top, was not unmindful of the souls of his neighbours. He visited the sick, prayed with them, and turned their attention

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to the realities of another world. The visits of this individual, in conjunction with two other pious persons from adjoining villages, were greatly blessed to Mr. and Mrs. Penrose. The change wrought in their minds induced them to open their house for public worship. The divine blessing attended the meetings held for exhortation and prayer; and very soon the Ministers of the Scarborough Circuit were called to form a society, and take them under their pastoral charge. Mrs. Penrose was one of the first members of the Wesleyan church at Foxholes, and continued through life to be one of its brightest ornaments. She had not long met in class before she received the testimony of the Spirit to her adoption into the divine family. One day, while pursuing her domestic duties, in great distress, God applied to her mind the words of Christ to the sick of the palsy,—"Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee;" and with the words conveyed the assurance of pardoning love. In the enjoyment of this gift she lived happy through every subsequent period of her life. Her husband, who had also joined the society, and professed faith in the Redeemer, fell from his steadfastness, and became her persecutor. But this made no change in her experience and conduct. When the meetings were removed from their house, she continued steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine, and in fellowship, though every obstruction was thrown in her way. Oftentimes, when she returned from the class-meeting, she found the door of her house closed against her, or was accused of going to these private meetings for criminal purposes. On one occasion, she found that the box, in which her society-tickets were carefully preserved, had been broken into, and the tickets torn and scattered on the floor. But none of these things moved her; and her husband acknowledges, that neither on these occasions, nor any other, was her temper ever ruffled. She had learned the divine art of overcoming evil with good. In all her troubles, the eighth verse of the sixteenth Psalm was her invariable directory. She used to say, "I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." Methodism at Foxholes, when Mrs. Penrose became a member, was little and unknown. Some said one thing, and some another; but the most part agreed to scoff and deride. Mrs. Penrose esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than all earthly treasure. She had a livelihood to gain among her neighbours; but no fear of losing custom to her shop could influence her conduct. The uprightness of her dealings, and the kindness of her manner, overcame all opposition. She was remarkable for her attention to the means of grace; never allowing dark nights, or bad roads, or wet weather, or slight indisposition, to keep her from the house of God. During the dark and stormy evenings of winter, with her lantern in her hand, and Christ in her heart, she went forth to join the assembly of the saints. She did not make public means an excuse for the neglect of private duties. The Bible and the Wesleyan Hymn-book were her constant companions during her leisure hours in her own house. Her profiting appeared to all. Her piety was deep, cheerful, and active. In relating her experience, she was interesting, lively, and encouraging. She was a great lover of truth; and in all her words and actions showed her reverence for its sacred claims. Heaven had adorned her with a meek and quiet spirit. She was calm, sedate, and courteous; yet firm and resolute in the path of duty,—governed only by principle. If there were one trait in her character more remarkable than another, it was gratitude to the Father of mercies. She could see cause of thankfulness in every object which met her eye, in every occurrence of providence. This high character she attained and retained amidst the claims and engagements of a large family, and much worldly business. For many years she suffered much from bodily disease; but this seemed only to ripen her for a better inheritance. During her last affliction she enjoyed great peace, and a delightful assurance of a glorious immortality. Thankful, patient, joyful in hope, to visit her was deemed by her pious friends a high spiritual treat. When the last enemy came, she had prepared to meet him. A short time before she died, she cried out, "Victory! shout, shout the victory!" Thus closed the mortal career of Susanna Penrose, "an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile."

POPERY.

TWENTY POPES APPEARING AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

(*Continued from p.* 253.)

XII.—PAUL III.

Peter. Thou hast a countenance full of trouble.

Paul. Alas! I have always had abundance of it.

Peter. How?

Paul. In bringing up my children and grandchildren.

Peter. And hadst thou children and grandchildren?

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Paul. I know what thou art going to say. Still I am but one of the many Popes who care little for the vow of chastity.

Peter. In this thou art right, though that does not justify thee. But how didst thou provide for thy children and grandchildren?

Paul. I was desirous of obtaining Milan for my son Petrus Aloyius; but since that could not be done, I renounced the plan, and gave him the two duchies of Parma and Placenza, which belong to the Pope's dominions.

Peter. Wert thou at liberty to do so?

Paul. Not by way of right; but who would fetter himself too much?

Peter. A fine confession!

Paul. What dost thou mean?

Peter. I'll tell thee by and by. Thou hast also grandchildren?

Paul. Yes; of them I made Cardinals?

Peter. They, of course, possessed all the necessary qualifications?

Paul. I did not look to that, or I should have had too much to think of. One of them was sixteen, and the other fourteen years old.

Peter. Another fine confession!

Paul. I hope I shall never be outdone as to the creation of Cardinals. During the fifteen years of my reign I made not less than seventy-one.

Peter. And why?

Paul. Merely to amass riches for my children, and children's children. This, in fact, was my only real aim during my reign.

Peter. Were thy children thankful? Didst thou have joy from them?

Paul. Ah, my dear Peter, there thou touchest a tender point. Do but imagine! My son, my Aloyius, died a dreadful death.

Peter. How?

Paul. Ah, he kept neither measure nor time in the enjoyment of love, nor did he exercise necessary caution!

Peter. This was the just punishment of vice.

Paul. What talk! Who could find fault with him for enjoyment? But he ought to have been moderate and cautious. I was so; and I have felt the benefit of it.

Peter. This is the best of thy confessions. Well, then, thou scandalous, unclean man, go to receive the reward of thy deeds.

(*To be continued.*)

POPISH IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITION.

We take the following extract from a letter of the Madrid correspondent of the "Times:"—"Crime and superstition are the distinguishing marks of the present epoch in this country. Simultaneously with the acts of atrocity which have been recorded for the last twelve months and more, others have occurred, which, though harmless in their nature, yet excite pity or contempt. It seems it was a mistake to suppose that the overthrow of Espartero, in 1843, was caused by the insurrection of the army. By no means: it was our Lady of Anguish, whose image and whose worship are preserved in the city of Grenada, that razed the power of the Duke of Victory to the dust. The sisterhood of our Lady of Anguish has made its claim on behalf of its patroness, and it has been admitted by the Queens, mother and daughter. The advocate on the part of our Lady of Anguish, is the Archbishop of Cordova. The Queen has just rewarded these distinguished services with a crown of gold, which has been placed on the head of the image with the usual ceremonies. The style of the card of invitation sent round by the sisterhood of Cordova to the public, to witness the ceremony, is curious. One does not well know which to wonder at,—its ignorance or its blasphemy; at least if he bear in mind the high position occupied in the Catholic Church by the mother of the Saviour:—'Her Majesty the Queen has *deigned* to present the Most Holy Virgin with a crown of gold.'"—*Daily Paper.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

I SHALL not soon forget an evening's walk and conversation of great interest, which it was my privilege to enjoy with D'Aubigné, just before I left Geneva. We passed along the magnificent face of Mont Blanc in the sunset, and returned over the hill by the borders of the lake beneath the glow of twilight, in the deepening shadows of the evening. He spoke to me with the kindest openness and freedom of his "History of the Reformation," especially the part he was then engaged upon, the length of time before he should be able to issue another volume, and the impossibility of pleasing the opposing parties in his account of the Reformation in England. He told me that he was quite beset with the multitude of letters, which were sent to him, urging him to set this, and that, and the other points in such and such a light, beseeching him to do justice to the English Church; each man wishing to colour his history through the medium of his own opinions and prejudices. It is not difficult to see on which side the sympathies of the author belong; but the tenor of the history thus far assures us that it will still be strictly impartial and faithful to the truth.

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A great work is before him in the history of the Reformation in Geneva; another in France; another in England. How vast the field! how varied the incidents! how full of life and thrilling interest! D'Aubigné spoke this evening with much anxiety of the future prospects of his own country, in consequence of the increase of Romanism, and the incapacity of the Church, in her humiliating dependence on the State, to prevent the evils that threaten the republic. He seemed to feel that the single measure of separating the Church from the State and rendering it independent, would save his country; and, under God, it would: it would put religious liberty in Geneva beyond reach from any invasion of Rome. His conversation on this point was like what he has written in his "Question of the Church." "We are distressed," said he, "and know not whither to turn. All around us Rome advances. She builds altar after altar on the banks of our lake. The progress is such among us, from the facility which strangers have in acquiring the rights of citizenship, that quickly (every one acknowledges it) the Romish population will exceed the Protestant population of Geneva. Let Rome triumph at Rome: it is natural. Let Rome, as she assures herself, triumph at Oxford: the conquest will be great. But let Rome triumph at Geneva; then she will raise a cry that will echo to the extremity of the universe. Genevese! that cry will announce to the world the death of your country." * * * * The manners of D'Aubigné are marked by a plain, manly, unassuming simplicity, no shade of ostentation, no mark of the world's applause upon him, a thing which often leaves a cloud of vain self-consciousness over the character of a great man, worse by far than any shade produced by the world's frowns. His conversation is full of good sense, just thought, and pious feeling, disclosing a ripe judgment and a quiet, well-balanced mind. You would not, perhaps, suspect him of a vivid imagination; and yet his writings do often show a high degree of that quality. A child-like simplicity is the most marked characteristic to a stranger, who is so often surprised to see so illustrious a man so plain and affable. He is about fifty years of age. You would see in him a tall, commanding form, much above the stature of his countrymen, a broad, intelligent forehead, a thoughtful, unsuspicious countenance, a cheerful, pleasant eye, over which are set a pair of dark shaggy eyebrows, like those of Webster. His person is robust, his frame large and powerful, and apparently capable of great endurance; yet his health is infirm. Altogether, in face and form, his appearance might be described in three words, noble, grave, and simple. The habit of wearing spectacles has given him an upward look, in order to command the centre of the glass, which adds to the peculiar openness and manliness of his mien. He has great earnestness and emphasis of manner in his discourses to his students.—*Cheever's "Wanderings of a Pilgrim."*

OBSEQUIES OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

(*From Survey of the Oregon Territory and the Californias. By M. Duflot de Mafras.*)

To form an adequate idea of the scene about to be described, it is necessary to imagine mountains rising some five or six thousand yards above the plain, their peaks covered with everlasting snow, and their declivities with magnificent trees; at the foot of these mountains, a torrent at the bottom of a precipice, and frightful depth below; on this side the precipice, a flat prairie; and next to it, amidst the oaks and pines, the wigwams of the Indians, formed with sticks and poles, and covered with buffalo-hides, representing different animal figures. In the best of these wigwams lay the corpse of the Chief, surrounded by the women of the tribe: it was clad in a tunic of bison-skin, and the hair tied up in the form of a plume, a sign of his dignity. The Chief appointed to succeed him having delivered, with many expressive gestures, a kind of funeral oration in honour of the deceased, whom he termed the eagle of the tribe, whose valour he compared to that of the boar, and his prudence to that of the beaver, the corpse was firmly tied on the back of the most beautiful horse, by thongs of deer-skin. In one hand the deceased Chief held his lance, in the other was his bow; the scalps of the enemies whom he had slain dangled from the stirrups of the saddle; round his neck and arms were rings of glass, and copper ornaments. Amidst the loud wailings of the women, the horse and its ghastly rider were then led out to the prairie, when the warriors of the tribe, all on horseback, formed themselves into a half-moon, the two horns of which stretched to the edge of the gulf, and the horse of the Chief standing in the centre. The warriors, striking together their arms, began to raise their war-song, the savage accents of which cannot be described. Terrified at the sound, the horse bounded forward, the corpse moving to and fro with every caper; but, on reaching the edge of the abyss, the poor animal started back, with foaming nostrils and flashing eyes, and vainly endeavoured to break through the living rampart, which wedged itself closer and closer, and drew nearer and nearer. Again driven forward to the brink, he again turned to renew the fruitless attempt to escape; until, at length, maddened alike by terror, by the loud shouts of the Indians, and by the pain of the wounds inflicted upon him, he plunged with his load into the gulf. The horsemen, hastening to the brink, saw corpse and animal now dashed to pieces on the rocks projecting far below, now lost in the foam of the torrent; and then returned in silence to their wigwams.

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THE LOST CHILD.

An event which occurred near Briançon will give some notion of the incidents which emblazon mountain-life and field-sports in these regions. A peasant, with his wife and three children, had taken up his summer quarters in a chalêt, and was depasturing his flocks on one of the rich Alps which overhang the Durance. The oldest boy was an idiot, about eight years of age; the second was five years old, and dumb; and the youngest was an infant. It so happened that the infant was left one morning in charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled to some distance from the chalêt before they were missed. When the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but could discover no traces of the baby. The idiot boy seemed to be in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavour to collect what had become of the lost infant. The antics of the one and the fright of the other explained nothing. The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, while the idiot appeared to have acquired an unusual degree of mirth and expression. He danced about, laughed, and made gesticulations, as if he were imitating the action of one who had caught up something of which he was fond, and hugged it to his heart. This, however, was of some slight comfort to the poor woman; for she imagined that some acquaintance had fallen in with the children, and had taken away the infant. But the day and night wore away, and no tidings of the lost child. On the morrow, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at the sight of which the idiot renewed his antics, and the dumb boy clung to his father with the shrieks of anguish and affright. The horrible truth then burst upon their minds, that the miserable infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird of prey; and that the half-witted elder brother was delighted at his riddance of an object of whom he was jealous. On the morning in which the accident happened, an Alpine yager,

> "Whose joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
> The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,"

had been watching near an eagle's nest, under the hope of shooting the bird upon her return to her eyry. After waiting in all the anxious perseverance of a true sportsman, he beheld the monster slowly winging her way towards the rock behind which he was concealed. Imagine his horror, when, upon her nearer approach, he heard the cries, and distinguished the figure, of an infant in her fatal grasp. In an instant his resolution was formed,—to fire at the bird at all hazards, the moment she should alight upon her nest, and rather to kill the child than leave it to be torn to pieces by the horrid devourer. With a silent prayer and a steady aim, the mountaineer poised his rifle. The ball went directly through the head or heart of the eagle, and in a minute afterwards this gallant hunter of the Alps had the unutterable delight of snatching the child from the nest, and bearing it away in triumph. It was dreadfully wounded by the eagle's talons in one of its arms and sides, but not mortally; and within twenty-four hours after it was first missed, he had the satisfaction of restoring it to its mother's arms.—*Waldensian Researches.*

RUSSIAN LIFE.

What a happy lot is that of the Russian nobles! They live like Kings or demi-gods. A noble retired to his estate, with a handsome wife, at the head of some thousands of peasants, with large revenues, passes days of delight, and enjoys an existence which has not its parallel in the whole world. You are absolute Sovereign on your own estates: all cringe and bow before you; all crawl in the dust, and tremble at the sound of your voice. If you order a hundred or two *coups de bâton* to be inflicted on Peter or John, your order will be executed, and his back will immediately become as black as a coal. You have merely to throw your handkerchief to any woman who pleases you: you are not a Sultan for nothing. * * This is a complete picture of Russia. Men vegetate here: they seek excuses for everything, and say that the end makes amends for all. The noble imagines himself free, and thinks that he has only to blame himself if he exchanges his liberty for offices, for distinctions, and becomes a servant instead of a sovereign master. He has his court, his residence, his estate: let him remain there. The serf thinks that his condition is natural, fixed by the decrees of Providence, and that he would be infinitely more wretched if he were free. The military man thinks of nothing: he has no time left to do so, and he is kept in perpetual exercise to fill up his leisure. The civil officer thinks only of adorning his button-hole, or filling his pocket: and all move by the force of the iron will of the Sovereign. Meantime all is quiet: men do not complain openly, except where they are not afraid of being overheard,—at home, or in some desert spot; they lower their voice in the towns; they do not breathe a syllable in the capitals; they groan and writhe under the imperial rod; they beat or are beaten; are either hammer or anvil; nay, they are both at the same time. Happy those who can choose! The Emperor abuses his courtiers and they revenge themselves on their subordinates, who, not finding words sufficiently energetic, raise their hand against those who, in their turn, finding the hand too light, arm themselves with a stick, which, further on, is replaced by the whip. The peasant is beaten

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by everybody: by his master, when he condescends so far to demean himself; by the steward and the *starosta*, by the public authorities, the *stanovoi* or the *ispravnik*, by the first passer-by, if he be not a peasant. The poor fellow, on his part, has no means to indemnify himself, except on his wife or his horse: and, accordingly, most women in Russia are beaten, and it excites one's pity to see how the horses are used. At St. Petersburgh there is a continual smacking of whips, and all the blows fall on those poor animals. Peter I., in his ardour for reform, ought to have substituted for the Russian whip a long lash, in using which the coachmen would lose their love of whipping, because they only beat the air.—*Russia under Nicholas.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ESCAPE OF ST. PAUL FROM DAMASCUS.

"Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket."—Acts ix. 25.

THE Christians of Damascus have not been less diligent than those of Jerusalem in identifying the site of every transaction which Scripture records to have occurred in that city, or its neighbourhood. Among these is the presumed spot where St. Paul was stricken to the ground. It occurs about half a mile from the eastern gate of the town. It was thus described by Dr. Hogg, who passed it on leaving the city:—"We turned into a wide open road, and passing through a large uninclosed Christian cemetery, soon reached the place, still highly venerated, of the Apostle's miraculous conversion. The present tract deviates from the straight line, leaving a few yards to the right, the precise spot believed to be that where he fell to the earth. This is evidently a portion of an ancient road, consisting entirely of firmly embedded pebbles, which, having never been broken up, stands alone, like the fragment of an elevated causeway. The sides have been gradually lowered, by numerous pilgrims, who, in all ages have sought the pebbles to preserve as relics. A wide arch-like excavation, through the centre of the causeway, produced by the same superstitious industry, has given it the semblance of a dismantled bridge. Through this aperture, it is considered an act of devotion to pass; and one of our attendants performed this ceremony with all due solemnity, rubbing his shoulders against the pebbly sides while he repeated his prayers with exemplary earnestness. The eventful fact recorded in the Acts of the Apostles

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quoted at the head of this paper, and illustrated by the woodcut, has attracted the attention of Mr. Addison, a modern oriental traveller. "Winding round the walls on the outskirts of the city, he and his companions came to a point where they were broken at the top, at which Paul is said to have been let down in a basket, to escape the indignation of the Jews." A considerable number of Jews were probably engaged against Paul, if they watched all the gates of Damascus, which had many. The method of drawing up, or letting down, persons in baskets is still very much resorted to in the East, when danger is apprehended from the ordinary mode of ingress or egress. The Christians of Damascus fail not to point out the precise part of the wall where the Apostle was let down. It occurs at an old gate in the wall, which has long been walled up, on account of its being rendered of little use by the vicinity of the present eastern gate. The escape of Paul at Damascus was somewhat similar to that of the spies of Jericho. (Josh. ii. 15.)

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

DUTY OF CHURCHES TOWARDS THE SENIOR SCHOLARS OF OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THE object of the writer, in the following observations, is not to lessen the incalculable value of Sunday-schools: far from it. He would carry out what they have begun; and by connecting with them a distinct institution, exclusively of a religious character, he would seek to effect the great end they have in view.

The question has again and again been repeated, What can we do for our elder scholars after they leave the school? The great majority of them leave at the age we most want to retain them. By what means can we do this, and so fill up the gap that exists between the school and the church? The distinct institutions to which the writer refers, furnish these means; and after an experience of twenty years, and reaping from them the most blessed results, he confidently affirms that, in order effectually, and to the greatest extent possible, to retain the young persons now leaving, distinct schools ought to be established, exclusively devoted to moral and religious instruction; schools, in fact, whose leading object shall be the conversion of the young.

The necessity for such institutions will appear from the following considerations. Our Sunday-schools embrace both the secular and religious education of the young; and because, necessarily, the greater portion of the time has been spent in the secular department, the impression has arisen that the chief object for which the child came to school has been, to learn to read; and this having been attained, it was not necessary any longer to attend. In so far as the religious instruction was concerned, the conscience was easily silenced by the reflection, that that could be obtained at any time, by occasionally going to chapel. Others, again, have been troubled with no such reflection; but the fact remains, they leave, and that at the most important and most critical period of their history; just as the passions begin to develope themselves, and when the pleasures and allurements of an ungodly world are spread out before them; and when, above all, that character is formed which decides the future career in the path of virtue or of vice. Reflect, Christian friends, is it not of the utmost importance to meet these young persons now with some powerfully counteracting spiritual influence, that, through the divine blessing, shall secure them on the side of virtue; to present them with another institution, in which they can never say they have learned enough? We want a school which, in its attractiveness, shall compete with the allurements of the world; and, in its power over the conscience, shall make young persons feel the solemn relation in which they stand to eternity and to God.

Let our Christian friends, moreover, look at the question of responsibility: when does it commence? when does a young person become responsible for his actions? Were this question to be answered by the very general practice of churches, in requiring that three sermons every Lord's day shall be delivered to adults, we should infer that the period of responsibility does not commence until our youth have become men and women. None will affirm this: the moment, however, that we admit the responsibility of young persons, that moment ours commences. We must communicate to them the message of mercy. Failing this, the church fails in its duty, and must account for it at the bar of God. The fact is, and the fact must be declared throughout the length and breadth of the land, that the conversion of the young has never held that prominent place in the estimation of the churches that it ought to have done: it has been treated too much as a secondary thing, a matter that might be referred or committed to anybody; and churches have reaped just as they have sowed.

Again: reflect on the large mass of our population ranging from the ages of twelve to twenty, many of whom have been at our

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Sunday-schools, who are not only living in ignorance of God, but who are absolutely being trained (for Satan has his agents in the field) in every vice and crime. Let our friends in contemplating this mass of young immortals drifting onwards to a hopeless eternity, say, is it not time that some distinct organization were established, to arrest and bring them to God?

A still more appalling fact remains to be noticed; a fact, too, admitted and acknowledged by many, without any remorse. Hundreds of our churches, during the past ten years, have had thousands of young persons pass through their respective Sunday-schools, and before their own eyes; and yet out of these thousands, three, or four, or six, and some not even that number, have united with such churches. This is a startling fact. Something must be wrong somewhere; especially as all the while it is admitted from the pulpit, that the great majority of persons brought to the Saviour are converted in youth.

A question naturally arises:—If we are to have schools of the character to which reference has been made, when, and where, and by whom are they to be conducted? If the subject is of such paramount importance as has been supposed, the immortal interests of the young demand that one service, at least, of every Lord's day, should be exclusively devoted to them. The chapel, or some large room adjoining, should be used; and the service ought to be considered of as much importance as any other, and conducted with as much interest and solemnity. The person, above all, most capable of conducting it, is the Pastor. To win souls to Christ is the great object; and the instrument must be adapted, under God, to attain this great end. But should the Pastor, by reason of infirmity, or some other cause, be incapacitated, then it must fall upon the most intelligent and spiritual-minded brother in the church. One such school will produce others, with teachers burning with desire to be useful in the same cause: they will seek out school-rooms, and so extend this kind of instrumentality throughout the neighbourhood; and who can tell to what extent, under God's blessing, good may be done?

The style and character of the schools, and the manner of conducting them, will form the subject of subsequent communications.—*Union Magazine.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SAINT MICHAEL. SEPT. 29TH.

SAINT MICHAEL was an archangel who presided over the Jewish nation, and had an army of angels under his command and conduct: he fought also with the dragon, or Satan, and his angels; and, contending with the devil, he disputed about the body of Moses. (See Rev. xii. 7; Jude 9.) This festival has been kept with great solemnity ever since the sixth century. It was enacted in the ecclesiastical laws of King Ethelred in England, in the year 1014, "That every Christian who is of age fast three days on bread and water, and raw herbs, before the feast of St. Michael; and let every man go to confession and to church barefooted: let every Priest with his people go in procession three days barefoot; and let every one's commons for three days be prepared without anything of flesh, as if they themselves were to eat it, both in meat and drink, and let all this be distributed to the poor. Let every servant be excused from labour these three days, that he may the better perform his fast; or let him work what he will for himself. These are the three days, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next before the feast of St. Michael. If any servant break his fast, let him make satisfaction with his hide; (bodily stripes;) let the poor freeman pay thirty pence, the King's thane a hundred and thirty shillings; and let the money be divided to the poor."

There is an old custom, still in use, of having a roast goose for dinner on Michaelmas-day; and it is a popular saying, that "if you eat goose on Michaelmas-day, you will never want money all the year round." In the "British Apollo," the proverb is thus discussed:—

"*Q.* Supposing now Apollo's sons
Just rose from picking of goose-bones,
This on you pops, pray tell me whence
The custom'd proverb did commence,
That who eats goose on Michael's-day,
Shan't money lack his debts to pay.

"*A.* This notion, framed in days of yore,
Is founded on a prudent score;
For, doubtless, 'twas at first design'd
To make the people *seasons* mind;
That as they might apply their care
To all those things that needful were,
And, by a good industrious hand,
Know *when* and *how* to' improve their land."

About this time of the year, it has been, and still continues, the custom to elect the Governors of towns and cities. The following ceremonies are observed by the Sheriffs of London, when they take their oaths at Westminster. On the day after Michaelmas-

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day, or, if that day fall on Sunday, on the Monday following, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen proceed from Guildhall, and the two Sheriffs, with their respective Companies, from their particular hall; and, having embarked on the Thames, his Lordship in the city-barge, and the Sheriffs in the Company's barge, they go, in aquatic state, to Palace-Yard. They then proceed to the Court of Exchequer; where, after the usual salutations to the Bench, (the Cursitor Baron presiding,) the Recorder presents the two Sheriffs; the several writs are then read, and the Sheriffs and the senior Under-Sheriff take the usual oaths. The ceremony on this occasion, in the Court of Exchequer, which vulgar error supposes to be an unmeaning farce, is solemn and impressive; nor have the new Sheriffs the least connexion either with chopping of sticks, or counting of hobnails. The tenants of a manor in Shropshire are directed to come forth to do their suit and service; on which the senior Alderman below the chair-steps forward, and chops a single stick, in token of its having been customary for the tenants of that manor to supply their Lord with fuel. The owners of a forge in the parish of St. Clement (which formerly belonged to the city, and stood in the high-road from the Temple to Westminster, but now no longer exists) are then called forth to do their suit and service; when an officer of the court, in the presence of the senior Alderman, produces six horse-shoes and sixty-one hobnails, which he counts over in form before the Cursitor Baron, who, on this particular occasion, is the immediate representative of the Sovereign. The whole of the numerous company then embark in their barges, and return to Blackfriars'-bridge, where the state-carriages are in waiting. Hence they proceed to the Company's hall, and partake of an elegant dinner. (See *Gent. Mag.*, vol. lxxiv., p. 965.)

On the election of a Bailiff at Kidderminster, the inhabitants assemble in the principal streets *to throw cabbage-stalks at each other*. The town-house bell gives signal for the affray. This is called lawless hour. This done, (for it lasts an hour,) the Bailiff elect and Corporation in their robes, preceded by drums and fifes, (for they have no waits,) visit the old and new Bailiffs, Constables, &c., &c., attended by the mob. In the mean time, the most respectable families in the neighbourhood are invited to meet and fling apples at them on their entrance. More than forty pots of apples have been expended at one house.—*Gent. Mag.* for 1790, vol. lx., part 2, p. 112.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bale, Mrs. Jane,	Halberton,	Tiverton,	56	Feb. 18th, 1846.
Bradley, Mr. R.,	Cockfield,	Bishop-Auckland,	58	March 11, 1846.
Budd, Mrs.,		Waterford,	62	April 26th, 1846.
Budd, Mrs.,		Sowerby-Bridge,	38	April 26th, 1846
Camp, Mr. William,	Tiverton,	Tiverton	39	April 25th, 1846.
Carter, Marmaduke,	Preston,	Middleham	86	April 10th, 1846
Channon, Mrs. A.,	Culmstock,	Tiverton,	53	Feb. 27th, 1846.
Condrick, Mrs.,	Sampford, Peverell,	Tiverton,	76	Mar. 12th, 1846.
Cuthbert, Mr. Thomas,	Tiverton,	Tiverton,	68	Feb. 17th, 1846.
Dredge, Mr. John,	Fisherton,	Salisbury,	50	May 3d, 1846.
Fison, Mrs. Thomas,	Barningham,	Diss,	52	May 6th, 1846.
Flintoff, Mr. David,		Newcastle-on-Tyne,	59	April 27th, 1846.
Greenfield, Mr. William,	Woolwich,	Deptford,	69	April 21st, 1846.
Holden, Mrs.,	Brixton,	Fifth London,	35	April 10th, 1846.
Howard, Mrs.,	Rickmansworth,	St. Alban's,	35	April 26th, 1846.
Kerr, Rev. Thomas,	Wesleyan Minister,	Lurgan,	81	May 9th, 1846.
M'Allum, Mrs.,		Hull, East,	65	May 7th, 1846.
Nye, Mrs.,	Tunbridge-Wells,	Sevenoaks,		April 21st, 1846.
Pattison, Charles,		Hexham,	21	Mar. 28th, 1846
Porter, Mrs.,	Colliery-Dykes,	Shotley-Bridge,	75	April 8th, 1846.
Preston, Mrs. Mary,		Waterford,	98	April 30th, 1846.
Purvis, Mrs.,		Alnwick,	76	May 4th, 1846.
Smith, Mr. George,	Hunslet,	Fourth Leeds,	82	May 2d, 1846,
Strong, Mr. James,	Tiverton,	Tiverton,	73	Feb. 14th, 1846.
Strong, Mrs.,	Long-Acre,	Second London,	25	May 1st, 1846.
Sumner, Miss E.,	Douglas,	Isle of Man,	16	May 10th, 1846.
Trampleasure, Rev. W.,	Wesleyan Minister,	Glastonbury,	72	April 22d, 1846
Vasey, Mr. John,	Burton-Leonard,	Ripon,	28	April 1st, 1846.
Viney, Mr. William,	Tiverton,	Tiverton,	57	Feb. 14th, 1846.
Wilkinson Mrs.,		Warrington,	71	April 29th, 1846.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

OCTOBER, 1846.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS.

BY A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

On the middle day of the pleasantest month in the year, in one of the most delightful villages in the county of ——, I first saw the light of this world. My father's cottage in which I was born, was encircled with gardens and orchards; the frontage was towards the village street, and presented a fine view of the majestic river, on which might be seen vessels of every size, from the light and buoyant skiff, to the first-rate ship of war. My parents were strictly moral, very industrious, and honest as the day: so that their children were better fed, clothed, and educated than the generality of children of the same class in society. I derived from my parents a sufficiency of wholesome food, suitable clothing, and a sound constitution. Our education, you may suppose, was not very splendid: we were all taught to read at home, so that we commenced writing directly we went to school, which was attended with considerable advantage. I was the youngest of four sons, and had to trudge every morning about a mile to school: the master was a little man, slightly deformed, and was considered a very clever person in the village; he taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. I advanced to the first place in the first class; that was, to the rule of three. Grammar was never named in the academy, as a subject with which the boys had anything to do. We had Dilworth's Spelling-book; and the scholars sometimes diverted themselves by repeating the degrees of comparison, which they did not understand:—

"Tommy is a tall boy of his age,
Johny is a taller, but
Billy is the tallest of all."

As the village academy was so distant from my father's cottage, I generally remained at school, with other boys, during the dinner-hours; and in the summer season, having snatched a hasty dinner, we were allowed to scour the woods and fields in the neighbourhood, till the sound of the master's flute sounding some well-known tune, recalled us to our scholastic duties. The adventures of my school-boy days were few and monotonous: among the most important was the confirmation at the city, which was about three miles from our cottage. I had previously to attend the parish church, to meet the Minister in the vestry, to repeat the Creed, the Lord's prayer, and the Ten

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Commandments. And when the anticipated day came, I walked with many others to the cathedral. The events of that period have almost faded from my recollection; only I remember we had a whole holiday, and the Bishop put his hand upon my head. I was required, with my brothers and sisters, to attend the parish church, generally twice on the Sunday, which, at that time, I thought a very great hardship; but for that wholesome restraint, I have often felt very thankful, as it was the means of keeping me from many evils. It was always understood in our family, that the period of leaving school was to be the commencement of active employment, if we were so fortunate as to obtain a suitable situation. My first effort, if I remember rightly, was to keep off the birds from a small corn-field; and in my own estimation, I became a person of some consequence, when in a small hut, in one corner of the field, I could entertain two or three boys of my own age. A few sheep were also placed under my care; but I never became enamoured of a shepherd's life. My labour was greatly increased for the want of a dog. During my rural occupations, I necessarily obtained some little knowledge of natural history: one bird is soon known from another by its plumage, by its note and manner of flying. I soon distinguished the soaring of the lark, from the gliding of the hawk, the rapid flight of the swallow from the up-and-down manner of the woodpecker. I knew whether a bird laid few or many eggs, built early or late, in a tree, in a bush, or on the ground. It was indeed a season of rustic joy, when the redstarts, whitethroats, nightingales, and the whole race of warblers came into our orchards. I knew that the earliest primroses were generally found in the warren, and the first violets of the spring at the foot of some lofty elms in the orchard; and I deemed myself supremely happy when I found the brown egg in the nest of the nightingale. But it seems as if the violets are not so fragrant now as they used to be in my boyish days.

Almost from my earliest recollection, I had serious thoughts about religion. I can remember when very young retiring into the garden after church service to learn prayers and psalms, in which I felt a degree of pleasure. And often I debated with myself, whether I should receive the sacrament of the Lord's supper when I became a man. Sometimes I determined for it; at other times there appeared such a degree of mysteriousness about it, that I was afraid of eating and drinking to my own damnation. In our village, public worship was confined to the parish church and the Wesleyans. When a very little boy, I had received a severe castigation for making a noise, in conjunction with other boys, outside the house where the Wesleyans were assembled for worship. I do not know that we had any bad design, but it happened to be an open square where the lads of the village generally assembled for sport and exercise. A chapel having been built in the place, some pious persons from the neighbouring town, opened a Sunday-school, and I became one of the first scholars. Then, instead of rambling in the fields on the Sabbath-day, the children of the village, that is, all who were willing to attend, were assembled in the quiet, retired vestry of the Wesleyan chapel. The impressions made on my mind at this school, though they were for a long time disregarded, were never erased; for I can now remember most distinctly a question proposed to me in the Sunday-school nearly fifty years ago. When about eleven or twelve years of age I thought myself too tall, or too old, to attend a Sabbath-school; and as my parents left me to choose for myself at that early age, the school was entirely forsaken, and, for about seven years, I only attended once at public worship in the Wesleyan chapel. During that long period I passed through various scenes, some pleasing, and others very painful. Through the restraining grace of God, I was always kept from outward gross sins, as intemperance and common swearing. Well do I

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remember *repeating* an oath which some person had uttered, and I did it so awkwardly in tone and accent, that it excited the loud laugh of my companions. From that time I have feared to *repeat* an oath sworn by another person.

As time rolled on, I found myself connected with the Government department, and then came the tug of war. Napoleon was in all his glory, and we were employed consecutively, if I remember rightly, for twenty-one Sundays, without a day of rest. I did not feel it then, as a pious man would feel it; but it appeared a long, long week without a Sabbath. I approach the time of my conversion with very great thankfulness: what subject had engaged my thoughts immediately preceding, I do not recollect. No one, I am sure, had warned me of my danger, no one had told me that I must repent or perish. For I had lived several years without hearing the Gospel, or thinking anything about eternity. But, O the goodness and mercy of our heavenly Father! One day, when alone by myself, a ray of heavenly light shone upon my mind; my mind was immediately directed to the law of God, which I had broken, and by that law I felt myself condemned. From that hour, the thought uppermost in my mind, by day and by night, was, that I had sinned against God. It is very likely that many considered me a moral youth; for the grace of God had preserved me from gross sins. But, O the bitterness of transgression! the conviction that I had sinned, would not suffer me to enjoy a moment's peace. I had no rest by day, and little sleep by night. No one in my family was serious. I knew nothing of experimental religion, absolutely nothing of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. I only knew that I was miserable in consequence of having sinned against God. But I looked around for ease and comfort. First, I thought of attending the parish church, to receive the sacrament of the Lord's supper; but I did not find the sacrament in itself had any efficacy to justify a miserable sinner, such as I felt myself to be. My steps were next directed to the Wesleyan chapel in the village, where I had been a Sunday-scholar. At that time I had a strong desire to save my soul, to flee from the wrath to come; and if desire be prayer, I prayed all the day long, for nothing was half so much desired as the salvation of the Gospel. At first everything appeared very dark: I could see nothing but my own sin, feel nothing but condemnation. Yet I continued to attend all the means of grace within my reach. The members soon noticed my attention, and I was presently invited to meet in class, which I did most thankfully. My Leader, who is now in heaven, became a father to me: he did more than my own father ever could do,—he prayed with me and for me, and directed me to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. With several other young men of the village, who had joined the Wesleyan society a few months before, I sought the Lord with all my heart, in the use of all the appointed means of grace, the ministry was blessed to me, I was enabled to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, when the Lord turned my captivity, and made me happy in his pardoning love. Ανθρωπος.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE INQUISITION.

During the Protectorate of Cromwell, when Mr. Maynard was British Consul in Portugal, the Inquisition, prodigal of its influence, forbade him to have divine worship, even in his own house, according to the rites of Protestantism, although it was designed only for the members of the Factory. Mr. Maynard, however, though a Catholic himself, was so far an Englishman, and so much a man of honour, that he disregarded this order, and continued

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the chapel-service as usual. As this was an affront neither to be tolerated nor forgiven, he was seized by the Inquisition, and committed a prisoner to a cell in the holy dungeons. It was not long before Cromwell became acquainted with this affair; and on making himself master of all the circumstances connected with the transaction, he sent to the King of Portugal, and in a peremptory tone demanded his release.

The King, being equally unwilling to oppose the power of the Inquisition, and unable to resist the demands of Cromwell, had recourse to equivocation. He stated in his reply, that the Consul was not put under restraint by any power of his, but by the authority of a religious body, which acted in a great degree wholly independently of him. Oliver, on receiving his reply, determined to avail himself of the duplicity which gave it birth, that he might have a favourable opportunity of chastising the insolence of the Inquisition through the instrumentality of its royal friend, and therefore sent back the following message:—"That he was extremely glad to find his good friend and ally, the King of Portugal, had not been concerned in the affront which had been offered to the Commonwealth of England by the imprisonment of his Consul. That as this act has been done by another power, called the Inquisition, which was unknown to Cromwell, and independent of his very good friend the King of Portugal, he hoped for His Majesty's assistance and co-operation in chastising that Court, which had alike insulted both powers by imprisoning the English Consul, who had been appointed to transact business in Portugal, under the immediate protection of his royal authority. Relying on this, he informed him, that he should instantly send over a fleet and an army to fight that Inquisition; and he doubted not of His Majesty's concurrence and aid in revenging the insult, by punishing those who had been guilty of the offence."

The King of Portugal, on receiving this message, found himself in a most unpleasant situation. With the intimation of Cromwell, he well knew it would be as vain to trifle, as it would be unavailing to attempt a resistance of his power. The holy Inquisitors were soon made sensible of their condition; and their only hopes of averting the impending tempest depended upon their success in securing the friendship of Mr. Maynard, whom they had confined. From the King of Portugal they had nothing to expect. He was glad to seek security in silence, leaving them to extricate themselves in the best manner they could from the vengeance they had incurred by the undue exercise of their authority. Their first attempt to liberate the prisoner, was through an officer whose duty it was to supply him with his daily food. This man, having received his instructions, entered into familiar conversation with the Consul, and, after expressing a regard for his person, and compassion for his condition, offered to be an assistant to him in making his escape. This proposal being rejected, the officer expressed his wonder that any one should appear backward to get by any means released from such a confinement; saying, he never knew a prisoner before, in that house, who would not have run any risks in endeavouring to obtain his liberty. To this the Consul replied, that, not being guilty of any offence, and trusting to his country for procuring him justice, or for revenging his wrongs, he would not dishonour himself by any clandestine practices for his deliverance. This project failing, the next contrivance to which they had recourse was, that of leaving his prison-door open, with the passages sufficiently free for his going away, if he had been so disposed. But this, likewise, proved unsuccessful; for he kept within the cell, and discovered no inclination to avail himself of any opportunity of making his escape. The next stratagem was, for an Inquisitor to visit him by a kind of accident, while walking among the cells. His door being

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purposely open, the Inquisitor affected to see him as he appeared to be passing by it; when, out of much humanity, he stopped, and asked him who he was. To this inquiry, the Consul, in his answer, gave the proper information. The Inquisitor then proceeded to inquire the cause of his being there. To which the prisoner replied, that he did not know of any just cause, as he had not been guilty of any offence, nor was subject to that Court. The Inquisitor then said, if such were the case, he might go about his business. To this he intrepidly answered, that as his country had been dishonoured, and himself injured by his being brought thither, unless due public satisfaction were given to both, he neither could nor would quit the place. After many consultations and expostulations, it was at length stipulated, that he should be taken from the Inquisition, in one of the King's coaches, at mid-day, and set down in the middle of the great square, on the eastern side of the palace; which square was called the Pereiro de Paco, and was one of the most frequented places of the city. To this humiliating condition the holy Inquisition was compelled to submit, to avoid the vengeance of Cromwell.

CHRISTIAN CONVERSATION.

We cannot bestow this title on the irreverent discussion of the sublime mysteries of our holy religion, which is as unmarked by devout feeling as if the topic discussed were some common-place subject of earthly character, instead of those things into which the angels desire to look with devout contemplation, and of which they would not speak without reverential awe. Nor can we give this title to the angry disputation about points of controversy, on parts of the divine dispensation that do not vitally affect the Saviour's glory, or the sinner's hopes; for this only ruffles the temper, and irritates the feelings, and in nowise promotes spiritual welfare, or preparation for the kingdom of peace and love. Nor can we award the title to the critical disquisition of the comparative merits of different Preachers; or to that kind of spiritual gossiping which prattles about the religious concerns of others, with precisely the same feelings of unwarrantable curiosity and heartless indifference with which the people of the world canvass the characters and concerns of others. And least of all can we give the title to a censorious and uncharitable commenting on the failings and faults of the absent; for nothing can be more at variance with the spirit of the Gospel, more hateful to its divine Author, or more prejudicial to those engaged in it, than this. It cannot consist with the spirit of humility and Christian love reigning in the speaker's heart; it nourishes only spiritual pride, and every unkind and unamiable feeling on all who take part in it with pleasure; it is opposed both to the precepts and the example of Him who was the manifestation of divine love, and on whose lips the law of kindness perpetually dwelt; and it is calculated to unfit men for the society of that heaven whose very atmosphere is love.

By religious conversation, I do not mean any of these things. No: I mean such, and such alone, as tends to draw those who engage in it closer to God; to give them a deeper sense of his preciousness; to assimilate them more entirely to his character; and to stimulate them more zealously to every work and labour of love, for the advancement of his glory.

If all who love the Lord would thus converse together, how they would assist each other! They would become as ministering spirits to each other. This would sweeten the society of Christian friends, and be indeed worthy of being called the "communion of saints," serving to quicken their zeal in the

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Saviour's service, and to fan the sparks of love to him into a brighter and warmer flame.—*Rev. Hugh White.*

READING THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

A LITTLE to enforce the more frequent and diligent reading of the Scriptures, it may not be altogether useless to tell you a short passage which was told me by Dr. Thomas Goodwin; at such time as he was President of Magdalen College in Oxford. He told me that being himself in the time of his youth a student at Cambridge, and having heard much of Mr. Rogers, of Dedham in Essex, he purposely took a journey from Cambridge to Dedham, to hear him preach on his lecture-day, a lecture then so strangely thronged and frequented, that to those that came not very early there was no possibility of getting room in that very spacious large church. Mr. Rogers was (as he told me) at that time he heard him on the subject of the Scriptures. And in that sermon he falls into an expostulation with the people about their neglect of the Bible: he personates God to the people, telling them, "Well, I have trusted you so long with my Bible; you have slighted it; it lies in such and such houses all covered with dust and cobwebs: you care not to look into it. Do you use my Bible so? Well, you shall have my Bible no longer." And he takes up the Bible from his cushion, and seemed as if he were going away with it and carrying it from them; but immediately turns again and personates the people to God, falls down upon his knees, cries and pleads most earnestly, "Lord, whatsoever thou dost to us, take not thy Bible from us: kill our children, burn our houses, destroy our goods; only spare us thy Bible, only take not away the Bible." And then he personates God again to the people: "Say you so? Well, I will try you a while longer; and here is my Bible for you; I will see how you will use it, whether you will love it more, whether you will value it more, whether you will observe it more, whether you will practise it more, and live more according to it." By these actions, (as the Doctor told me,) he put all the congregation into so strange a posture, that he never saw any congregation in his life; the place was a mere Bochim, the people generally, as it were, deluged with their own tears: and he told me that he himself, when he got out and was to take horse again to be gone, was fain to hang a quarter of an hour upon the neck of his horse, weeping, before he had power to mount; so strange an impression was there upon him, and generally upon the people, upon having been thus expostulated with for the neglect of the Bible.—*Rev. John Howe.*

A PROVERBIAL SAYING FROM THE GREEK.

ERASMUS tells us, that when the Greeks would describe a man that was uselessly, foolishly, or improperly employed, they used to say,

He is teaching a dog to bark;
He is teaching a bull to roar;
He is teaching a cock to crow;
He is teaching a serpent to hiss;
He is teaching a fish to bite;
He is writing on the surface of the sea;
He is sounding the trumpet before the victory;
He is taking a post to kill a bee.

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THEOLOGY.

RIGHTEOUS SOWING, AND JOYFUL GATHERING.

"Sow to yourselves in righteousness; reap in mercy."—Hosea x. 12.

The figures employed in the text are derived from well-known sources, sowing and reaping. Two facts at once recur to the memory. 1. That without sowing, there would be no reaping. 2. That the produce yielded by the seed greatly exceeds in quantity the seed sown; so that the excess amply repays the original expense and trouble.

Infinite wisdom thus sees fit to illustrate our religious duties and encouragements. We need not attempt to trace resemblance exact in all points. It is sufficient that we observe the general analogy. If we "sow in righteousness," we shall "reap in mercy."

I. "Sow to yourselves in righteousness." *Here is our present duty.*

The obvious meaning is, that by the attainment and practice of righteousness, we are to look for that future blessedness which it has pleased God to reveal and promise.

But God has not only revealed future blessings, but present duties. As, for the future, our faith and hope must come to the word of God, so likewise must our conscience for the knowledge of obligations and duties. The written word is the rule and standard of righteousness.

What, then, according to that word, is included in "sowing to ourselves in righteousness?"

1. *We must truly repent of past sin.* That is, we must look at sin in the light in which the law of God places it; and at ourselves in the light in which the law of God places us. And pray that our heart may be tender, that what we see may duly affect us. Conviction of sin must be sought, and cherished. He who resists the first strivings of the Holy Spirit will never offer a sacrifice of a broken heart and a contrite spirit. He who does not, neither does he "sow in righteousness."

2. *It implies the exercise of true faith in Christ.* I mean not merely the belief of those truths which relate to him, though that is essential. Who that knows the danger of trusting in an arm of flesh, will trust in Christ, if he think him to be less than the true God and eternal life? But this is not all. The entrance into the holiest is by his blood. For acceptance, as though we had been righteous, faith must rest on him who is the Lord our righteousness. All self-confidence must be abandoned; and Christ become to us all in all,—wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

3. *We must seek after entire conformity to the will of God.* Man has lost the holiness of his original nature. When he truly turns to God in Christ, God is not only merciful to his unrighteousness, but writes the law in his heart. When God adopts, the Spirit of adoption regenerates. Thus "saved of the Lord," the promises set yet higher blessings before us. They are given that we might be partakers of the divine nature. Our duty is plain We are to aim at constant growth in grace. We are to mortify every evil. We are to cherish and cultivate every good. And we are to do what the Apostle did, pray that the very God of peace would sanctify us wholly. At purity of heart we should aim. For purity of heart we should pray. Religion in its fulness, as a blessing as well as a duty, we are to seek.

4. *We must diligently attend to every religious and moral duty.* By religious duties, I mean those which more directly refer to God: by moral, those which thus refer to man. The first class comprises all the actions of worship, and zeal for God's honour and the interests of his cause in the world: the other class, all that belongs to justice and mercy. Thus must great part of our life be filled up. The duties of our station, and those connected with our union with his church. In doing these, we are sowing to ourselves in righteousness.

Let me add, first, that all must be done in the name of Jesus Christ. Changing the figure, no sacrifice is acceptable but as presented by him. Second, all must be done perseveringly. There is a season of sowing. The season answering to it extends to man's whole life. Begin early. Sow plentifully. Sow till "the night cometh, when no man can work."

II. *Consider the encouragement.*

And let me remind you, in the very first instance, that all our reaping will most literally be reaping "in *mercy*." Man is a sinner, and the wages of sin is death. That the sinner should be permitted to sow in righteousness with the

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promise of such joyous gathering, is from the rich and everlasting mercy of God. And this mercy is especially revealed in Christ. In him we see how God can be just, and yet justify the believer. God's mercy comes down to man through Christ's atonement and intercession.

Keeping in view this, let us notice a few specific illustrations of the delightful fact.

1. He who *penitently comes to God for the pardon of sin,* through the alone merit of Christ, is not sent empty away. Rightly is the Holy Spirit named the Comforter. He sheds the love of God abroad in the hearts of the justified by faith. Hear the man whom you saw, sowing in tears, but sowing in righteousness, pleading, not that he wept, but that Christ had died. He said then, "Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice." He says now, "O Lord, I will praise thee; for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me."

2. So in seeking for *rich spiritual blessings:* whether by the holy acts of spiritual cultivation, or by earnest prayers for the larger bestowments of divine influence. He sows "in righteousness;" for he does what God commands. He shall not be disappointed. He seeks what God has promised. This is the good and perfect and acceptable will of God. He shall prove, experience it. It is the good pleasure of the divine goodness. He shall enjoy it. His soul shall be as a field which the Lord hath blessed. The branch that beareth fruit, the husbandman purgeth, that it may bear more fruit. He that asketh, receiveth. And here is the command, Ask; and here the promise, That your joy may be full. Sow, and ye shall reap.

3. We sow "in righteousness" *in general obedience:* and in this, too, there is the reaping "in mercy." When we have our conversation in the world, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, in simplicity and godly sincerity, this is our rejoicing, even the testimony of our conscience. Walking uprightly, we walk surely. Nay, most comprehensive is the promise, "No good thing will he withhold from him that walketh uprightly." God, the almighty, the all-sufficient, compasses him about with mercy, and with songs of deliverance. His mind is at rest, his conscience peaceful, his prospects bright. God is his Father; heaven is his home. Is he not reaping in mercy?

4. So if there be sowing "in righteousness" *in diligent attendance on devotional exercises,* there is likewise a reaping "in mercy." "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you," is the significant declaration of Scripture. And good it is to go into the sanctuary of God. It is the outer court of the heavenly temple. It is so near, that the joys of the blessed themselves are diffused among the worshippers still in the flesh. Truth, love, peace, hope, purity, joy, all the words that go to make up one glorious idea of felicity, are found there where an obedient people are assembled, believing their Saviour's promise, and expecting its fulfilment. To the true worshippers, there is by faith approach to the mercy-seat, without the concealing veil. God lifts up the light of his countenance, and satisfies them with the goodness of his house, even of his holy temple.

Nor is it mere joy. This joy of the Lord is their strength. They have gathered what makes them strong in the Lord. They have waited on God, renewed their strength; and now they go forth, prepared, as Providence may call, to mount up with wings as eagles, to run and not be weary, to walk and not faint.

5. Let me specify two occasions in which the value of this reaping in mercy appears.

One, You know not when seasons of trouble may come. And to Saul, without God, the coming of the Philistines is terrible. But unto the upright light ariseth in the darkness. "Sow in righteousness," and you find its benefit in the water, and in the fire. Comfort, nay, joy and glorying in tribulation, are part of the reaping.

And then, There is the hour of death. What will you do then without God? What will you fear with him? Look at the man who calmly and thoughtfully says on his death-bed, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Had he never reaped before, what is the value of what he now gathers? Not for the world would he part with it.

6. But all this is as nothing. There is a reaping in mercy following close upon the sowing in righteousness. So great is the goodness of God. His reward goes along with his work. These, however, are but the first-fruits; I might almost say, in comparison, the scanty first-fruits. The harvest is not yet. These are but the earnest of the future inheritance. And if the earnest be such, what shall the inheritance be? To the earthly path, and the light that falls on it from heaven, we

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can look. We raise our eye to heaven; we withdraw it, dazzled: it doth not yet appear what we shall be. But we know that no ill shall be present; no good absent. God shall be there: God, the father of his children. The sowing extends over time; the reaping over eternity. Truth, love, and purity shall be everlastingly enjoyed, and enjoyed by all, as flowing from the God of truth, love, and purity for ever.

1. *Such is the reaping. But it is not without sowing.* It is reaping in mercy; but it is ordered to be preceded by sowing in righteousness. The merciful Giver has commanded us to sow. To the sower he has made the promise. They who will not sow, he has declared, shall not reap.

But you do sow. Actions are the seed we sow. If not in righteousness, then in sin. And if in sin, then shall we reap in judgment. As we sow, so shall we reap. If we reap the bitter fruit of sin, ourselves, ourselves alone, will have to bear the blame; ourselves to endure the fearful results.

O think of the reaping! Which do you desire? As you would reap, so sow.

2. *Feel the value of life.* It is the seed-time of eternity. O, waste it not. Omit not its opportunities. You scatter abroad in careless, guilty forgetfulness of God. Nothing is lost. The seed is growing, and bitter shall be the fruit.

See, then, what is wisdom. First, in solemn thought, connect time and eternity; your present and your future being. See what that future may be. See how it is to be so. In no other way; but in this infallibly.

Begin, then, if you have hitherto neglected. Persevere, if you have begun. "Sow to yourselves in righteousness;" and both in time and eternity, you shall "reap in mercy."

A SERVANT OF CHRIST AND THE POPE COMPARED.*

"*The servant is not greater than his Lord.*"—A just truth, and not to be contradicted: but Rome denies it, and that great heteroclite in religion, the Pope, thinks it too scant for him to be circumscribed by precedents, either of the Apostles, though he calls himself *Peter's successor*, or of Christ himself, whose *Vicar* he is proclaimed.

He will duck and compliment as low as may be; style himself, *mimimus Apostolorum*, and *servus*, yea, lower yet, *servus servorum*, a servant of servants. Yea, and yet the *fox* wants attributes deep enough to earth his pride in. You know what in another case Saint Augustine says, "*Fabrica ante celsitudinem humiliatur, et fastigium post humilitatem erigitur:*" it is true in this, those that will build high, lay deepest foundations. Nor ever was insolence so high-flown, but before it took wing, it raised itself from the ground. Brutus will kiss the earth, though his thoughts aim at the government of Rome: so will the Pope lessen himself, and contract his greatness into short titles, (as the snake hides her length by folding herself up into many gyres and doubles,) kiss the ground, even when he means to *build his nest in the stars;* when he aims not at Rome's alone, but the world's *supremacy.*

Thus, like a falcon, he stoops lowest when he means to soar highest; and his ambition, like a bullet spit from the mouth of a cannon, first grazes and then mounts. For, beloved, from these low foundations, from this flat and bottom of dissembled humility, he hath built a tower loftier than Babel, on the highest pinnacle whereof, as on a Pharos, the banner and flag of his supremacy is hung out; he hath cast up a mount equal to Olympus, on the top whereof himself stands like the tempter upon that ὄρος ὑψηλον λιαν, *exceeding high hill*, from whence he showed Christ all the kingdoms of the earth. Lo! from hence doth he overlook the world and the kingdoms of it; and to maintain the idol of his supremacy, with an *omnia dabo*, sets them all to sale, proclaiming unto the Kings of the nations, "*All these will I give, if ye will fall down and worship me.*" But among them if there be any that refuse to adore this *golden calf*, or question his usurped supremacy, *Res fisci est;* strait he seizeth their crowns, and, as due to him by forfeit, bestows them most bountifully upon any who, by force of arms, can get them.

It is not long since he gave away our land upon the same quarrel, (that I may name no *germane* examples, not of yesterday, but to-day,) yet, thanks be to God, the title proved so difficult, and the possession so hard to get, that he who thought it already his, was fain to disclaim the suit, and with loss of fame and costs return home. Thus doth he sit *in templo Dei*, opposing himself against, and exalting himself above, "all that is called God;"

* Extract from a sermon preached at Paul's Cross, Nov. 25th, 1621. By Henry King, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, eldest son of John King, Bishop of London. 4to., London, 1621. Text: John xv. 20.

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that is, all Kings of the earth (who are styled Gods, *Dixi quod Dii*, and *Christi Dei*, Christs, the Lord's anointed,) which will not acknowledge him their Head, as being impatient to hear of any Deity equal or greater than himself. Nor against these only doth he advance himself, but he doth fight against the God of heaven and his Christ. Take a short survey of his practice, and you will find no greater opposition betwixt the sides of the diameter, nor larger distance betwixt the two points of heaven, north and south, nor more enmity betwixt the words *Christ* and *Antichrist*, than their person. Our Saviour Christ, when he entered Jerusalem "came riding meekly upon an ass," no attendants but his disciples, and a few poor villagers; but Kings have walked afoot whilst the Pope hath rode, and Emperors, like equerries, waited on the stirrup. Christ washed his disciples' feet and wiped them; but the Pope hath caused Emperors to kiss his feet. Christ taught us to give unto Cæsa . "*Reddite Cæsari:*" the Pope bids us take from "Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's;" not the tribute, but crown and life too. Christ refused to be called good, as holding it a style fit for God alone; but the Pope is patient of a style so far above it, as superlatives can stretch him, "*optimus Maximus;*" and "*Dominus Deus noster Papa,*"—"our Lord God the Pope." Christ instituted a χειροτονιαν, "imposition of hands;" but the Pope hath practised ποδοσονιαν, an "imposition of feet." For Celestine IV. crowned the Emperor Henry VI. with his foot, and spurned it off again with his foot, dismissing him with a curse of excommunication. So as Christ "laid his hands upon them, and blessed them," the Pope laid his feet upon the Emperor and cursed him. Now judge their contrariety, and see if this *servus servorum*, "servant of servants," the Pope, take not more upon him than ever Christ the "Lord of Lords" did.

THE RAMBLING HEARER.

He belongs to no Christian church. *One* Minister, however excellent, he thinks, cannot be sufficient. "A variety, a variety, you know," he says, "is always best." From place to place he wanders, and may justly be called "*the strolling professor.*" "O!" says he, "I have found such an excellent man! I never heard his equal! If you would but hear him, you would be charmed indeed!" But this rambling hearer cannot be a fixed one long. "Mr. M. is come to town. Such a Preacher!" Away he goes; his favourite Preacher is deserted for a time: but he returns, and now his favourite Minister is rather flat, wordy, uninteresting. In short, this man is everywhere. There is no Preacher but he knows; no church or chapel but he is there for a time. Ah! but where is the benefit derived from all this? "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

DEATH DESIRED.*

I desire to die, because I want, whilst I live here, the glorious presence of God, which I love and long for, and that sweet fellowship of the angels and saints, who would be glad of me, as I am of them, and would entertain me with unwearied delight.

I desire to die, because, while I live, I shall want the perfection of my nature, and be as an estranged and banished person from my Father's house.

I desire to die, because I would not live to offend so good a God, nor to grieve his Holy Spirit; for his loving-kindness is better than life itself.

I desire to die, because this world is infected with the plague of sin, and some have this plague-sore running upon them, and I myself am tainted with the same disease, so as whilst I live here, I can be in no place, nor in any company, but I am still in danger of being infected, or of infecting others; and if this world doth hate me because I endeavour to follow goodness, how will it rejoice, if my foot do but slip?

I desire to die, because of the devil's malignant and incessant assaults: I can stand nowhere before the Lord on earth, but one devil or other is at my right hand, and I must of necessity enter into conflict with them, and their temptations, and be buffeted and gored by them, which is a thousand-fold worse than death.

I desire to die, because by death I shall rest from the hard labours of this life.

I desire to die, because nothing in this world can give me solid and durable contentment.

I fear not death, because it is but the separation of the body from the soul.

* The foregoing Reasons for desiring to die, were written by Mrs. Jane Ratcliffe, an eminent Christian lady, who died in Chester *two hundred and eight years ago.*—Samuel Dunn.

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I fear not death, because death is such an enemy as hath been often vanquished, and because I am armed for it, and the weapons of my warfare are mighty through God, and I am assured of victory.

I do not fear death for the pain of it, for I am persuaded I have endured as great pains in life as I shall find in death, and death will cure me of all sorts of pains; and because Christ died a terrible and accursed death, that any kind of death might be blessed to me; and that God, who hath greatly loved me in life, will not neglect me in death; but his Spirit will succour and strengthen me all the time of the combat.

I do not fear death for any loss: for I shall but lose my body by it, and that is but a prison to my soul, an old rotten house or ragged garment: nay, I shall not lose that neither, for I shall have it restored again at my Saviour's second coming, made much better than it now is; for this vile body shall be like the body of Christ, and by death, I shall obtain a far better life.

CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

YON handful of cloudy vapour, which remains suspended and motionless while the sky is serene, and the surrounding atmosphere is at rest, lies not out more exposed to the breeze which, passing by at any moment, may dissipate it into nothing, than your earthly life lies exposed to any one of ten thousand casualties which may dismiss you from this earthly scene, which comprises, too possibly, even all you care for. Amid the curious frame-work of the body, whose texture is so complicated, and where the functions of life are performed both by processes so hidden and by a mechanism so refined, what deadly derangements may internally be going on at this very moment, and may have been so for years together, of which we ourselves are unconscious, and of which there is either no distinct intimation given to us, or no intelligible cause assigned! Death is, even now, thus steadily approaching some who are universally regarded as among the most likely of all to yield only to the power of some consuming disease, or to wander on till they wear out and die of very age and infirmity; and every season has to tell of youth, as well as grown men, arrested at the very moment when their most hopeful career was just begun to be entered on, and all the sunny prospects of a lifetime, then opening in brightness, are overcast for ever.

Now, just think for a moment how all is destroyed, if the man hath been but labouring for the bread that perisheth. His soul is required of him; and whose then shall those things be which he can no longer retain? He lives in the recollection, perhaps, of a sorrowing family and of friends. But that busy world, in which it may have been his chief ambition to enjoy himself and to shine, and in the midst of which he may have been caressed and honoured, envied and admired, will, but too soon after lamenting that family's disaster, transfer its homage and its attentions to other aspirants, contending still as eagerly for its deceitful favours and rewards. *They*, in their turn, will give place to the men of another generation. The very names of each successively will drop out, and die away from the memory of the public, after they have been spoken of for awhile, as the men that lived, and are dead. A tombstone, oft passed by unheeded, and itself to fall into decay, will comprise all that can be told of him who was once so active, and enterprising, and influential in society. And while his soul, then amazed and terrified, is awaiting, in other regions, the day which shall recall it to resume its own proper body, that they may both go together to the judgment-seat of Christ, it will be forgotten in the world from which he went that he ever belonged to it. And just as when the flower withereth, or the shadow flieth away, or the cloudy vapour is dissipated by the wind, or melted and absorbed before the beams of the morning, so the place that now knows him shall know him no more. Surely it is the strangest of all the many strange sights in this world, that such a reasoning and reflecting, and withal provident creature as man, can see such a death and destruction so surely approaching him, and yet keep going on still scheming, and still pursuing, and still toiling so indefatigably for something that is of the world; allowing himself scarce any leisure to think of God so influentially as even to *try* to be sure of him; thus deliberately hazarding his only conceivable interest that is imperishable; thus deliberately forgetting, or being content to remain estranged from, the only Being in the universe who hath both the will and the power to befriend him for ever?—*Rev. John Bruce: Funeral Sermon on Dr. Abercrombie.*

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DELIVERANCE FROM A BEAR.

On the banks of the York river, in North America, and three miles from its entrance, is situated the Hudson's Bay Factory, at which place a party of Englishmen reside, who, during autumn, winter, and spring, are employed in collecting furs, ivory, &c., from the various tribes of Indians that inhabit the adjacent forests, on behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company; and during the summer in embarking the same on board merchant-ships, sent thither for the purpose of transporting such articles of commerce to England.

When the Indians neglect to bring their commodities for barter to the Factory, which they are often prevented from doing by their engagements in war, and other casualties, it is customary for a party of our countrymen, accompanied by an Indian guide, to go up the various branches of the York in search of them; and there being numerous cataracts and shoal-places to pass in that river, it can only be effected by means of a canoe, which is easily carried by two men up the sides of the falls, or along the banks of the stream, which, from its shallowness, is impassable.

It was on such an occasion that a party, consisting of six men, after having toiled all day against the current, retired in the evening to the shore, and having pitched their tent, as is customary, on the skirt of a forest, were regaling themselves around a fire that they had kindled, when their mirth was suddenly turned into alarm by a black she-bear, which, rushing from the adjacent wood, seized one of the men with her fore-paws, and attempted to bear him away, at the same time roaring and squeezing her captive in a dreadful manner. On this, the rest of the party regaining their fire-arms, which had been deposited at a short distance, pursued, and would have easily destroyed the bear, but that they feared killing the unhappy man, who was boldly struggling in her embrace, and who, on observing them to hesitate, implored them, as they valued his life, to fire. One of the party did so, and wounded the bear; whereupon she instantly let go her hold, and pursuing, fastened on her new adversary, and seemed bent on his destruction; when, on a sudden, she fell backward and expired. On being opened, it was discovered that the musket-ball had lodged in her heart, which, by producing almost instantaneous death, prevented the destruction of the last-mentioned person, who, with his fellow-sufferer, escaped with a severe hugging, and a few flesh-wounds from the creature's claws. The fury of the bear was doubtless occasioned by the assembling of the party near her cubs, as two very young ones were afterwards discovered at a short distance from the tent.

HAPPY INTERPOSITION IN BEHALF OF THE REV. D. ANDERSON.

This good man, being apprehensive of a return of Popery, soon after his ejectment, crossed the seas, and went into Zealand, and settled at Middleburgh, with his wife and five small children. Having no employment there, he soon consumed the little money he had carried over with him, and owed a year's rent for his house, and was reduced so low, as to want bread; and yet, such was his modesty, he knew not how to make his case known in a strange country. In this condition, after he had been one morning at prayer with his family, his children desired some bread for their breakfast; but he having none, nor money to buy any, they all burst into tears. While they were in this sorrowful case, the bell at their door rung; and Mrs. Anderson, in a mean and mournful habit, went to see who was there. The person that rung the bell asked for the mistress: she answered that her name was Anderson. "Here," says he, "a gentleman has sent you this paper, and will send you in some provisions presently." When they had opened the paper, they found forty pieces of gold in it. The messenger went away, without telling his name, or whence he came. Soon after came a countryman, with a horse-load of provisions, of flesh, fish, herbs, and bread, and all things necessary to their living plentifully, as long as what was brought would keep good. Neither did he tell them from whence they came; nor did they know, to their dying day, who it was that so seasonably relieved them. But Mr. John Quick, from whose memoirs this account is taken, being, in 1681, Pastor of the English church at Middleburgh, came accidentally to the knowledge of the whole matter. For, being at the country-house of Mynheer de Koning, a Magistrate of that city, and happening to mention that story, M. de Koning told him that he was the person that carried the gold from Mynheer de Hoste, a pious merchant of that place, with whom he was then an apprentice. He added, that Mynheer de Hoste, observing a grave English Minister walk the streets frequently, with a dejected countenance, inquired privately into his circumstances, and, apprehending he might be in want, sent him the gold by M. de Koning, and the provisions by his country servant, saying, with a very Christian tenderness, "God forbid that any of Christ's ambassadors should be strangers, and we not visit them; or in distress, and we not assist them." But he expressly charged both his servants to conceal his name. This relief, besides present provision, enabled Mr. Anderson to pay his debts; and he could not help com-

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municating this instance of the great goodness of God to his friends and acquaintance in that city. This coming to the ears of M. de Hoste, he afterwards found a secret way of paying Mr. Anderson's rent for him, yearly; and of conveying to him, besides, £10, sterling, every quarter; which he managed so as that he never could or did know his benefactor. M. de Koning kept the whole matter secret, as long as his master lived, but thought himself at liberty to give this account of it after his death.

Upon the decease of Mr. Sprany, Minister of the English church at Middleburgh, Mr. Anderson was unexpectedly chosen in his stead. When the messenger came from the church to acquaint him with it, his wife was so overborne with joy at the goodness of God, in providing them a fixed and honourable maintenance, that it threw her into a fever, of which she died. Mr. Anderson in some time grew sickly, and died also, in March, 1677. None of all the Ministers in that city, English, French, or Dutch, came near him in the gift of prayer, in which he had a peculiar fulness and fluency, that was animated with very melting affections. The Lords of the city became guardians to the five orphans which he left behind him. The famous Anna Maria Schurman took one of his daughters, and two other Dutch gentlewomen the two others, and became mothers to them; and the unknown benefactor continued his kind offices to them all. M. de Hoste took his two sons under his own charge, and, by his last will, bequeathed a good portion to each of his daughters. He observed, that the eldest son, who was very hopeful and pious, should be brought up a scholar, and settled a liberal exhibition upon him of £60 per annum, sterling, for his education at one of their Universities, where he afterwards died of a consumption; and appointed the youngest son to be bound apprentice, and when he should be out of his time, to receive £60 sterling, to begin business with. So wonderful was the Providence which attended the pious confessor, and his children after him.

PARENTAL MONITOR.

ONLY ONCE.

SOME parents esteem it to be the best policy to let their children go to a theatre or circus ONLY ONCE, to gratify their curiosity, or to get rid of their importunity. Why so? If it is right to visit such places at all, why not let them go frequently? but if wrong, why countenance them in sinning ONLY ONCE? Why not, on the same policy, permit them to gratify themselves once in other sins? Let them get drunk or visit a gambling-house ONLY ONCE, that they may have a personal experience in the matter. We have sometimes said to such parents, Are you sure that ONLY ONCE will satisfy them? May not the first experiment excite within them a taste which ONCE will not satisfy? If you put your children fairly in the road to ruin, is it certain that after one step they will voluntarily turn back? If they go once with your permission, may they not be inclined to go often without it? If they see that you have no fixed, uncompromising principle on the subject, can you expect them, in their inexperience, to have any? It is false reasoning to urge, that, if young people are not permitted to indulge themselves occasionally in this way, they will do it by stealth; for this is as much as to say, that if children will sin, it is better for them to do it with their parents' consent. No: let parents be resolute and immoveable in their principles, and their example and authority will go far to restrain the children from vice; and if they should fail of this effect, the parents will at least have the consolation of reflecting, that they never, by word or act, encouraged their offspring to run in the way of temptation.—*Presbyterian.*

PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

THE influence and the power of example in all circumstances and in all relations is proverbially great. It is founded on that principle of instinctive imitation, which is so deeply seated in our nature, and which is so influential for good or evil. It is strongest in our earliest years, and its influence is powerful and lasting, in direct proportion to the veneration or affection we entertain for those around us, and whose impression we receive. Hence the peculiar and mighty influence of a parent's example upon the heart and the character of a child. A striking and familiar example of this influence we have in the case of language. By what easy, imperceptible, yet sure and rapid steps, do our children, even the least quick and intelligent, learn to lisp their mother-tongue, to thread their way through all the mazes of idiom and grammar, and master all the myriad sounds and shades of sound by which thought holds converse with thought! What a strange and wonderful phenomenon is this, when we consider it rightly! There are few things more difficult, or which require more time and toil, than the learning of an unknown language; and yet here we see the youngest and the slowest children learning without effort, and mastering

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without difficulty, the most intricate and complicated tongues! Day by day, and week by week, they learn, almost without knowing that they are learning, what it would take a man, in the full prime and vigour of intelligence, years of toil and study to attain. How is this? It is by *imitation*. That earliest and most skilled instructress has filled the tender mind with articulate expressions, and taught the tongue to utter them at a time when all the discipline and training of the school might have been tried in vain.

It is in the very nature of childhood to catch up, and imitate, and re-echo the sounds and the tones they hear. So it is in all things; in look, in mien, in dress, and in all the little nameless circumstances that go to make up the manner and the type of one man as distinguished from another, you will see the child taking its impression, its stamp, from the parent; and not less by the family manner and the family character, than by the features of the family countenance, may you tell under whose roof and around whose hearth they have been bred and trained. And think you, my dear reader, *that they catch no impression from you in other and far more momentous things?* If, like the plastic wax, they catch and reproduce in their style of life your *demeanour for time*, will they, think you, take no impression of your *demeanour for eternity?* If the very tone of your voice be echoed back again from the lips of your child, shall not the tone of your spirit and your life be re-echoed too? Shall the careless godless life of a Christless father exercise no influence on those who *in all other things* are accustomed to dress themselves in the mirror of a parent's example? And, on the other hand, can we doubt that the holy walk of a believing parent; his gracious words, his benign and beaming countenance, his hallowed and heavenward conversation, his prayers and tears, his hidden closet wrestlings and Peniel meetings with God, all unseen indeed, but well known to the ever watchful child; that all this, when the heart is young and tender, and a parent's example is all in all, *must* exercise a mighty influence, and stamp on the deep heart an impression never to be effaced? Hence, the vast, the almost appalling influence of parental example. Thus the work of training for eternity goes on insensibly and constantly. When we least think of it, we are teaching them lessons, and imprinting on them a character, which may remain for ever. It is not only when we sit down of set purpose to teach them what we know, that we are *really* teaching them. It is not the few words we may teach their lips to utter, or the occasional counsels we may give them, or the doctrines and truths we may labour to instil, that give the mightiest impulse, and leave the deepest impressions; but it is the whole bulk and substance of our lives; our spirit, our character, *ourselves*, as expressed in our every-day words, and looks, and conversation, seen, watched, followed by those whose very nature it is to cling to a parent's hand, and follow a parent's steps: *this* is the die, the seal which usually gives the grand and decisive stamp either for weal or for woe.—*Burns's "Family Hearth."*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE PRAYING WIDOW'S SON.

Not long since, while preaching to a small evangelical congregation which has been gathered from a community over which error and indifference to religion have long held dominion, I was struck with the appearance of a modest-looking young man, whose eye and countenance most evidently showed that he was anything but indifferent to the subject of religion. So peculiar was his appearance, that I took occasion after meeting to inquire him out. The following simple statement was then made to me, and may in every particular be relied upon as true.

He was born in one of our New-England villages, where his mother now lives; and though he has not lived with her for years, still the dwelling of his mother has always been his home. From his childhood he has been a subject of deep interest and unceasing prayer to his mother. Her instructions planted the seeds of life in his heart while a child, and her hand wove many a restraint around his conscience, which, in later times, did much to hold him in check in a course of wickedness that would otherwise have been awfully great.

He had lived in different places, and at one time attended a Sabbath-school, but has since said, that he does not remember any distinct impression having been made on his mind or feelings while in the school. For the last two years he had lived in the place in which he now lives, and was employed in a manufactory. For the first year he professed to be a decided Unitarian. Not that he studied, or thought on the subject, or was acquainted with the system: but though there was nothing tangible about it, yet he eagerly embraced it, as he could understand so much as this, that if it was too powerless to subdue his wicked passions, it was too kind to require him to do it. From the time of his embracing this system, so far as it was any system to him, his moral character grew worse and worse. What it would have come

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to under it, cannot be known; for about a year after this, a Universalist Preacher came into town, and proclaimed those glad tidings of great joy which are so peculiarly acceptable to the wicked. He was bold, confident, noisy, headlong, and this was just what the young man wanted. There were still some ties which bound his conscience; but a few of these bold strokes cut them asunder, and permitted him to float off wherever the strong currents of a depraved heart might carry him. Here many a young man has found the rock on which he has split and been ruined for ever; and many a lonely widow is praying for her absent son; but she would pray in still deeper agony, if she knew the dangers and the snares to which he is exposed. He became a decided, open, unblushing Universalist, and professed not to have a doubt but that God would treat the wicked and the evil as he will the righteous. Strong in youth, in health, heedless of the future, he did, what Satan himself never did, he believed the doctrine of universal salvation. Great pains were taken to plant this tree in his heart, and it soon began to bring forth its legitimate fruits. He became violent against anything and everything that looked like a restraint upon the conscience. He could rail at the real disciples of Christ, he could blaspheme the name of their Master. The word of God was unreverenced and unread. The Sabbath was awfully profaned, and public worship was totally neglected, except now and then when he went to be confirmed in his views, and to take a deeper draught of poison. He loved and used ardent spirits almost without restraint. For the last two years he says he has used at least what cost him six cents every day, or twenty dollars a year, besides extra occasions, such as celebrations, and musters, and the like. What a tax! What would be said if we should call upon young men in the church, who have nothing but their hands, to contribute as much to spread the Gospel! Truly, nothing is so expensive as sin. The cup leads the way to the gambling-table; and this youth was soon associated with a company of equally choice spirits, and was very frequently at the gaming-board.

Thus he was awfully profane, a Sabbath-breaker, a hard drinker, a gambler, and a believer in the doctrine that this course would place him in heaven as soon, perhaps sooner, than a holy life. He not only ran in this career without halting, but without a compunction. When he thought of his mother, it was to wish her present to hear his Minister prove the doctrine of universal salvation, and pour out his ridicule, which, like glowing lava, would burn while it swept away all her notions. And why wish his mother a Universalist? That she might be happier? No! but that when he returned to the home of his childhood, his conscience need not be disturbed by her affectionate admonitions. It was all the lowest kind of selfishness.

Some weeks since he had reached the spot at which conscience had ceased to upbraid or even to disturb him. It was not the calm slumber which is sometimes sent as a judicial punishment; but her voice had been drowned by the louder voice of passion; deep called unto deep; and every plunge in guilt gave courage and strength for a deeper plunge. After a week spent as usual, he went one Saturday evening, as he had very frequently done before, to the card-table. The companions were all merry, they drank, they gambled, they were profane, and they had all those feelings alive, which usually flourish in a hot-bed of sin. They continued thus till nearly day-break on Sabbath morning. The young man went to his lodgings, and threw himself on his bed to rest; but it was not there. For the first time for months, conscience came to her post, and her hands were filled with scourges. He had been as wicked before; he had trodden the very same path before, and there was no trouble. He rolled, he tossed himself, but in vain. Something seemed to take hold of his soul, and hold it with the grasp of the grappling-iron. The character of God, the prospects of eternity, the wounds which he had given his mother, and the pains which he had been at to be able to "sin with a cart-rope," all rushed upon him with the strength of a torrent. He could not sleep, he did not try to pray, but tried to harden his heart. The morning came, the sun arose, and it seemed a long time ere meeting should begin. At the hour he was already in his seat, hoping and expecting that one discourse proving the salvation of all men would give him rest. The doctrine was asserted plainly, boldly, and proved in the usual way. It gave him no rest. The stings of conscience were no less frequent, and were increasingly severe.

At noon he wandered about, and at last went to the Post-office. He found a letter directed by the hand of his widowed mother. It was written, most evidently, amid prayers and tears, and was the channel in which a mother had poured out her heart over a child, who, as she feared, was ruined, poisoned at the heart. It was a nail in a sure place. A giant-hand could not have dealt a heavier blow. In the afternoon, for the first time, he was found seated among those who believe that there is a day of judgment, a heaven, and a hell. For several weeks he was like the dumb man, trying to shake off convictions, trying to unite with his old associates, trying to believe the doctrine of universal salvation, trying to persuade himself that religion is all a delusion, and that he was deluded. It would not do. God's time had come, and the Spirit of God was too strong for him. He renounced his religious belief, and was found in the meeting for religious inquiry, though by this time he understood so much

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of the wickedness of the heart, as to be tremblingly afraid that there was no mercy for him. But renouncing his belief was but a small part: as soon as he saw the depravity of the heart, he renounced his practices, and became as much altered outwardly as inwardly. He is now indulging a hope that he knows what it is to taste the pardoning love of Christ. He is a new creature, emphatically so. His former companions shun him, fear him; wonder that the tongue which so lately could roll sin under it as a sweet morsel, and pour out torrents of blasphemy, can now sing the new song, and cry "God be merciful to me a sinner." They say that if this is religion, all ought to have it. But while they profess to doubt, they still go on in sin. Need I speak of the trembling with which he looks back upon that pit from which his feet have been taken by an unseen and almighty hand? Need I attempt to say what are the feelings which fill the widowed mother's heart as she rejoices over the son who was dead, but is alive? Need I attempt to say what will probably be the glory which the Saviour will for ever receive, if this young man shall indeed be placed in heaven as a monument of his mercy?—*Simple Sketches.*

RECORDS OF THE CHURCH.

THE NESTORIANS.*

I WAS invited to the residence of the chief man of the village, whose house was built after the common style of the country, of stone laid in mud, with a flat terrace-roof; having a basement and second story, with two or three apartments in each. We were seated upon the floor in "a large upper room," which serves as the guest-chamber and the family-room in summer, but it is too open to be comfortable in winter. Food was placed before us in a very large wooden bowl, placed upon the skin of a wild goat or ibex, which was spread upon the carpet with the hair-side down, and served as a table and cloth. Bread made of millet, baked in the manner of the Virginian "hoecake," but not so palatable, was laid round the edge of our goatskin table, and a large wooden spoon provided for each one of the party, eight or ten in number, to help himself out of the common dish. The people here less generally eat with their fingers than do those of Persia. Whenever the goatskin was brought forward, I noticed that it contained the fragments of bread left at the previous meals, and was told, on inquiry, that this singular custom was observed in obedience to our Saviour's injunctions, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost;" and also that they might retain the blessing that had been pronounced by a Priest upon former repasts; because the service being in the ancient language is only intelligible to the Clergy, and cannot be properly performed by the laity. The women do not eat with the men, but instead of receiving what they leave, as is very common in the east, a separate portion was reserved for the females, and in all respects they were treated with more consideration and regarded more as companions than in most Asiatic countries. Till evening they were constantly occupied in their various employments, within or out of the house, and in many respects remarkably exemplified Solomon's description of a virtuous woman, even in their method of spinning, (Prov. xxxi. 19,) literally holding their distaff in their hands while they give their long wooden spindle a twirl with the other hand, and then lay hold of it to wind up their thread; for they use no wheel. They clothe their household in scarlet or striped cloth, made of wool and resembling Scotch tartan, of a beautiful and substantial texture. The women appear to be neat, industrious, and frugal, and they are remarkably chaste, without the false affectation of modesty too often seen in these countries. Two of the young married women in the house came forward in the evening, and in the presence of their husbands joined in our social visit. Each of them, at my request, gave me a brass ring from her wrist to show to our American ladies, regarding whose customs they made many inquiries. Like others of their people, they were the most surprised that our ladies should negotiate their own matrimonial engagements, and that their fathers should give them in marriage without receiving a dowry in payment for their daughters. Their dress is neat and becoming: they braid their hair, and wear but few ornaments. Their form is graceful, their expression agreeable, and their complexion (except that it is sometimes affected by more exposure to the sun and the smoke of their dwellings) as fair as that of most Europeans.

* From "The Nestorians; or, Lost Tribes." Containing evidence of their identity; an account of their manners, customs, and ceremonies; together with sketches of travels in ancient Assyria, Armenia, Media, Mesopotamia; and illustrations of Scripture prophecy. By Asahel Grant, M.D. John Murray. London. 1841.

EARLY ENGLISH CHURCH.

THE Romans, where they gained dominion, established a different religion from the Druids; but their own Pagan rites and cruel

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laws were scarcely less destructive of human life. At this very period, when by the mercy of God the light of truth began to enlighten the Gentiles, and the feet of apostolic men first trod the shores of Britain, a Roman of high rank was murdered by a domestic slave, to whom he had promised liberty, but had not kept his promise. According to the law of their forefathers, when a slave lifted his hand against his master, the whole of the family of slaves were to be put to death with the offender; and on this occasion, though the people rose in tumult against the law, the Senate and the Prince were deaf to the calls of mercy. A body of soldiers restrained the multitude, while four hundred innocent persons were led to death; and among them many aged men, women, and children, that no master of slaves might in future feel himself exposed to a like peril. Such was the state of the world, civil or barbarous, when the Gospel was first preached abroad among the nations, and St. Paul wrote to commend the slave Onesimus to the brotherly love of his master Philemon. It was then, when the earth was full of violence and cruel habitations, that the Prince of Peace came to set up his throne.—*Rev. E. Churton.*

OUR SERVANTS.

FEMALE SERVANTS.

It has been estimated, that in London alone there are no fewer than one hundred thousand female servants. Upon their fidelity, punctuality, and good conduct, depend, to a considerable extent, the security and comfort of many thousand families. But this is not all: to female servants is committed the care, and in some respects, the guidance of the rising generation; and if the morals of the nursery and the kitchen be not pure, it is in vain that pure morality is taught and practised in the drawing-room or the parlour. This subject has not been considered as its importance demands; indeed, it has been strangely neglected, and the neglect has been signally visited in a vast variety of melancholy instances.—*Miss Martineau.*

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE WOLF.

That he is susceptible of as strong attachment as the dog, is proved by the following anecdote related by Cuvier. He informs us, that a young wolf was brought up as a dog, became familiar with every person whom he was in the habit of seeing, and, in particular, followed his master everywhere, evincing evident chagrin at his absence, obeying his voice, and showing a degree of submission scarcely differing in any respect from that of the domesticated dog. His master, being obliged to be absent for a time, presented his pet to the Menagerie du Roi, where the animal, confined in a den, continued disconsolate, and would scarcely eat his food. At length, however, his health returned, he became attached to his keepers, and appeared to have forgotten all his former affection, when, after an absence of eighteen months, his master returned. At the first word he uttered, the wolf, who had not perceived him amongst the crowd, recognised him, and exhibited the most lively joy. On being set at liberty, the most affectionate caresses were lavished on his old master, such as the most attached dog would have shown after an absence of a few days. A second separation was followed by similar demonstrations of sorrow, which, however, again yielded to time. Three years passed, and the wolf was living happily in company with a dog which had been placed with him, when his master again returned, and again the long-lost but still remembered voice was instantly replied to by the most impatient cries, which were redoubled as soon as the poor animal was set at liberty, when rushing to his master, he threw his fore-feet on his shoulders, licking his face with the most lively joy, and menacing his keepers, who offered to remove him, and towards whom, not a moment before, he had been showing every mark of fondness. A third separation, however, seemed to be too much for this faithful animal's temper. He became gloomy, desponding, refused his food, and for a long time his life appeared in great danger. His health at last returned; but he no longer suffered the caresses of any but his keepers, and towards strangers manifested the original savageness of his species.—*Jesse's Anecdotes of Dogs.*

THE COCOA-NUT IN CEYLON.

Nearly all the domestic wants of the Singalese can be supplied by the cocoa-nut tree. He can build his house entirely of it.

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The walls and doors are made of *cajans*, the leaves platted; the roof is covered with the same; the beams, rafters, &c., are made of the trunk. He needs no bed, as he can use the *coirrope* made from the outside husk. If he wants a spout, he hollows the trunk split in two. It also supplies him with many of his household articles. He makes his oil from the kernel; the hard shell supplies him with spoons, and cups, and drinking-vessels, and lamps, and water-buckets; the refuse of the kernels, after the oil is expressed, (called *punak*,) serves for food for fowls and pigs; the milk from the kernel is used in his food. In short, if a man have a few cocoa-nut trees in his garden, he will never starve. Arrack, a strong spirit, resembling whiskey, is made from toddy, the juice of the flower; and brooms are made from the ribs (*irita*) of the leaflets.—*Recollections of Ceylon.*

THE BEAVER.

During a visit paid a few years ago in the middle of a very protracted frost to the Zoological Gardens, I happened to find the keeper busily occupied in cleaning away a quantity of mud from the door of the beavers' house. On inquiry I discovered that the industrious animals, finding themselves inconvenienced by the cold air forcing its way through the keyhole and chinks of the door, had employed themselves in stopping up all the interstices on the outside, so that it was only after some considerable trouble that the keeper was enabled to turn the key in the lock. Being on the spot a few days after, I was amused to perceive that the beavers, nothing discouraged by the demolition of their architectural labours, in the first instance, had again set to work, and covered the whole surface of the door with a thick coating of plaster, which had been hardened by the frost into a solid cement. Though these outworks were repeatedly destroyed, the creatures continued with undiminished perseverance to fortify their dwelling against the cold, and so late as the month of March I found the doors completely blocked up. Indeed, those who had the charge of them found it an unprofitable labour to persist in cleaning away the accumulated mud, as no sooner was a portion removed, than the breach was instantly repaired anew. The habitation allotted to the beavers is a low oven-shaped hut, divided into two apartments, with a view that the two individuals might live apart. They have, however, preferred dwelling together, in one of the divisions of the building, and they seem to have been influenced in their choice, from finding that two of the entrances to it were supplied with doors, and therefore that less labour would be required in rendering it fit for their occupation. The other side, which has two enclosed entrances, is turned by them into a store-house: they convey thither the supplies of wood and bark which are given them as food, and preserve them there until needed.

The animals have covered over the two doors of their dwelling apartment, but have left open the entrance which faces a small tank or pool of water, contained within the enclosure in which they are confined.

I was curious to examine the materials of which the little plasterers had availed themselves in their operations. I found that they had procured the mud from the bottom of the tank, bringing up handfuls at a time. This they had carefully tempered, and intermixed with thin shreds and splinters of wood, the remains of the faggots which had been given them as food, and from which they had gnawed off the bark and nutritious portions, leaving only the woody fibres, which, however, they turned also to account. The use of the introduction of these shreds, was evidently to give stability to the plaster, to make the mud bind; and in this respect they served the same purpose as the straw which the Egyptians employed as one of the necessary ingredients in the composition of bricks.

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As the object to be gained by the beavers was merely to render the door weather-tight, no sort of frame-work was required in this process, and they seem to have used very few large sticks, but merely this kind of mortar, consisting of the slime interspersed with woody fibres.

Much has been said of the effects which captivity produces in depraving the instinct peculiar to the beaver in its wild state. I think, however, that it must be evident from the facts which have been stated above, that the animals were influenced by a feeling that the habitation prepared for them differed from that to which they had been accustomed in their native country. The improvements which they introduced into their dwelling may serve to correct an error in natural history which had been pointed out by Hearne; namely, that the beaver forms more than one entrance to its house. The proceeding of the animal in this instance, in closing up two outlets, tends to corroborate the assertion of the northern traveller.

Independent of these external arrangements, in order to make themselves more comfortable, they have effected what may be styled the fitting-up of the inside of their house. They have introduced, from time to time, large quantities of supple twigs, or any soft substance that happened to fall within their reach, so as to form a bed, which they have heaped up nearly a foot from the floor, so that it is on a level with the top of the doorway; it slopes down, however, gradually toward the entrance. An advantage is gained by this contrivance; this elevation places them, in a certain degree, out of the influence of the cold air; and the declination of the bed towards the water, looks like a precaution derived from their situation in North America, a provision to guard against the sudden inroads of water, caused by the swelling of the streams on whose bank they may have settled. Though there is no risk of an irruption of the pond which now lies at their door, the instinct which teaches them to provide against such an event still remains.

Numerous are the fictitious wonders which swell many of the relations of the habits and structure of the beaver: a history sufficiently curious and interesting, might be written without the addition of any exaggerations. Among other gratuitous assertions, it has been maintained by some, that the animal makes use of its tail as a trowel, to work up the materials with which it builds. Were this the case, the tail, which is covered with scales, by no means hard, would soon exhibit proofs of the uses to which it was applied; but, in fact, these scales are never found rubbed or injured. During the process of building last winter, the beaver employed its tail in no such hard service. All their materials were conveyed in their forepaws; and, though these are small, yet the animals managed, by holding them together, and close up against the throat, to transport considerable masses of mud at once. The tail is, however, by no means a useless member. In its shape it bears some resemblance to the blade of an oar or paddle, and, like it, is adapted *to take hold* of the water. A great portion of the beaver's life is spent in that element. On land, it is a clumsy animal, slow in its movements, and easily overtaken by its enemies. Conscious of this, its first impulse, when an alarm is given, or an enemy at hand, is to plunge into the water. Then it dives and swims with great facility: and it may easily be supposed how advantageous it is to the creature to possess so powerful a rudder as its broad flat tail. By means of this instrument, it is enabled to sink to the bottom, or pursue its course under water with the greatest celerity, and with equal quickness to raise itself to the surface when out of reach of its enemies. The root also (*nuphar luteum*) which composes the principal part of the beast's food, grows at the bottom of streams of water, where are also placed the stores of bush and branches of trees, which the animal collects as part of the provision for winter.

The beaver appears to be singularly scrupulous in preserving the inside of its house perfectly clean and dry. I have observed it on leaving the water to enter its hut, pause on the threshold until it had shaken off all the drops of water from its sides and tail, after which it took itself contentedly to its couch.

INDIAN INGENUITY *versus* URSINE SAGACITY.

Displayed in the Escape of a North American Indian from a Bear.

THREE kinds of bears are found to exist in the forests of North America, known as the *White*, the *Black*, and the *Grisly*. The last of these is supposed to be the most powerful and ferocious of the three, and evinces a preference for human flesh, which the others do not, and, in consequence, is more dreaded than they are. It differs from them also in the fact, that it is unable to climb trees as they do. Hence, when other means of escape from it fail, the Indian, when pursued by one, if possible gets into a tree, and there remains until rescued by some of his countrymen, who, when his situation is discovered, unite to drive away or destroy his enemy.

The following account was given by Peter Jacobs, Assistant Missionary in the vast territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, when in this country about two years since.

One of my countrymen (said Peter) was on the look-out for game, and when cautiously looking over a certain ridge, he saw several deer in a plain before him; but at the same, time also discovered a large grisly bear, evidently watching his movements. Instantly

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he cast his eyes around to see if there was a tree sufficiently near to which he might flee for safety; but he happened to be at a considerable distance from the nearest one that would have answered his purpose. No time was to be lost, and therefore, he ran off immediately at his utmost speed; and Indian (added Peter) can run very fast. The bear followed, and was gaining ground upon him so rapidly, that the Indian saw he should be overtaken before he could reach the tree. Providentially, there was a large hollow trunk of an old tree at hand, and he cast himself on the ground and crept into it. Up comes the bear, and thrusts in its paw to lay hold, but could not reach him; then he tried the other end, and could but just touch the top of his head, on feeling which, the Indian shrunk back from its reach. After trying in vain at both ends, the bear set the trunk on one end, and with violent jolting, attempted to shake the Indian down, and in this succeeded; but when the trunk fell horizontally, he crept in as before. The bear then tried to tear the trunk to pieces; but it was too firm for him. For some time he was quiet, as if pondering what to do. There was a small lake, or beaver-pond, in the vicinity, into which the bear rolled the trunk, and pressing it down with his feet held it under water a considerable time till the Indian was nearly drowned; then raised one end, and looking in saw the man, but still could not reach him. It then pressed the trunk into the water a second time, with the intention, as the Indian believed, to drown him outright. He therefore slipped out at the opposite end, diving deep until he got among some weeds, when he rose gently to the surface to breathe, covering his head with weeds, and saw the bear still holding the trunk in the water, and kept it in, said the Indian, long enough to drown two men. At length the bear looked into the trunk again, and found his prey gone. Not seeing the Indian, but supposing him to be in the lake, he went to the dam, or bank, cast up by the sagacity and labour of the beaver, and began, with his paws, to tear it away, to let out the water. Having opened a passage, and the water having begun to flow out, the bear seemed wearied, and, retiring a short distance, lay down to rest, and wait the draining of the pond.

The Indian once more had recourse to diving, at which, the narrator said, he was very expert; and proceeding towards the opening in the bank which his enemy had made, slipped through with the water into the channel of the stream below, unperceived, and gained, he supposed, about an hour, when he fell in with some other Indians, to whom he related how he had escaped; and while so doing, lo! the bear was seen approaching, following on his track or scent. The other Indians gave it the meeting, and shot the pursuer.

SAMUEL BROADBENT.

THE TIGER-SLAYER.

THE morning after our arrival, it was signified to us that there was a large royal tiger in a nullah near the town. This was soon confirmed by the appearance of a native who was preparing to attack it single-handed. The man was short, not robust, but compactly made, sinewy and active, having a countenance remarkable for its expression of calm determination. He was entirely naked above the hips, below which he simply wore coarse linen trousers, reaching about half-way down the thigh. He was armed with a ponderous knife, the blade of which was exceedingly wide and thick, with an edge almost as keen as a razor. On the left arm he bore a small conical shield, about eighteen inches in diameter, covered with hide, and studded with brass, having a point of the same metal projecting from the boss. My companions and myself walked with this intrepid little Hindoo to the lair of the sleeping foe. We were the less apprehensive of any personal danger, knowing that the tiger is a very cowardly animal, and seldom makes an open attack; and, farther, that it always prefers attacking a native to an European. We soon reached the nullah, and discovered the beautiful beast at the extremity, basking in the sun. Its proportions were prodigious. I have never seen one larger. The nullah was narrow, but the bottom tolerably free from inequalities, so that the area was more than usually favourable for the operations of the undaunted tiger-slayer. As soon as we reached the spot, the man boldly leaped into the hollow, at the same time uttering a shrill cry in order to arouse his enemy from its slumbers. Upon seeing its resolute aggressor slowly advance, the animal raised itself upon its fore-legs with a terrific howl. As the little Hindoo continued to approach, which he did slowly, and with his dark eyes keenly fixed upon the face of his formidable foe, the tiger rose to its full height, and began to lash its sides furiously with its tail, yet it evidentally appeared to be in a state of embarrassment. Still the man advanced deliberately, but undauntedly: the uneasiness and rage of the excited beast increased with every step. At length it crouched, evidently with a determination to make its terrific spring. The man suddenly stopped, when the tiger paused, turned up its head, and, uttering a horrible noise, between a snarl and a howl, made one step forward, and sprang towards its victim, who instantly bent his body, received the animal's paws upon his shield, dashed the knife into its body, and fell under, but almost entirely beyond the extremities of his wounded enemy. The creature turned upon its back, the little Hindoo regained his feet in an instant, striking the prostrate tiger with astonishing quickness and precision a desperate blow upon the throat, which completely severed

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the windpipe, at the same moment springing with the quickness of thought beyond the reach of the monster's claws. The tiger died almost immediately. When assured that it was positively past doing any more mischief, (for it had done much in its time,) we descended into the nullah. The gash in the animal's body was terrific; the lower region of the heart had been wounded, and the intestines cut through. By way of a trophy, the victor deliberately skinned his dead enemy, which he soon accomplished, and with great dexterity, and then returned, in the pride of power, with the token of victory upon his shoulders. He obtained from us two or three pagodas, which he considered a most liberal reward for his bravery. —*From the Oriental Annual.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM FORD,

Of Midsomer-Norton.

BY THE REV. HUGH JONES.

ONE of the many beautiful characteristics of our blessed Christianity, is its *universal adaptation.* It meets the case of man everywhere, whatever his complexion and whatever the measure of his civilization; and it is adapted to men of every grade in society. "The truth as it is in Jesus" sanctifies, elevates, adorns, and renders happy; alike in the case of the individual of rank and fortune and lofty attainment, and in that of the humble peasant, rude and uncultivated. Nor can we always say in which instance the blessed influence of our divine religion is most signally manifested.

William Ford, the subject of this notice, was a man moving in a humble sphere. He was a native of Darminster; and was born, it would seem, in the year 1773. Of his early history very little is known. He was accustomed to say that when quite a young man, he cherished a bitter dislike to Methodists and Methodism. At this period he was in the service of a Wesleyan as carter. The Methodist Ministers occasionally visited his master, and he evinced his hatred to the cause and people he afterwards so much loved by beating the horses of the Ministers, when brought to the stable. When about five-and-twenty, he entered the service of Mr. Hollwey, of Midsomer-Norton. For several years after this, though remarkably attentive to his duties as a servant, Ford remained a stranger to religion. The circumstance which led to his conversion, which occurred in the year 1814, was the threatening affliction of one of his children. The father apprehended his son to be dying, and was deeply affected by the thought that he was wholly unprepared for the change. In a manner very extraordinary for a man of his habits, at one moment he would exhort his son to consider the awful consequence of dying unsaved, the next he would most earnestly implore in his behalf the mercy of God. A friend expressed to the agitated father his belief that this was a dispensation of Divine Providence, designed to lead *him* to reflection, and at the same time urged upon him the necessity of praying for himself. Nor was this appropriate counsel given in vain. William became truly penitent, and presented to God what was indeed "a broken and contrite heart." Such was now his anxiety to obtain mercy, that whilst at plough in the field, he would take advantage of the few moments when the horses were turning at the end of a furrow to fall upon his knees, supplicating forgiveness. At length came deliverance and joy. This was one Sabbath night. During the day he had heard a sermon on the text in Hosea x. 12: "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you." This discourse was just suited to his state of mind, and was moreover rendered easy of apprehension, and interesting by its agricultural allusions. That night he was enabled to believe "with the heart unto righteousness." And now his lips were opened to declare the salvation of God. When visited on the following morning by the friend to whom allusion has been made, Ford exclaimed, "O how I have longed to see you, that I might tell you what God has done for my soul!" He then began to say how happy he was; and being at that time engaged in digging, he struck his spade into the ground, exclaiming, "*O, it's no work! the sods go over of themselves.*" On his religious awakening, William immediately united himself to a Methodist class, and maintained his connexion with the Wesleyan church upwards of thirty years. He was diligent in his attendance upon the means of grace, and greatly delighted in the communion of saints, so amply furnished in the classes and love-feasts of our body. His Leader remarks,—"William Ford's constant attendance at his class furnished an example to his fellow-members; whilst the manner in which he expressed his feelings, his hopes and his fears, will not soon be forgotten by them. His was not the language of a languid, doubtful hope, but that which bespoke a strong confidence in God."

The subject of this paper was exemplary in his attention to his social and relative duties. Few men have filled their allotted stations in

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life with more credit than did William Ford. He was particularly mindful of the apostolic rule, "Follow peace with all men." His excellent master yields the following honourable testimony to his diligence and fidelity:—"Ford was a good servant as to ability previous to his conversion, but subsequently he was a most faithful one; and about ten years since, on my recommendation, he received a premium of five pounds, from 'the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society,' for long and faithful services. Those services were continued for forty years without intermission." His industry and attention to the temporal welfare of his family, were more than ordinarily creditable. It is worthy of record, that though only a common labourer, and, for several years before he died, incapable of anything more than the cultivation of his own garden, yet at the time of his decease he had in the hands of his employer the respectable sum of forty pounds. And he was concerned for the spiritual well-doing of his children: on his dying bed he charged his daughter to take his place in the class, and follow him to heaven. William Ford's last illness was induced by an accident, which happened to him in the beginning of September, 1845. The day before this occurrence took place, he had attended his class with his usual punctuality; and whilst the tears of joy rolled down his furrowed cheeks, he expressed his continued faith and love in a manner deeply affecting to all present. On the following Lord's day, Sept. 10th, he exchanged mortality for life. His last words were, "I want to sink into the purple flood, and rise into all the life of God." At the close of the Sabbath he calmly entered into his rest. Being highly esteemed for his consistency and excellence, his death was deemed worthy of public notice, and a funeral sermon was preached on the occasion to a crowded congregation, by the Rev. Mr. Radford.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

BOOK OF LIFE.

In Phil. iv. 3, Paul speaks of Clement and other of his fellow labourers, "whose names are "written" in the *book of life.*" On this Heinrichs (*Annotat. in Ep. Philipp.*) observes that as the future life is represented under the image of a πολίτευμα (citizenship, community, political society) just before, (iii. 20,) it is in agreement with this to suppose (as usual) a catalogue of the citizens' names, both natural and adopted, (Luke x. 20; Rev. xx. 15; xxi. 27,) and from which the unworthy are erased. (Rev. iii. 5.) Thus the names of the good are represented as *registered in heaven.* (Phil. iv. 3.) But this by no means implies a certainty of salvation, (nor, as Doddridge remarks, does it appear that Paul in this passage had any particular revelation,) but only that at that time the persons were *on the list*, from which the names of unworthy members might be erased. This explanation is sufficient and satisfactory for the other important passage in Rev. iii. 5, where the glorified Christ promises to "him that overcometh," that he will not blot his name out of the book of life. Here, however, the illustration has been sought rather in *military* than in *civil* life, and the passage has been supposed to contain an allusion to the custom according to which the names of those who were cashiered for misconduct were erased from the muster-roll.

When God threatened to destroy the Israelites altogether, and make of Moses a great nation; the legislator implored forgiveness for them, and added, "If not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." (Exod. xxxii. 34.) By this he meant nothing so foolish or absurd as to offer to forfeit eternal life in the world to come; but only that he, and not they, should be cut off from the world, and brought to an untimely end. This has been regarded as an allusion to the records kept in the courts of justice, where the deeds of criminals are registered, and hence would signify no more than the purpose of God with reference to future events; so that to be cut off by an untimely death is to be blotted out of this book.

A sealed book (Isai. xxix. 11; Rev. v. 1—3) is a book whose contents are secret, and have for a very long time been so, and are not to be published till the seal is removed.

A book or roll written within and without, that is, on the back side, (Rev. v. 1,) may be a book containing a long series of events; it not being the custom of the ancients to write on the back side of the roll, unless when the inside would not contain the whole of the writing. (Comp. Horace, *Ep.* i. 20, 3.)

To eat a book signifies to consider it carefully, and digest it well in the mind. (Jer. xv. 16; Rev. x. 9.) A similar metaphor is used by Christ in John vi., where he repeatedly proposes himself as "the Bread of Life" to be eaten by his people.—*Kitto.*

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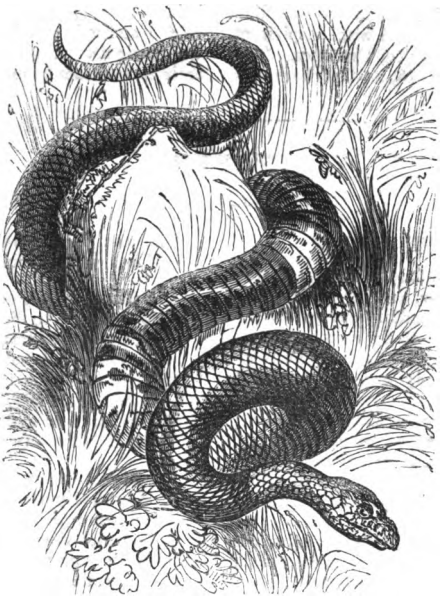

THE ASP.

THE asp is a very venomous serpent, whose poison is so subtle as to kill within a few hours with a universal gangrene.

This may well refer to the *bæten* of the Arabians, which M. Forshall describes as spotted with black and white, about one foot in length, and nearly half an inch in thickness; oviparous: its bite is instant death. It is the *aspic* of the ancients, and is so called now by the literati of Cyprus, though the common people call it *kufi*, "deaf."

I take the opportunity of introducing here a criticism of Mr. Menich upon Psal. xci. 13:—"Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." "Bochart observes, that the most ancient interpreters, the Septuagint, the Vulgate, St. Jerome, Apollinasis, the Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic versions, render the Hebrew word, which our translators have rendered 'lion,' the *asp;* and this learned critic himself thinks it probable that the Psalmist throughout this verse speaks of serpents only. He also observes that Nicander has mentioned a sort of serpent by the name of *the spotted lion;* and that the word translated 'young lion' is, in other places of Scripture, rendered by the Septuagint, *a dragon.* (See Job iv. 10; xxxviii. 39.) He likewise takes notice of the appellation of *ground-lion,* given to an animal well-known. The late learned Dr. Shaw, in a printed specimen of a natural history of animals which he once showed me, conjectured that the chameleon was so called from its leaping upon its prey like a lion: and it is not impossible that the name of lion might, for a like reason, be given to the serpent mentioned by Nicander; as also to the lion-lizard, which is, if I mistake not, mentioned by Mr. Catesby in his Natural History of South Carolina. Bochart himself, in the former part of his learned work, informs us that the chameleon is called also by more than one of the Arabian poets, *bakira,* the *lioness;* and that an animal, like the chameleon, is called in their language *leo-iphrin,* from the place where it is bred."

Were this supposition, that the Psalmist here mentions serpents only, well established, the translation of the whole verse might stand thus:—

> "Behold the asp, whose boiling veins
> Had half the poison of the plains
> Imbibed, before thee vanquish'd lie,
> And close in death his languid eye:
> Go, fearless on the dragon tread,
> And press the wrath-swoln adder's head."

To give the highest probability to the accuracy of this translation, it needs only to be remembered that "*ambulabis super leonem,*" seems quite improper, as men do not, in walking, tread upon lions, as they do upon serpents.

With the *pethen* we may compare the *Python* of the Greeks, which was, according to fable, a huge serpent that had an oracle at Mount Parnassus, famous for predicting future events. Apollo is said to have slain

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this serpent, and hence he was called Pythius. Those possessed with a spirit of divination, were also styled, Pythones. The word occurs, Acts xvi. 16, as the characteristic of a young woman who had *a Pythonic spirit;* and it is well known that the serpent was particularly respected by the Heathen in their enchantments and divinations.

POETRY.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

O! 'TWAS a dark and fatal hour when man
First stole his fellow, and, for sordid gold,
His brother into dreadful bondage sold;
For then new miseries to the race began.
What untold millions have been swept away
By fierce and bloody war, and scorching flame,
And endless treacheries without a name,
To glut man's avarice, and become his prey!
Thy plains, O Africa! are cover'd o'er
With bleached bones, and relics of that host
Who fell, heart-broken, ere they reach'd the coast:
And thou, great ocean! if thy mighty roar
Could speak of after-horrors, wouldst unfold
A tale of crime, too fearful to be told!

S.

BALAAM'S LAMENT.

A HAPPY Seer I might have been,
If faithful to my God;
But now, for all his visions seen,
I only feel his rod.
For Balak and for Midian's fear,
I fain would hide his word;
But how can I refuse to hear
The voice of Israel's Lord?

How cheerful, in my early days,
My mission seem'd to be!
The people gladly heard my lays;
My soul was calm and free.
That glorious future I foretold,
Yet sold for present gain;
The star, the sceptre's gleaming gold,
I only saw in vain.

I dread before the enemy
My mission to disclose,
Which still too strongly works in me
To please Jehovah's foes:
The vision, fading from me now,
Is bright *for others* still;
While darkness gathers round *my* brow,
On Balak's lofty hill.

The love of truth, or lust for gold,
How dearly must I rue!
I feel it now, it must be told,
I cannot worship TWO!
Now, through the thickly-gathering night,
To Midian I am led;
And Israel, in the coming fight,
Shall find her Prophet—dead.

JOSEPH GOSTICK, JUN.

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

"FIGHT the good fight of faith!" press on,
Till crown'd with glorious victory.
Your Captain has before you gone;
Your kingdom, throne, and sceptre, see.
Your standard raise, and take the field,
"Fight the good fight," and never yield.

Trample your foes beneath your feet;
A valiant, faithful soldier prove:
Till, summon'd to your Master's seat,
To wear the dazzling crown above;
Then, sweetly to your Saviour yield
Your spirit from the battle-field.

THOMAS MILLS.

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

A MELTING STORY.

No other class of men in any country possess that facetious aptness of inflicting a good-humoured revenge which seems to be innate with a Green Mountain Boy.

One winter evening, a country store-keeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night; and while standing in the snow outside, putting up his window-shutters, he saw, through the glass, a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain store-keeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief

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with a facetious sort of torture for which he might have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"I say, Seth," said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand upon the door, his hat upon his head, and the roll of new butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down: I reckon, now, on such a night as this, a leetle something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow. Come, sit down."

Seth felt very uncertain: he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off; but the temptation of "something warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him upon a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes, that while the country grocer sat before him there was no possibility of his getting out; and right in this place, sure enough, the store-keeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove-door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit: "without it, you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth: come, I've got a story to tell you, too: sit down, now;" and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"O! it's confounded hot here," said the petty thief, again attempting to rise.

"Sit down—don't be in such a plaguy hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I *must* be agoin'," continued the persecuted chap.

"But you musn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down: let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself *cool*: you appear to be fidgetty," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present condition, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a *toast* now, and you can *butter* it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity, that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's a Christmas goose—(it was about Christmas time)—here's a Christmas *goose*, well *roasted* and *basted*, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you never use hog's fat, or common cooking-butter, to baste with: fresh pound butter, just the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in nature to baste a goose with. Come, take your *butter*—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to *smoke* as well as to *melt*, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing were the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red-hot furnace before him.

"Dreadful cold night this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you was warm! Why don't you take your hat off! Here, let me put your hat away!"

"*No!*" exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat: "No! I must go—let me out—I ain't well—let me go!" A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth, if you *will* go," said the humorous Vermonter; adding, as Seth got out into the road, "Neighbour, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth a ninepence, so I shan't charge you for that *pound of butter!*"—*New-Orleans Picayune.*

HAZARDOUS ASCENT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Captain Fremont's ascent of the highest peak of the Wind River Mountains, (a chain projecting from the great range of the Rocky,) not far from the South Pass, is not without interest. It was a difficult and hazardous feat; at least, after passing the line of perpetual congelation. It is, however, much too long for extract, and we can only afford space for the last few lines, relating to the attainment of the peak:—"Putting hands and feet into crevices between the blocks, I succeeded in getting over it, and when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow-field, five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20° north, 51° east. As soon as I had gratified the

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first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would only allow one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning's ascent, we had met no sign of animal life, except the small sparrow-like bird already mentioned. A stillness the most profound, and a terrible solitude, forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here, on the summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*bromus*, "the humble bee") came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men. It was a strange place—the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains—for a lover of sunshine and flowers; so we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier, a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believe that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war; and, seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place,—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18·293, the attached thermometer at 44°; giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect. From the description given by Mackenzie of the mountains where he crossed them, with that of a French officer still farther to the north, and Colonel Long's measurements to the south, joined to the opinion of the oldest traders of the country, it is presumed that this is the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains. The day was sunny and bright, but a slight shining mist hung over the lower plains, which interfered with our view of the surrounding country. On one side we overlooked innumerable lakes and streams, the spring of the Colorado of the Gulf of California; and on the other was the Wind River valley, where were the heads of the Yellowstone branch of the Missouri; far to the north we could discover the snowy heads of just the *Trois Tetons*, where were the sources of the Missouri and Columbia rivers; and at the southern extremity of the ridge the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska or Platte river. Around us, the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length, the ridge was split into chasms and fissures; between which rose the thin lofty walls, terminated with slender minarets and columns."

EDUCATION.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADDRESSES.*

I. As to the MATTER. What ought a Sunday-school address to be? Not a sermon, much less a fine speech. Not a dry essay; (our horror of such addresses has increased from our youth up, and is still increasing;) not a profound argument; a tune well whistled would be more interesting to children; not the random recollections of an undisciplined mind; not some funny anecdote, which does not even "point a moral," nor, on the other hand, the dull aphorisms of a dull mind, cold as ice, and heavy as lead, provoking either sleep or mischief. A Visiter, in order to usefulness, must *get* and *keep* the *attention* of the children to whom he speaks; and we think the subject matter of his addresses should be,—

1. *Scriptural.*—If we want gold, let us go to the mine. He will not need the formality of a text, but may most advantageously avail himself of the interesting narratives of sacred history, and the instructive parables and miracles of our blessed Lord, and thus illustrate Christian doctrine. Take an instance: he desires to impress his youthful audience with a full belief of the humanity and divinity of Christ; need he go to the Fathers or Divines who have tossed about the ball of controversy for centuries? No. Behold the lovely sisters of Bethany at the tomb of their brother, who had "been dead four days." Jesus is there. See how he sympathizes with them in their bitter affliction: he groans in spirit, yea, he weeps! Behold the *Man!* But, lo, the blaze of divinity breaks out; and he who just now wept, has power to raise the dead. The arm upon which, probably, Martha and Mary had but recently leaned, is omnipotent. He issues the almighty mandate, "Lazarus, come forth!" and he that was dead arose, and returned to life: and now we cry, "Behold your God!" Or, does the Visiter desire to show the willingness of

* On the Character of Sunday-School Addresses. A Lecture delivered before the Lambeth Wesleyan Sunday-School Institute. By Benjamin Gough.

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Christ to save children? How will his heart glow with delight and gratitude to God, while he brings the Saviour before his young hearers, with children in his arms, putting his holy hands upon their innocent heads, and blessing them; gently chiding those who would have kept them from him, and singling out a little child, as the very type and model for those who would enter the kingdom of heaven! We might multiply instances of this character to show how every doctrine and precept of Christianity may be best taught by examples from God's word. Doctrine may be thus embodied, and precept presented alive, and thus made interesting to the youthful mind, upon which, otherwise, dry and prosy statements would fall without producing the slightest result, excepting, indeed, the impatient yawn, (so little understood by speakers,) or the slumber of apathy and indifference.

2. *Evangelical.* — Every Visiter should preach Christ, and salvation through him. It is next to useless to exhibit the evils of our nature, and the awful consequences of sin, without pointing the poor children to Christ. Many do so; and the consequence is, their hearers remain unchanged: they tell them of their disease, but not of the remedy; at least, not of God's remedy. Why is it that children are not often converted under Sunday-school addresses? They have been well instructed by their Teachers; their minds are under a gracious influence; they are predisposed to "hear words whereby they may be saved;" but the Visiter tells them some pretty tale, or drawls forth a few "wise saws," or moral maxims, belonging as much to enlightened Heathenism as to Christianity: he does not enter the desk with an *expectation* that the children he is speaking to *may* be converted under his address. If they sing in tune, and listen in decent silence, why, they are dear nice children, and all is well. Brethren, is this *right?* Surely, we miss our way and mislead them when we teach the frozen precepts of a lifeless morality, before the children have submitted to Christ as their Saviour, before their unregenerate hearts have been renewed by faith in the all-atoning blood of the covenant. Salvation is intended for children: let us not, in future, be afraid to offer it. This is the only remedy which meets the desperate case; and any teaching which falls short in this respect, is an error involving fatal consequences.

3. *Practical.*—We should give the children something to *do*. Repentance is something to be *done*. Faith and holiness require activity and earnestness. Prayer, reading God's word, attendance on the means of grace, obedience to parents, speaking the truth, self-denial, cultivation of mind and memory,—here is something to do: everything connected with religion demands a *working* habit. Religion is holiness in motion. Many Christians are never more than half awake. One is asthmatic, another ricketty, a third apoplectic, and a fourth paralytic, *simply because they are all indolent.* Let us try to make the rising generation *working* Christians. A slothful professor is the bane of the church. We have in our congregations hundreds of drones, who do nothing for God. Were heaven to be peopled by their instrumentality, it would be but a solitary place: their only movement is like that of the door on its hinges. It is probable that these persons received no impetus in their youth, or they would not, in after-years,

> "Sleep their useless lives away,
> In soft Laodicean ease."

Let us teach the children that religion has *relative* as well as personal claims,—that they must give as well as get; and, after imbuing them with right principles, let us constantly urge upon them to follow out principles to results, to develop strength by effort, till the harness of discipline may be laid aside, and the whole soul is brought under the omnipotent mastery of Christianity in its two cardinal principles, love to God in the heart, and love to man in the life.

II. We proceed, secondly, to notice the MANNER of Sunday-school addresses. Here, of course, a variety must necessarily exist. We employ Barnabas, as well as Boanerges; the sententious, and the discursive. One may excel in the catechetical mode; another may not be able to do so; but whatever mode be preferred, we think the following suggestions may be useful:—

1. *Be serious.*—But seriousness is not melancholy: we must not be sour or morose; this makes religion repulsive; but let us show the sober earnestness of one who speaks what he feels, and feels what he speaks. While you urge the importance of religion, do not forget that it is intended to produce *happiness*, not to frighten by its frown, but to win by its smile; not to repel the returning sinner by the thunders of Sinai, but to embrace the prodigal in the loving arms of a forgiving Father, and fill his bounding heart with joy. Speak, therefore, the truth "in love;" be serious, but cheerful; and speak as one who *believes* that we are authorized to offer to every child the only remedy for the evils of sin, and that this remedy is placed within their reach.

2. *Be simple.*—But to be simple is not to be childish, weak, or silly. Simplicity is the soul of eloquence, and eloquence the soul of simplicity. Great things are always simple. The greatest sayings are the plainest. The fame of Dr. Watts rests more on his Hymns for Children, than on his other writings. Stooping to be simple, he became sublime; but in many of his Hymns and Psalms, labouring to be fine, he became puerile. It

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is worse than useless for a speaker to soar above the clouds, unless, indeed, he could carry his audience with him. Had Butler been less abstruse, he would have been more useful. It is surely no mark of greatness that a speaker should shoot over the heads of his hearers. Let us be plain, avoiding all compound epithets and fine words, and always keeping clear of all those simpering insipidities, called pretty sayings, and of every term which approaches *cant*. Christianity is manly and dignified; so also is our noble mother tongue, in which it is our privilege to teach it.

3. *Be short.*—A man who aims only to do good may say much in little time. Some speakers run round their subject for the first half-hour, and run away from it during the second; they make religion a roundabout sort of a thing, which no one can understand: when they wish to tell you that two and two make four, their endless proofs, and confusion of words, almost shake one's faith in the fact they try to prove. They say nothing by the hour. Let us go the nearest way to our own conclusions: it is always the best road. What an error is it to imagine, because the children of Israel were forty years in the wilderness, that therefore there is no shorter way to Canaan! Blessed be God, we have the "new and living way." Great truths may be condensed in few words. The hardened heathen jailer of Phillippi was taught the way of faith in less time than is usually occupied by a Sunday-school Visiter. St. Peter's glorious sermon on the day of Pentecost was very short, but three thousand were converted under it. We want your addresses to be pointed, earnest, plain, and affectionate, and all this in twelve or fifteen minutes. Say not, this cannot be done. Try! in the name of God, and with a single eye to his glory. You cannot do it in your own strength: feel your own weakness, that God may show forth his power, and the blowing of a ram's-horn shall fetch down the walls of Jericho. Help yourselves, and "God shall help you, and that right early."

III. The OBJECT of Sunday-school addresses has been unintentionally anticipated. We shall, therefore, only remark that it is threefold, embracing the *moral*, *spiritual*, and *eternal* interests of the children. The first can only be effectually promoted by the enforcement of the second, and the third is a natural consequence of the two first. We cannot be moral, in a Gospel sense, unless we are spiritual, nor can we be spiritual without being moral; and if both results follow upon teaching, we thereby, under God, further the *eternal* happiness of the children to whom we speak: the children are saved, and God is glorified.

CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN.

MATT. XIX. 13, 14. "Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Probably these children

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were brought by some of the followers of our Saviour, who desired not only to devote themselves to Jesus, but all that they had, their infants as well as themselves. The Jews, from time immemorial, were accustomed to devote their children to God by circumcision; it was therefore natural that in the new dispensation they should also be dedicated to him. The parents and guardians of these little ones sought that our Lord would "put his hands upon them, and pray." It was customary among the Jews, when blessings were sought by others in prayer, to lay the hands upon the head of the person prayed for, implying a kind of conservation to God. (Gen. xlviii. 14; Matt. ix. 18.) They imagined that the prayers of Prophets and other persons distinguished for their holiness were most prevailing with God; and were therefore anxious to bring their children to them, to obtain whatever benefit might be derived from their intercessions. It is said, "the disciples rebuked them," that is, those who brought them. Various reasons have been assigned for their doing this. Perhaps they thought the application troublesome and unreasonable, as their Lord was then in a crowd, and engaged in a very important decision; or it may be, as Wetstein conjectures, that they were displeased at the interruption, being deeply interested in the discourse on matrimony, and being anxious to put some curious questions on the subject; or, perhaps they thought the children were too young. At the refusal of the disciples, Mark assures us that our Lord was "much displeased," because it was a pleasure to him to receive and bless little children; and also his disciples were doing what they were not commanded, interfering in a case in which it was utterly improper. "Of such," said our Saviour, "is the kingdom of heaven," evidently the church of Christ; implying that of persons with the temper and disposition of children the church is to be composed, including humility, teachableness, and a want of ambition. How happy would it be if all parents felt it to be their privilege to present their children to Christ! Our children are given to us but for a little time. They are in a world of danger, sin and woe. If God be not their friend, they *have* no friend that can aid them in the day of adversity, or keep them from the snares of the destroyer. If *He* be their friend, they have nothing to fear. A greater and more valuable inheritance our children cannot receive than the favour of God.

POPERY.

A PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF RELICS AT ROME.

(*Continued from page 254.*)

Some earth from Mount Calvary, saturated with the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A bottle full of the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A bottle full of the milk of the most blessed Virgin Mary.

A piece of the sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A piece of Mount Calvary.

A piece of the place where Christ was smitten.

A stone from the place where Christ was born.

A piece of the stone where the Angel stood at the annunciation to the most holy Virgin.

A piece from the house of the most holy Virgin.

A piece from the house where our Lord was sitting when he pardoned Mary Magdalene.

A piece of the stone where our Lord sat after having fasted.

A piece of the stone on which Christ wrote the words, given through Moses, on Sinai.

A piece from the place whence our Lord ascended to heaven.

A piece of the stone from the grave of Lazarus.

A piece from the place where the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ was found.

A piece from the stone where St. Peter and St. Paul repose.

A piece of the cotton, in which was collected the precious blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Some of the manna with which God fed the Israelites in the wilderness.

Some relics of eleven Prophets.

A portion of Aaron's rod, that budded.

A portion of the head of St. John the Baptist.

A portion of the head of St. Clement, Pope and martyr.

Some relics of Prossede, virgin and martyr.

Some of the skin and hair of St. Catherine, of Sienna.

A tooth of St. Peter.

A tooth of St. Gordan.

Some bones of St. John the Baptist.

Some relics of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Some bones of St. Bartholomew, the Apostle.

Some relics of St. James, the Apostle and brother of our Lord.

Some bones of the holy Innocents.

A portion of the thigh of St. Lawrence.

A portion of the shoulder of Beagius, the Bishop and martyr.

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Some bones of Saints Fabean, Sabastian, and Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Some bones of Saints Hippolitus, Agapitus, Epiphanius, Dionysius.

Some relics of Saints Cosmo and Damien, martyrs, and of St. Urban the Pope.

Some relics of Sixtus, the Pope.

A knee of St. Giordan, the martyr.

Some bones of St. Nicholas, the Bishop.

Some relics of St. Somnus, Regulus, Nereas, Ernute, Benedict, Helarion.

A stone from the house of St. Peter, the Apostle.

A stone from where St. Catherine, the virgin and martyr, reposes.

Some bones of Mary Magdalene.

Some bones of Saints Petronella, Anastasia, Potusiana, Agnes, Euphemia.

Some relics of St. Elizabeth, the Queen and widow.

Some relics of Saints Bridget, Giulian, Felicite, Catherine, Margaret, virgins and martyrs.

Some relics of the eleven thousand martyrs.

One hundred and thirty-seven cases of other relics of Saints, both male and female, whose name antiquity has not distinguished.

An image of the Pieta, in Mosaic, found among the relics in the reliquary which belonged to Pope Gregory.

This catalogue of relics is placed conspicuously in the church, near the high altar. A very large proportion of them were exposed in a case on the altar; and, strange as it may seem to us, they were undoubtingly believed in, and devoutly worshipped, by the people.

At four o'clock there were vespers, with music in the choir-chapel, a sort of transept to the church. Then all the Monks of the convent, to which the church belongs, formed a procession, and passed by a private way into the convent. From the convent they moved into the subterranean chapel of St. Helena. This chapel is underground: it is beneath the convent and behind the church. There I was waiting to see them, and there the procession of Monks entered, every Monk carrying a lighted candle, and all realizing those scenes so often described in romances. They passed through this chapel, the floor of which is said to be formed of holy earth brought from Calvary, and all knelt before the privileged altar, opposite to that of St. Helena. The Bishop knelt at their head, adoring the Host on the altar; and after repeating a short service there, they ascended by a flight of steps, and in procession entered the body of the church. The cross was carried before them as they passed down the church, and returned by the great aisle or nave. They thus approached the high altar; they prostrated themselves before it; they sung, on their knees, a *Te Deum* and *a Litany to the Saints*. After this they retired to make arrangements for the more special exhibition of the principal relics; and then the whole assembly became a scene of increasing movement, by the passing to and fro of little processions, of various fraternities, dressed in blue, and white, and black, in all varieties of colour, and carrying banners of every hue.

Before I proceed to describe this, I have one observation to make.

When the procession of Bishops and Monks knelt before the altar in the subterranean chapel, the consecrated Host was on the altar. Before this consecrated Host, as their visible and present God, they prostrated themselves. And this act of worship, however we may disapprove of it as idolatrous, is at least intelligible. But when this procession of Bishops and Monks knelt before the high altar of the church, the consecrated Host was not there; but, in its stead, was *a case of relics*. This case was divided into about a hundred minute compartments, each compartment containing a small particle of a bone, or of a thread, or of a stone, or some such fraction of a relic, with a minute label on each with the name of the Saint whose relic it was supposed to be. This case, which I carefully examined, was on the altar in the place of the consecrated Host; and to this case of relics the Bishop and Monks knelt, prostrating themselves, and exhibiting precisely the same form of worship as they had exhibited a few moments before to the consecrated Host, as their present and visible God. What may have been passing in their hearts or heads it is not for me to say; but it is most certain that neither I nor any other person present could detect the slightest difference between their worship of the Host and their worship of the relics.

(*To be continued.*)

POPISH BULLS.

How do Papal bulls, canons, or constitutions, infallible, whether by the decree of the Church collected in Council, or the Church dispersed,—how do they come into operation in any country? There are two opinions on the manner in which Papal bulls and constitutions are brought into operation. One of them is, that the bare publication of any bull at Rome is sufficient to make it binding in every Roman Catholic nation; and thus I believe it is held by the Roman Catholic Bishops in this country, and by all the ultra-Montanists.

But there is another opinion on the subject; namely, that whenever Papal bulls are received by the Bishops of a country, and published in the country, that there they are binding. In this point there is no difference of opinion in the whole Church of Rome. Now, this is not only admitted by the Roman Catholic Bishops here, but this was the very point insisted on by them as their defence for not being bound by certain bulls in this country, when they were examined as to their being in force, I beg your attention to this, Here is Dr.

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M'Hale's evidence. He was asked respecting a certain bull of a most atrocious character,—the "Bulla Cœna Domini," and here is his answer:—

Examination of Dr. M'Hale; Appendix, 8th Report of Commissioners, No. 37, p. 290:

"You will observe, that so late as the year 1741, there is a bull excommunicating all persons, without exception, or without any limitation of time or place, who bring Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics before lay tribunals: can you explain how it is that that does not apply to the case that is put?

"With regard to bulls of this sort, they are never binding upon us unless we receive and publish them: that bull was probably never published in this country, and therefore we have nothing to do with its contents."

You will observe here, that in proving the reason why it is not binding, namely, because it is not published, he proves that it would be binding if it were. Again, he is asked, next page, 291,—

"How would it be known by a Roman Catholic Clergyman in this country, whether a particular bull of the Pope was or was not received in Ireland?

"Either from his Bishop or the Metropolitan.

"Supposing it was thought desirable to know whether a particular bull had been published in this country or not, how could that be ascertained?

"From the Bishops.

"Is there any official or other means by which it would be possible to ascertain what bulls have been received in Ireland during the last century?

"I cannot say. I should think Dr. Murray, or Dr. Kelly, or those Bishops who are old in the ministry, would be able to furnish information upon the subject: but as far as my information extends, none have been received."

Now observe, he not only proves that where bulls are received in a country they are binding, but he says that the Priest is to know from his Bishop, or Metropolitan, whether a certain bull has been received or not; and he refers to one whom he names as the highest authority in the Church, Dr. Murray. Again: Dr. Doyle, in his evidence before the House of Lords, on the same bull, says, (Report, p. 504,)—

"Is the bull *in Cœna Domini* now in force?

"There are portions of that bull that were in force since the time of Christ: but the bull, as a bull, is not in force, nor ever was in force in Ireland, and has been rejected from almost all the Christian countries of Europe. If that were in force, there is scarcely anything would be at rest among the Catholic states of Europe; and they have been as solemn and as earnest in protesting against it, as we have been at any period in England or in Ireland.

"Was not the same bull, namely, the bull *in Cœna Domini*, declared to be in force in the year 1793?

"Not only that, but it may, for aught I know, have been declared during the last year to have been in force. But their declaring it to be so in force does not make it to be in force with us. We have never received it, and surely never will."

Now you will recollect what he says of the nature of this bull, to which we will refer hereafter; but its not being in force, you perceive, he rests entirely on the ground that it has not been received in other countries, nor in Ireland: therefore its reception puts it in force, by his own evidence. I shall quote but one authority more on this. The Professor of Canon Law in the College of Maynooth, Dr. Slevin, is examined before the Commissioners of Education:—

"In what manner is it determined in Ireland whether any particular bull that may come into this country is received or not received in the country, so as to form a portion of its canon law?

"By the same rule as in all other countries; by its publication, or general adoption in practice?

"Its publication, in what manner?

"If it be published in the country, we then consider that it is binding."

He here explicitly lays down the principle of its reception. Now it is impossible to have higher evidence than this: here are the Roman Archbishop and Bishop, and here is the Professor of Canon Law in their college, declaring that a certain bull is not in force, because not received in the country; and that where it is received in the country, that there it is binding. I trust it is established to your satisfaction, that when a bull is received by the Bishops of a country, then it is binding.—*Rev. R. J. M. M'Ghee, on the Papal Laws of Ireland.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SAINT ETHELDREDA. Oct. 17th.

She was a Princess of distinguished piety, daughter of Anna, King of the East-Angles, and Hereswitha his Queen, and was born about the year 630, at Ixning, a small village in Suffolk. She was educated at home under the care and inspection of her illustrious parents; and, in her childhood, her mildness of temper and innocence of behaviour, added to the beauty of her person, rendered her the delight of all about her. Etheldreda early devoted herself to the service of God, and resolved to remain single: at the earnest solicitation of her parents, however, she at length, in the year 652, married Tonbert, a principal nobleman among the East-Angles,

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and had the Isle of Ely settled on her as a dower. Her husband died in about three years, and she becoming possessed of the whole of this property, and wishing to give herself up entirely to the exercise of devotion, retired into the Isle of Ely. "The place she had chosen seemed very proper for her purpose; for, as an island, it was separated as it were from the rest of the world; and *the deepness of the waters, and extensiveness of the fens, which encompassed it,* rendered it very difficult of access; so that nature seemed to have formed it for solitude and contemplation."

But Etheldreda was not doomed to live for a long time in this recluse state: another husband was in reserve for her, and, however unwilling she might be to enter again into connubial bonds, she was, after much persuasion from King Ethelwolf, married to Prince Egfrid, at York, with great pomp and solemnity. Egfrid was not more than fifteen or sixteen years old. In the year 670, Oswy, the father of this young man, died, and Etheldreda was now Queen of the greatest of the Saxon Kings. Her exalted station, however, made no change in her sentiments, and she solicited permission from her husband to retire into a monastery; who, wearied with her importunities, at last granted her request, and she accordingly took the veil at Coldingham Abbey, in Yorkshire, over which Ebba, the King's aunt, then presided. After some time, Egfrid was advised to take his wife by force from this retirement; but the Queen, being informed of it, fled into the Isle of Ely, where, in the year 673, she founded the conventual church of Ely, with the adjoining convent. Of this monastery she was constituted Abbess, the Monks and Nuns living in society and regular order. It flourished for nearly two hundred years, but was destroyed, with its inhabitants, by the Danes, in 870. In Bentham's "History of Ely," (4to., London, 1771, pp. 46—59,) from which the above narrative has been collected, there are three curious plates relative to St. Etheldreda. The first is the effigies of the saint, in which she is portrayed with a pastoral staff in one hand, and is looking earnestly on a book which lies open in the other. The second represents her marriage with Egfrid, and the ceremony of her taking the veil. The third contains the history of some miraculous events which happened to Etheldreda in her travels from York to Ely; particularly the budding of her pilgrim's staff, which she had fixed in the ground while she slept.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bechervaise, Mrs.,	Portsea,	Portsmouth	52	May 1st, 1846.
Bell, Mrs.,	Kennington,	Fifth London,		May 21st, 1846.
Boniton, Mrs. Thomas,		Pickering,	37	May 25th, 1846.
Chubb, Charles, Esq.,	Barnsbury Park,	Islington,	75	May 16th, 1846.
Churches, Mr. John,		Cheltenham,	56	May 14th, 1846.
Clough, Mr. William,		Stourport,	21	May 30th, 1846.
Disney, Mary,	Quorndon,	Loughborough,	34	May 15th, 1846.
Dove, Mr. Thomas,		Gravesend,	76	May 6th, 1846.
Durrie, Rev. Samuel H.,	Wesleyan Minister,	Rye,	29	May 30th, 1846.
Fairweather, Mrs.,	Walworth,	Fifth London,	48	May 23d, 1846.
Findlay, Rev. George,	Missionary,	Cape Coast Castle,		Mar. 10th, 1846.
Gill, Mrs.,	West Keal,	Spilsby,	80	April 17th, 1846.
Haime, Miss,		Newport, Mon.	16	May 21st, 1846.
Hall, Mrs.,	Dartford,	Gravesend,	76	May 22d, 1846.
Hall, Mary,	Howard-Town,	Glossop,	23	April 3d, 1846.
Hambly, William,	Woolley,	Kilkhampton,	75	May 12th, 1846.
Hamer, Rev. Thomas,	Wesleyan Minister,	Nottingham, South	54	May 25th, 1846.
Holmes, Mrs.,		Leeds,	70	May 12th, 1846.
Hughes, Mary,	Ellesmore,	Warrington,	22	April 8th, 1846.
Kempster, Mr.,	Whickham,	Gateshead,	84	May 15th, 1846.
Maxwell, Mr. D.,	St. Petersburgh,	Russia,		April 22d, 1846.
Medcalf, Mr. William,		Leamington,		May 21st, 1846.
Mottram, Mr.,		Shrewsbury,	53	Feb. 25th, 1846.
Myers, Mrs.,	Skendleby,	Spilsby,		April 22d, 1846.
Parry, Mrs. Sarah,		Swansea,	50	May 14th, 1846.
Pickering, Mr. James,	Maralin,	Moira & Dromore,		May 27th, 1846.
Sharp, Mrs.,		Dublin,	49	May 24th, 1846.
Smith, Mr. Frederick U.,	Chorlton-terrace,	Manchester,	30	June 1st, 1846.
Townsend, Miss,	Farringdon,	Wantage,	25	April 22d, 1846.
Warlow, Mrs.,		Birmingham, West,	62	May 10th, 1846.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

NOVEMBER, 1846.

THE CASE OF THE APOSTATES MENTIONED IN THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

In one of his Epistles to the Corinthians, the Apostle writes: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." And though precisely the same words do not occur in the Epistle to the Hebrews, the impressive sentiment is repeated again and again. Indeed one principal object of the Epistle is, to guard the Hebrew Christians against that fearful sin;—to deter them from apostacy.

But how does the Apostle seek to accomplish so desirable an end? Is it possible, or is it not possible, for a believer to fall from grace and perish everlastingly? is, without doubt, an interesting question; but it is a question which the Apostle does not argue. To argue such a question, in the abstract, is plainly no part of his design. In fact, some had already "fallen away;" and by their apostacy they had crucified the Son of God afresh, "putting him to an open shame." Not only had they made shipwreck of faith: that wreck was total and irreparable. This mournful fact the Apostle employs as a deterring example to others; evincing thereby, that it is indeed "a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The case of these apostates is, on many accounts, entitled to a careful and devout consideration; and the design of this paper is to bring the most important features of the subject under the notice of pious and intelligent readers. The first particular to which we call attention is the fact—

That the condition into which these apostates had fallen was one of UNPARDONABLE *guilt and* HOPELESS *misery.*

This will not be denied; and therefore it needs not to be largely insisted upon. All doubt on this particular would seem to be excluded by the following considerations. "It is *impossible* to renew them again unto repentance." It is indeed contended by some, that the word *may* signify, not "absolute impossibility," but a something so very difficult as to approach to impossibility. To say the least, however, the difficulties attending this qualified sense of the word are such, that nothing but a real impossibility of explaining the passage without it can render it tolerable. The same word occurs in the following, but in no other instance in our Epistle: "By two immutable things, in which it was *impossible* for God to lie.—For it is *not possible* that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins.—Without faith it is *impossible* to please God." So far, therefore, as the usage of this Epistle is concerned, the word denotes

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what is simply *impossible*. Again: "There remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation." Again, the apostates are said to "draw back unto perdition." And in another place (vi. 8) they are plainly represented as being "rejected, nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned." Looking, therefore, at the whole case as it is stated and represented in the inspired record, we must conclude it to be one of guilt for which *no remedy* existed, of misery to which *no hope* remained. The next topic to which we shall advert is—

THE STATE FROM WHICH *these apostates fell away*.

To bring this part of the subject at once into view we quote the following at large: "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, *and have fallen away*,* to renew them again unto repentance." (Heb. vi. 4—6.)

Had not this scripture been directly opposed to certain views conscientiously entertained by some truly pious and very estimable men, relative to the final perseverance of the saints, we can scarcely doubt but the fact would have been at once admitted that, taken altogether, these words describe a state of *saving grace* and true *evangelical holiness*. In this light we, of course, regard them. In the same light we also regard ch. x. 26 of this Epistle: "We have received the knowledge of the truth." In confirmation of these views we now proceed to offer a few remarks.

These unhappy apostates "were once enlightened." A mode of expression which clearly denotes their saving conversion to the faith of Christ; their being brought to a vital and experimental "knowledge of the truth" as it is in Jesus. Precisely the same expression occurs Heb. x. 32, "After ye were illuminated." And from the context it is manifest that the change denoted by this expression was one which placed the subject of it in a state of spiritual life, and hope, and blessedness. Being thus "illuminated," they courageously "endured a great fight of afflictions;" and they "took *joyfully* the spoiling" of their earthly "goods," knowing in themselves, that they had "in heaven a better and an enduring substance." Now, without all controversy, "here is the patience of the *saints;* here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Here, without question, is that faith which is "of the operation of God;" that divine assurance, that holy joy, that blessed hope, which can exist only in a state of grace and acceptance with God. And yet the entire change by which they had thus "passed from death unto life," is denoted by this single expression, "Ye were enlightened."†

They have "tasted of the heavenly gift." We know, indeed, that "every

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* So this clause is rendered by Macknight, Stuart, Bloomfield, Wesley, and translators generally. The English version has it, "*If* they shall fall away." But even Calvinistic interpreters admit that this cannot be defended. In fact, the "if" is a mere interpolation: it has no place in the inspired original.

† The above are the only instances in which the verb φωτιζω occurs in this Epistle; and the sense appears to be the same in both. With regard to the former, Calvinistic commentators generally take the word in an unnatural or unmeaning sense; but in the latter instance they sometimes give it the more obvious sense which we have assigned to it. Poole's "Annotations" may be taken as a sample of both. On chap. vi. 4, we have a most unsatisfactory representation, the purport of which amounts to this: "The persons intended are such as have been brought out of the darkness of Judaism, see with *a new light* spiritual things, and have the mind raised up to such objects as they knew not before; but they have no *new eyes* or understanding given them, and so are but as devils like angels of light!" But on chap. x. 32, the annotators explain the word "enlightened," to mean: "They were *convinced* of the truth of the Gospel, and *received it in the love of it*, and testified the *truth of their being Christ's*, by their suffering for him," &c.

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good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." But here the phrase is definite and emphatic, "The heavenly gift." That is, God's best and greatest gift to dying man,—"eternal life by Jesus Christ;" pardon, and grace, and holiness. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ;" and "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." (John iii. 36.) Not yet in the full fruition of its blessedness; but he has "*tasted* of the heavenly gift." To taste that gift can mean no less than to know it truly and experimentally. Thus Jesus is said to "*taste* death." Thus the Psalmist would have us to "*taste* and see that the Lord is good." And to have "*tasted* that the Lord is gracious" is a spiritual mark of "being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible."

They have been "made partakers of the Holy Ghost." Doubtless as the great principle of spiritual life, and power, and blessedness. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." But thus to be made "partakers of the Holy Ghost," is to possess the character and enjoy the privileges of them that believe; for we "receive the promise of the Spirit through faith;" and "the Spirit giveth life."

They have "tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come." This page will be perused by some to whom "the word of God" has often been "quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword;" "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." You have felt its power both to kill and to make alive; to wound and heal; to fill with "godly sorrow," and to turn that sorrow into joy. The testimony of your own experience directly harmonized with the words of the Psalmist: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart." And from what you there enjoyed and felt, you may conclude with safety what the Apostle means when, speaking of these now fallen souls, he says, "They have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come." But this can be affirmed only of them that have "through grace believed." "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

It is farther manifest that these apostates had been the subjects of "repentance unto life." One dreadful feature of their present condition is, that "it is impossible to renew them again unto repentance." Not simply to bring them to repentance, but "*to renew them again* unto repentance." Such is the obvious meaning of the Apostle's words. He plainly looked upon their former repentance as a state to which it would be a signal mercy if they could be again renewed. But this, alas! had now become "impossible."

Upon the whole, the expressions here employed are so decisive, so strong and clear, as fully to justify Mr. Wesley's conclusion; namely, "that they cannot, without gross and palpable wresting, be understood of any but true believers." Upon every fair and natural principle of interpretation, this conclusion is inevitable. The state from which these persons fell away was not a state of mere profession, but one of true and saving grace; and for anything that appears to the contrary, as high a state of salvation as any to which believers generally have attained.

Having thus far endeavoured to ascertain the present and the former state of the apostates, we purpose, in the next place, to consider—

The CHARACTER *of their apostacy.*

Every attentive reader of the Epistle to the Hebrews must perceive that the apostacy under consideration was of a very *decided* and even of a *flagrant* character. This circumstance must not be overlooked. There is such a thing as partial and even concealed apostacy: there are such characters as backsliders "in heart." Nor do we deny that such a state involves a serious amount both of condemnation and of peril. But *the case* contemplated by the Apostle is

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one of much more flagrant criminality. These men had openly "denied the faith:" they had openly denied "the Lord that bought them." Hence the apostate is supposed to "sin wilfully,—to crucify the Son of God afresh,—to count the blood of the covenant an unholy thing,—to do despite unto the Spirit of grace,—and to forsake the assemblies of the Christian church." The particular force of some of these expressions will be considered presently. All that we infer from them at present is, that the apostacy was of a decided, open, flagrant character. Nor let us here forget the melancholy fact that, even in the present day, some of the most bitter invectives and the most shocking blasphemies that have ever been uttered against religion and against God, have proceeded from the lips of men "who were once enlightened:" men who professed the religion of Jesus, and who (their own conscience still being witness) enjoyed the salvation of the Gospel. So that, dreadful as the thought really is, it can by no means be deemed "a thing incredible," that persons whose previous state was such as we have before described, should "fall away," and even sink into the lowest depths of enmity to Christ. But facts of this description go far to establish the conclusion that, in such a case, the apostate still "feels the power of the truth which he has abnegated, and can save himself from it only by *a war of annihilation*, in which he is driven forward to the abyss we have described." But,—

Secondly, This apostacy was attended with, and characterized by, *peculiar aggravations*. This point deserves our most particular attention. How far it may be possible clearly to ascertain the precise character of these peculiar aggravations, is a question; but of their existence no doubt can well be entertained. Doubtless, there is much in the case before us that is of common concernment; much that is fitted to *warn* "every man." But there are also some things peculiar to the time at which the Apostle wrote, and to the parties then more immediately concerned. And cases do but seldom occur in which it is of greater consequence, *rightly to divide* "the word of truth."

To proceed. These peculiar aggravations we look upon as giving the case before us that terrible *specialty*, that specific criminalness, which rendered it an inexpiable and unpardonable offence; a sin not to be purged "with sacrifice and offering for ever," and which could find no forgiveness, "neither in this world, neither in the world to come." These fearful aggravations of a fearful crime are thus set forth; and we quote the several passages together that this part of the subject also may be at once brought fully into view. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation; which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him; God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to his own will?" (Heb. ii. 3, 4.) "They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." (Heb. vi. 6.) "If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins." (Heb. x. 26.) "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses: of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?" (Heb. x. 28, 29.) In the conduct thus described, we cannot fail to distinguish the following characters of aggravated guilt.

1. A grievous *wilfulness*. In one sense, every man that sins, sins "wilfully." Man neither sins nor perishes of necessity, or by constraint. But surely it is not every wilful sin, committed even after conversion to God, that will bring a man into this fearful state. When the Apostle says, "If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more

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sacrifice for sins," his meaning plainly is, "If we wilfully and deliberately *apostatize* from Christ, after the manner described in this Epistle." This is the wilful sin of which the Apostle speaks: and in the case of those who had thus "fallen away," how great must have been its wilfulness! The truth, and power, and blessedness of the Gospel had been most fully demonstrated, both to their outward senses and to their inward consciousness. They had "received the *knowledge* of the truth." They had "*tasted* of the heavenly gift; *tasted* the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come." And to them this "great salvation" had been outwardly confirmed, "both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost." To deny the truth under such circumstances, is indeed to "sin wilfully." And though not fully to the same extent, yet thus, in an awful sense, does every deliberate apostate from the faith of Christ "sin wilfully." And sure as he has once "received the knowledge of the truth," so sure it is that at the bottom of his soul there will generally be found the damning consciousness that he is *acting* "a lie."

2. *Maliciousness* and *profaneness* with regard to the *person* of the divine Redeemer. They "crucify afresh" and have "trodden under foot the Son of God." And though this also is done in a lower sense by all deliberate apostates and wilful unbelievers, these terms must be explained with a particular reference to the case before us. There can be no doubt but this Epistle was intended originally for *Jewish Christians;* that is, for Hebrew converts to the faith of Jesus. And it has been justly remarked that, in the case of such persons, apostacy implied a return to Judaism; and that, again, implied a return to a state of active and malicious hostility to Christ. When Saul of Tarsus persecuted the followers of Jesus, as he himself informs us, he "compelled them to blaspheme." Nor must this be regarded as the mere effect of personal hostility and private hatred to the Christians, although he was "exceeding mad against them." Such rather appears to have been *the rule* adopted by Jewish persecutors from the beginning. "Of the Jews who became Christians," says an eminent writer, "and returned to Judaism, we find, from history, that they required a blasphemy against Christ." The same writer remarks, with apparent justice: "Their apostacy could not take place then, any more than it could take place now, without a blasphemy against Christ, or, in so far as an inward witness testified, against the Holy Ghost." In this view of the subject, writers of the highest character concur. "The two passages in this Epistle (chap. vi. 6; x. 39) which relate to blasphemy against Christ, as a person justly condemned and crucified," says Mr. Horne, "are peculiarly adapted to the situation of communities in Palestine; and it is difficult to read these passages without inferring that several Christians had really apostatized and openly blasphemed Christ." Thus did they "crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." Of course, "we may conceive of an apostacy, in which such wickedness against Christ and the Holy Spirit does not take place." But such a falling away, even if it should prove fatal to the apostate, would not constitute that fearful and *specific* crime of which the Apostle treats.

(*To be continued.*)

THE THEATRE.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL DUNN.

AVOID the theatre,

"That Serbonian bog, where armies whole have sunk."

Those who frequent it are the thoughtless and dissipated votaries of fashion; idlers, who do nothing or have nothing to do, who resort to places of diversion that they may relieve their dulness and kill time; and profligates of both

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sexes, whose purpose it is to seduce the young and unwary. The players are in general some of the very worst of characters. One performer is so much addicted to habits of drunkenness that he frequently fails to appear, and sometimes presents himself in a condition which unfits him for acting his part. Another is notoriously living in illicit connexion with some debauchee, and yet appears before her audience as unblushingly as if she were known to be innocent and virtuous. And will you consent to place your feelings under the sway of a profligate or a prostitute? The plays that are acted are stained by impurity. Licentious characters are presented with daring effrontery. Language is employed that would not be endured in any decent society. Scenes of indelicate humour are exhibited, at which the spectators are expected to laugh. Lascivious maxims, unchaste innuendoes, and wanton gestures are introduced, and sometimes an illicit amour, with all its vile and polluted accompaniments.

The theatre is the scene of unmingled impurity. Impurity forms the education of the actors, taints their language, disposes their costume, directs their oratory, and presides over the music. Impurity treads the boards, occupies the boxes, sports on the benches, and heaps her abominations in the lobbies of the house. You cannot, my young friend, frequent such a nursery of vice without great expense of money and time, nor without having your mind polluted by unchaste ideas, and your heart hardened against all that is good. Thousands have cursed the day that they first entered within its precincts. By the wisest and the best of men in all ages it has been condemned. Socrates says, that "plays are unbecoming and pernicious pastimes." Plato, that "they raise the passions, and pervert the use of them, and are, consequently, dangerous to morality." Plutarch, that "they are lascivious vanities and contagious evils." Tertullian remarks, "We Christians have nothing to do with the lewdness of the playhouse." "Plays," says Archbishop Tillotson, "are intolerable, and not fit to be permitted in a civilized, much less a Christian, nation." Sir Matthew Hale says, "Plays are pernicious, and corrupt youth." Judge Bulstrade observes, that "one playhouse ruins more souls than fifty churches can save."

THE BOND OF CHRISTIAN UNION.

LET us distinctly discern WHAT IT IS UNITES US WITH ALL REAL CHRISTIANS, our fellow-heirs in the kingdom of heaven. It is "the truth as it is in Jesus." It is Jesus, and faith in him. Wherever there is a soul resting on God's word, believing in Jesus, trusting only in him, to whom Jesus is precious, and who glories in his name, there is one united to Christ, loving him, and his people, and all men for his sake, and so indissolubly united to all who believe in him. Our Lord Jesus Christ, he, and he only, is the grand centre of attraction and union. It is not episcopal ordination in unbroken succession; it is not a peculiar form of liturgy; it is not the sacraments administered by certain persons, or the various peculiarities in opposition to these, which any denomination may make their glory, that distinguishes the true church of Christ. Jesus, Jesus only, the sum and substance of the Scriptures; faith in him, living, purifying faith, working by love, and overcoming the world, here is the mark which is upon every Christian; here is the bond which unites him with his fellow-Christians. "For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love." We all "have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand." "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: which were born, not of blood, nor of

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the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." O would you be united to the blessed company of which we have been speaking, delay not to come immediately, with all your load of guilt, to the precious Saviour. Continually he "waits to be gracious" to us, and to welcome returning sinners. He will give you his Spirit, he will show you his truth, and thus he will unite you to his people, and he will prepare you for his glory. He will pray for you, and hold up your goings in his paths, and never leave you nor forsake you. Let me commend this great, this only Redeemer to every one of your souls. I know him to be full of power, full of pity, full of love. I have myself experienced his grace all through my life. He is to me a tried Saviour. How heartily then can I beseech you "to taste and see that the Lord is good!"—*Rev. E. Bickersteth.*

NEGATIVE RELIGION.

In these latter days of ease from persecution, a profession of religion may be made, and a decent outside may be preserved, without much cost. There is one class of professors, and that by no means a small one, made up of those who have received a religious education, have been trained up to an outward conformity to the precepts of the Gospel; who abstain from the open follies and corruptions of the world, but remain quite satisfied with a NEGATIVE RELIGION.

They do not profane the Sabbath.
They do not neglect the ordinances of God's house.
They do not live without a form of prayer.
They do not take the holy name of God in vain.
They do not defraud their neighbour.
They do not neglect the poor and needy.
They do not run a round of gaiety and folly.
They are not seen on the race-ground.
They do not frequent the theatre.
They do not take their place at the card-table.
They do not appear in scenes of riot and dissipation.
They are not drunkards.
They are not swearers.
They do not bring up their children without some regard to religion.
They do not cast off the fear of God.

BUT

They do not love him.
They do not experience his love shed abroad in the heart.
They do not enjoy vital, heartfelt religion.
They do not give God their hearts.
They do not delight themselves in him.
They do not esteem his word more than their necessary food.
They do not love his habitation, and the place where his honour dwelleth, though they attend it.
They do not enjoy the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.
They are not the temples of the Holy Ghost.
They are not habitations of God through the Spirit.
They have not passed from death unto life.
They are not new creatures in Christ Jesus.
They have not been translated from the kingdom of darkness.
They are not born again; consequently cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

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O that such would now stop and examine their hearts and their hopes; and let them seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near.—*English Presbyterian Messenger.*

PRETENSIONS OF MODERN INFIDELITY.

We might ask the patrons of infidelity what fury impels them to attempt the subversion of Christianity? Is it that they have discovered a better system? To what virtues are their principles favourable? Or is there one which Christians have not carried to a higher perfection than any of which their party can boast? Have they discovered a more excellent rule of life, or a better hope in death, than that which the Scriptures suggest? Above all, what are the pretensions on which they rest their claims to be the guides of mankind; or which embolden them to expect we should trample upon the experience of ages, and abandon a religion which has been attested by a train of miracles and prophecies; in which millions of our forefathers have found a refuge in every trouble, and consolation in the hour of death; a religion which has been adorned with the highest sanctity of character and splendour of talents; which enrols among its disciples the names of Bacon, Newton, and Locke, the glory of their species, and to which these illustrious men were proud to dedicate the last and best fruits of their immortal genius?

If the question at issue is to be decided by argument, nothing can be added to the triumph of Christianity; if by an appeal to authority, what have our adversaries to oppose to these great names? What! are infidels of such pure, uncontaminated morals, unshaken probity, and extended benevolence, that we should be in no danger of being seduced into impiety by their example? Into what obscure recesses of misery, into what dungeons, have their philanthropies penetrated, to lighten the fetters and relieve the sorrows of the helpless captive? What barbarous tribes have their apostles visited? what distant climes have they explored, encompassed with cold, nakedness, and want, to diffuse the principles of virtue and the blessings of civilization? Or, will they rather choose to waive their pretensions to this extraordinary, and, in their eyes, eccentric, species of benevolence, (for infidels, we know, are sworn enemies to enthusiasm of every sort,) and rest their character on their political exploits, on their efforts to reanimate the virtue of a sinking state, to restrain licentiousness, to calm the tumult of popular fury, and by inculcating the spirit of justice, moderation, and pity for fallen greatness, to mitigate the inevitable horrors of revolution? Our adversaries will at least have the discretion, if not the modesty, to recede from the test.

More than all, their infatuated eagerness, their parricidal zeal to extinguish a sense for Deity, must excite astonishment and horror. Is the idea of an almighty and perfect Ruler unfriendly to any passion which is consistent with innocence, or an obstruction to any design which it is not shameful to avow? Eternal God, on what are thine enemies intent! What are those enterprises of guilt and horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven cannot pierce! Miserable men! Proud of being the offspring of chance; in love with universal disorder; whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness to their designs, and who are at ease only because they deem themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless world!—*Robert Hall.*

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THEOLOGY.

THE HEAVENLY GLORY.

A FAREWELL DISCOURSE.

BY THE REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, M.A.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."—Psalm xvi. 11.

Our attachments here, even as Christians, are liable to be broken or loosed, sometimes by the sacrilegious hand of violence, sometimes by the calls of duty, sometimes by providential circumstances: in the last two cases, the attachment remains in spirit; and this leads us to remember each other, and to inquire after absent friends.

This mutability has the effect in good men of leading them onward to that place where they shall be no longer strangers nor pilgrims,—the everlasting home. In the prospect of our separation we cannot do better than direct you to that heaven where there "is *fulness* of joy," and to "God's right hand, where there are pleasures *for evermore*."

Jesus adopted the same method in removing from his disciples: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."

The context refers to the eternal world, and directs us,

I. To the place.

II. The nature of our state.

I. *To the place:* "in thy presence"—"at thy right hand." These are metaphors adapted to our senses.

"In thy *presence*." God is an infinite spirit, possesses no parts: he is equally in hell as in heaven: we cannot flee from his presence. But any place where he has made a *visible* display of his glory may more especially be called his presence. Moses and the bush. That such a *visible display* of glory exists somewhere, St. John assures us in Revelation: "And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Our Lord also points us to the place by saying, "Our Father, who art in *heaven*." *Heaven*, then, is the place.

We speak of three heavens in the Scriptures: 1. The *atmosphere:* "Cities walled up to *heaven*." 2. The *sidereal:* "When I consider the *heavens* the work of thy hands, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained." 3. The *empyreal:* "The palace of angels and God." St. Paul was "caught up to the third heaven." All the Scriptures lead us to conclude that there is a *visible display* there: hence it is called, "the presence of God."

"*At thy right hand.*" This may signify a place of *favour:* thus in Matt. xxv., "When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit on the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his *right hand*, but the goats on his left." A place of *dignity* also: Jesus Christ is exalted there. A place of *conquest:* "This honour have all his saints." "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit down with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." He that comes off more than conqueror shall sit down at the right hand of Jesus. The Christian is well compared to a soldier.

Heaven, then, is a *place* as well as a *state*. "I go to prepare a place for you," said our Lord to his disciples.

II. *The nature of our state.* "Joy and pleasures."

Joy may signify here the delight arising from the direct and immediate enjoyment of God; and pleasure, the collateral sources of happiness which heaven shall furnish.

We need not separate them, but, uniting them, understand,

1. The fulness, the perfection of our happiness—"joy."

2. The perpetuity of it—"for evermore."

But wherein shall this happiness consist? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for them that love him." It is impossible for man to utter; but we may follow revelation safely.

1. It will consist in the perfection of our nature. The *body* "sown in dishonour," human nature in disgrace, &c.: "it was sown a natural body, it shall be raised a spiritual body." The *mind*, also,

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not then informed by analogies, reasonings, and demonstrations, but by direct communications.

2. Exemption from *sorrow* and *fear*: we are "born to trouble;" pain, sickness, wearisome days and nights. Those can best appreciate this exemption who thus suffer. Our *fears*, too, are equal to our sorrows: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places;" incessant attacks from the powers of hell. Our collected sighs would raise a tempest; our united tears would form a deluge. Now this very negative happiness, methinks, should endear heaven to us.

3. The nature of our employment. We may harmlessly suppose that we shall be like angels, ministering spirits to other worlds. Heaven is a state of rest, but not of quiescence: man must be active, freed from weariness, because his body will be no longer corporeal; quick in motion as thought, &c.

Another employment will be in the contemplation of the works of providence and redemption.

Another, praise. St. John, in Revelation, speaks without a figure in describing the harpers, &c.—The four-and-twenty elders falling down and worshipping, &c. And again he uses every earthly sound which nature could furnish: "The sound of a great multitude, many waters, mighty thunderings." The Lamb is the burden of the song.

4. Again, we shall meet our friends there. We have all some: revered parents, affectionate husbands, tender partners, or lovely children.

> "Urge onward, they cry
> As they flit through the sky."

We shall also meet "the general assembly and church of the first-born."

5. The presence, the vision, the enjoyment of God. This is the bliss of heaven. The schoolmen ask, "How can we see God?" God never manifested himself in any other way than through Christ Jesus. We see his works; but they were all created by Christ Jesus. Providence; but all under the guidance of Christ Jesus. Redemption; but it was effected by Christ Jesus. Golden letters. "See him as he is." In him concentrated, embodied, the Father and Spirit, the middle person, the connecting link. Angels gaze here with astonishment.

This "*fulness of joy*" will be a continual *progression* also. Its perpetuity: "A perpetuity of bliss is bliss!"

APPLICATION.—Sinner! it doth not yet appear what thou shalt be. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive it."

Believer! Press on, no matter what cheer.

I LOVE THE BIBLE,

For its divinity.—It is the only book in the world that has God for its author. Its thoughts and words are all divine, all inspired by God's Spirit, and all penned by his finger. It comes with authority. It is a letter from heaven, bearing the seal of God; a Father's letter to his children, breathing the tenderest love, and filled with messages of mercy. It has been assailed; but the more the infidel has assailed it as merely human, the more he has proved it to be entirely divine. The learning, the arguments, the art employed to overthrow it, have only inscribed its own title the more indelibly upon it,—THE WORD OF GOD.

For its veracity.—It contains the truth, and nothing but the truth. Not a solitary falsehood or fable stains its pages. It is infallible in its every statement. Ministers may err, churches may err, the best and noblest on earth may err, but the Bible can neither err nor deceive. He that appeals to it shall never get a false decision. He that trusts in it shall never be put to shame.

For its purity.—It breathes the spirit of perfect holiness. It is unstained by a single blot. Alike in its origin, in its matter, and in its design, it is absolutely pure. Neither in word nor thought has it the least shade of defilement. Even the appearance of such it marks with abhorrence. The holy impress of its holy Author is everywhere apparent.

For its doctrines.—Its fundamental doctrines are, ruin by the fall, redemption by Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit. They are doctrines great in value and rich in blessing. They reveal sin in all its extent, and salvation in all its fulness. They declare alike the appalling guilt, the vile pollution, and the utter helplessness of the sinner, and the atoning blood, the justifying righteousness, the cheering mercy, and the almighty power of the Saviour. These truths are as essential as they are divine, truths on the knowledge and reception of which our very salvation depends.

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For its precepts.—Their excellence at once bespeaks their origin. They enforce all that is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report; in abhorrence of all that is evil, a cleaving to all that is good; a love without dissimulation; a charity that is kind, and a patience that endureth to the end. They enjoin what was never enjoined before, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you." They are many in number and minute in character; yet none could be spared. All are alike needful and appropriate.

For its invitations.—They are surpassingly winning and attractive. There is such earnestness, affection, and importunity in them, that the most distant might be encouraged, and the most reluctant overcome. They invite the ruined to the remedy: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." They invite the fainting to the stream: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." They invite the hungry to the feast: "Come, for all things are now ready." And they invite the weary to repose: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But they are too many to be enumerated here. It is enough to say that the very least of them is worthy of being treasured in the heart.

For its consolations.—It is thoroughly adapted to a valley of tears. It exhibits the fullest acquaintance, and the deepest sympathy, with human griefs. For all the afflicted it has its word in season, whether their sorrows arise from bodily ailments, painful reverses, bitter disappointments, or heavy bereavements. It is the chosen instrument of the divine Comforter. He not only sanctifies through its truth, but cheers and comforts too: "This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickened me." Mourners in Zion have never applied to it in vain. Sooner or later have they found the comfort they desired, and from experience have exclaimed, "How sweet are thy words to my taste; yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth."

For its unfolding of providence.—It shows us God in history, God in everything. No one can read its blessed pages without seeing that God's providence is not merely general, but minute; that it regulates not merely the rise and fall of empires, but the innumerable little events and incidents by which individual history is affected.

For its displays of grace.—The grace it displays is at once infinitely full and infinitely free. It is such grace as could only be found in the bosom of God. We see its riches in the forgiveness of sinners, even the most guilty; we see its power in the conversion of sinners, even the most hardened; we see its beauty in the sanctification of sinners, even the most polluted; and its peace in the cheering of sinners, even the most wretched.

For its revelations of glory.—The eye has seen, and the ear has heard, and the mind has conceived much that is wonderful; but the things which God has laid up for them that love him have a glory that surpasses not only description but conception. It is not mere glory that awaits the redeemed, but an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory. Truly it is a glory that excelleth.—*Tracts issued by the Free Church.*

THE RESURRECTION.

DEATH COMPARED TO A SLEEP.

BY THE REV. JOHN BOYD.

In Scripture, death is compared to sleep, because it is a relaxation from the toils and afflictions of life, and a short suspension of the powers of sense and action; and because it is to be followed with a reviviscence to a more vigorous and active bodily life than we enjoy at present. "Sleeping," says one, "is thus applied only to men who are dead, and this because of the hope of resurrection: for we read no such thing of brutes." This is an excellent remark: for sleeping implies waking; of which the heathen poets were so sensible that when they describe death as a sleep, we find them adding the epithets of "perpetual," "eternal," or the like, in order to express their own gloomy notion, and to exclude the idea of waking from this sleep of death. But, on the contrary, it was doubtless with a view to the joyful hope of a resurrection both of body (see Matt. xxvii. 52) and soul, that the departed saints, of the Old Testament as well as in the New, are said "to fall asleep," "to sleep," "to sleep with their fathers," &c. What a beautiful view of the death of the saints, "sleep!" to collect new vigour, &c. But "we shall not all sleep." This refers to those who shall be found alive at the coming of Christ to judgment: they shall not die after the manner of other men, (who have slept in death,) and be buried in the grave, yet they shall be changed. The Greek word

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signifies to change, to alter. (Acts vi. 14; Rom. i. 23; Gal. iv. 20; Heb. i. 12.) The righteous who are found alive on the earth at Christ's coming, instead of dying, shall be changed in their bodies: their bodies shall undergo a change correspondent to that of those who are dead, to fit them for heaven; for our bodies as they are now constituted, are not qualified to go thither. (See verse 50.) In heaven bodies composed of flesh and blood, infirmity and decay, cannot live, because it affords no objects suited to the senses and appetites of such a body. They are not capable of enjoying the divine vision, nor of performing the exalted services, nor of relishing the pure pleasures which constitute the glory and felicity of that place: in its present state it could not endure the exceeding weight of glory. It must, therefore, be changed into a celestial body, suited to this celestial state. (1 Thess. iv. 13—17.) This mystery, therefore, includes the transformation of the living, the final change on the living, and the resurrection of the dead also; "for the dead shall be raised."

THE ATHEIST.

When Shelley had reached the climax of his madness, he dared, in the album at Mont Avert, to subscribe himself, *Atheos*. Do you not almost wonder that nature, in her grandest forms surrounding the misguided man, did not, appalled at the spectacle, no longer able to endure, indignant at the conduct of him who was writing down, in God's power, a denial of his existence, burst silence and speak out; that the avalanches, rolling down, did not say, in every crash, "There is a God;" that the mountain torrents, dashing by, did not cry, "There is a God;" that the mountain snow, silent as death, did not awake to proclaim, ere it relapsed into everlasting dumbness, "There is a God;" that Mount Blanc did not begin a chorus of acclamation which all his brother giants would take up, tossing the tidings from their lofty summits, "There is a great and glorious God!" But all was silence; and perhaps that indifference, that "silent magnanimity of nature and her God," did more powerfully than any words rebuke the blasphemy. Shelley, in that wild moment, would have almost triumphed had his single word disturbed the harmony of creation, or brought down the thunderbolts of heaven. But that silence of the sun above, and the glaciers and mountains below,—that calm insulting silence,—might have read a lesson to his proud heart, and taught him his own intense insignificance in the sight of Him, who no more regarded the denial to which he had summoned all the perverted heroism of his nature, and all the haughtiness of his then Satanic spirit, than a charioteer the one upward indignant curl of a crushed worm.—*Gilfillan.*

ON A FUTURE STATE.

It must be admitted that, if nothing else can confer importance upon man, his crimes shall give him consequence. If there were no other argument for a future life, sin would furnish one, never to be refuted. We need not descend into the depths of abstruse reasoning here: the simplest notions are conclusive enough. There is a cause standing over between the impartial Judge and ourselves: a time for the hearing and decision of it must therefore certainly come. If indefinitely delayed and forgotten, all loyal persons must harbour dissatisfaction and fear; while all who have actually been called to account and punished, might fairly protest against the partiality. If conscience be but awake, the transgressor, as he stands on the verge of the present life, may thus anticipate his own fate:—"I have sinned, and perverted that which was right. Yet may I not hide myself in the darkness of the grave. No; for God's Ministers, and all beings, good and evil, shall demand me at the hands of death, and forbid that I should be forgotten. The dust may not always screen me, the clods may not ever cover me, corruption may not say I am lost and gone. The highest tribunal is awaiting my appearance; and unless I am made there to stand, the honour of all government is blasted, the perfections of God impugned. True, I am personally insignificant; but yet am party in a cause that implicates the wisdom, and purity, and power of the eternal God."—*Isaac Taylor.*

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DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

AN ACCOUNT OF JAMES FABER.

James Faber, a native of Picardy, an excellent man, and deservedly of great repute as a most faithful and eminent Minister of the Gospel, was among the first restorers of religion and learning in France after the Reformation, who, in the persecution of that time, fled for security to the Queen of Navarre, then in Albert, in Gascony, who entertained a very high esteem for him. On a certain day the Queen informed him that she proposed to dine at his house: he invited some learned men to be present on that occasion, knowing that the Queen took great delight in their conversation. At dinner, Faber became exceedingly sad, and several times wept bitterly; at which the Queen complained, and inquired the cause why he was so sorrowful, when she came to be cheerful with him. At length he answered, "Most serene Queen, how can I be glad to make others glad, who am as wicked a man as the earth bears?" "And what is that wickedness," she said, "which you have committed, who are known from your youth to have lived so holy?" He answered, "I am now an hundred years old, and remember not that I have committed what would burden my conscience or make me afraid to leave the world, except one sin, for which I am assured pardon is possible." And as she pressed him to tell it, though he could scarcely speak for abundance of tears, he said, "How can I stand before the throne of God, since after having taught in purity and sincerity the holy doctrines of the Son of God to others, many of whom have suffered a thousand torments, and death itself, I have fled to preserve my life: and though I have lived long enough, and should not have feared death, but rather have desired it, yet withdrew, and thus in a cowardly manner transgressed the command of my God." The Queen, who was most eloquent, reasoned with him, and endeavoured to comfort him by the examples of other holy servants of God; and the Ministers present used farther arguments, till he became more cheerful. He then said, "There remains nothing but that I go hence to God. I must delay no longer, knowing that the Lord calls for me." After that he fixed his eyes on the Queen, and said, "Madam, I leave my books to your Preacher Gerad; my clothes, and what other things I have, I leave to the poor." The Queen, smiling, asked, "And what then, Mr. Faber, shall I have?" He replied, "The care, Madam, to distribute these to the poor." She answered, "It is well: I solemnly profess this legacy is more acceptable to me than if the King, my brother, had named me his heir." Afterwards he was more joyful, but said he had need of a little rest, and withdrew; retiring to a bed, where, as they judged, he lay asleep; and he did indeed fall asleep in the Lord, without the least sign of previous indisposition. Such was the end of this indubitably holy person. The Queen of Navarre related these circumstances to the Elector Frederick the Second, of Palatine, when he was ill at Paris, on his return from Spain. It was related by Hubertus Thomas, one of Frederick's Counsellors, who was present when the Queen told it, from whom the famous Rivet wrote it, and sent it to his brother. After his death it was printed in the French language, and afterwards translated into English.

AN AWFUL PROVIDENCE.

In December, in 1802, I went with some of our friends to visit a woman in Wiltshire, who lay on her death-bed. On my asking her the state of her mind, she answered that she cursed God. I endeavoured to persuade her that she did not curse God; and that her thinking she did, arose from the suggestions of Satan. I then proposed to go to prayer with her. She answered that we might, but added, "It will be to no purpose." In prayer we found some confidence and comfort in praying for ourselves, but none for the unhappy sufferer. A friend and I, a few days after, visited her again, and found her in a most deplorable state both of body and mind. I reasoned much with her concerning the necessity of believing that Jesus Christ was both able and willing to save sinners of the worst description. But all I said had no such effect as to afford the least hope of mercy; for she still, in a manner not to be described, insisted that she cursed the Lord her Maker, and that intercession for her would be altogether in vain. Unwilling to despair of her salvation, I called upon her once more, in company with some Christian friends, when, at the first sight of us, she exclaimed aloud, "Do not come here; for I have committed three murders." She then told me that, in her youthful days, in order to avoid the shame consequent on being the mother of an illegitimate child, she had, when far gone in a state of pregnancy, used a sort of poisonous drug, which caused the premature birth and consequent death of her infant twins. She then cried out, "I have murdered myself." I expressed my grief on hearing the horrid account which she gave; but informed her, at the same time, that if she would lift up her heart in faith to God, he would have mercy upon her. But I laboured in vain; for not a gleam of hope found its way to her despairing soul. I kneeled down, and endeavoured to pray with her; but during the whole time that

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I prayed my voice was drowned by the dismal noise which she made, together with her repeated screaming and crying out, "There he is! there he is! He is coming to make me curse God again!" I could find no liberty to pray for her, and it appeared to me that God would not be entreated in her behalf. My friend, who was with me, attempted to pray; but the noise which she made so confused him that he could scarcely utter a word. Being about to depart, we exhorted her to look up to Him who was able to save even at the latest hour; but she still continued to maintain that her case was quite hopeless. In this state of extreme anguish and remorse, she lived almost two days longer, and then expired in the greatest agonies of horror and despair.

RECORDS OF EARLY HISTORY.

INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN.

WHETHER the Saxons brought with them, into England, any books, or even the knowledge of letters, is extremely doubtful. The oldest of the manuscripts which have been preserved, is written in the Roman character, and bears date after their conversion to Christianity; yet there are one or two circumstances which lead to something like a belief that it is by no means the first which had obtained circulation among themselves. The old language of the Saxons contains words significative both of the art of writing, and of a volume after it has been compiled. From the former, indeed, *gwritan*, or *awritan*, we derive our term *to write;* and from the latter, *boc* or *bog*, the term *book;* while the two letters, *th* and *w*, which occur in the manuscripts already alluded to, are clearly not Roman. It is, therefore, not improbable that they did carry with them, from Germany, both written records, and a character of their own; and that the latter was Runic.

In this state the Anglo-Saxons had lived,—the slaves of a debasing superstition, and of all the evil passions which such a superstition is calculated to excite,—when, towards the close of the fifth century, a circumstance occurred, in which the hand of God may be most distinctly traced. Gregory, surnamed the Great, whose commiseration for their benighted state had been excited while he yet filled a private station, no sooner found himself seated in the Papal chair, than he determined to send Missionaries among them, and to attempt their conversion. To discharge a duty, under all circumstances arduous, but, considering the ferocity of the Angles, beset, in this case, by more than common difficulties, he made choice of a Roman Monk, named Augustine, whom he commanded, with forty companions, to carry over into England the glad tidings of salvation. Augustine, though at first reluctant to undertake the charge, was prevailed upon, in the end, to brave all dangers. He embarked for his spiritual province, which he reached in safety, some time in the year 597; and, under circumstances more auspicious than he had reason to anticipate, immediately began his labours.

The sceptre of Kent, into which the pious fraternity had entered, was swayed at this time by King Ethelbert, the same who disputed with the King of Wessex the right to be treated as Britwalda, and, though thwarted in early youth, eventually gained his end. This Prince, having married a daughter of Charibert, King of Paris, was prepared to treat the Missionaries at least with respect: for his wife had not only been educated in the principles of Christianity, but continued to profess the faith, and to worship according to the ritual, of the Christian church. There was, moreover, a considerable portion of the population of his kingdom, to whom the name of the Redeemer was not unknown. Though reduced to bondage, such of the Britons as still lingered about their ancient homes, were, there is good ground to suppose, for the most part believers; whose modes of acting, if they failed to bring over their masters to the new faith, had, at all events, made its claims to public notice generally known. Under these circumstances, the position of Augustine proved to be much more advantageous than he had a right to anticipate. The King, it is true, received him at first with caution, making choice of a seat under an oak, in the open air, as their place of meeting; and taking all such additional precaution as his Priests pointed out, for the purpose of guarding against the spells and incantations of the strangers. But whatever might then be wanting on the part of Ethelbert, the zeal of Queen Bertha more than made good. The Missionaries were comfortably lodged in the old church of St. Martin's. Free scope was given to them for preaching everywhere the doctrine of salvation; and they had, ere long, the happiness to bring about the conversion of no less a personage than the Sovereign himself. It needed no more than this happy occurrence to render their future labours comparatively light. The nobles, and people at large, made haste to follow the example of the Monarch, insomuch that Kent became, ere long, in profession, if not in reality, a Christian nation.

From Kent the religion of Christ soon made its way to Essex, of which Sebert, the nephew of Ethelbert, was then King. Like

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his royal relative, Sebert received it with gladness, becoming himself a convert, and encouraging his subjects in like manner to believe. It is true that, on the demise of these two Princes, Paganism again asserted its superiority, and that Augustine himself considerably impeded the triumph of divine truth, by engaging in fierce and useless controversy with the British Clergy. But neither the mistaken zeal of the Missionary, nor the apostacy of his first disciples, sufficed to arrest the progress of the great work. In 626, Edwin, with the aid of his Council, established Christianity as the religion of Northumbria. It was abjured, to be sure, soon afterwards, by certain turbulent Princes, who slew Edwin in battle, and dismembered his sovereignty. But Oswald, after restoring the crown to its former influence, called in the aid of a Bishop from Icolmkill, and in 634 again reared the cross upon the ruins of idolatry. From that period the true faith made steady progress towards universal supremacy throughout the island. Encumbered it was with many superstitious observances, and rendered, by the agents of the Roman Pontiff, an instrument of advancing his power; but the effect which it produced upon the morals and manners of the people is described by ancient writers as marvellous. Long before the dissolution of what has been erroneously denominated the Heptarchy, the Anglo-Saxons of the plains, not less than the Britons among the hills, were, almost universally, believers in the Gospel of Christ.—*Gleig's "Family History of England."*

PARENTAL MONITOR.

FAMILY WORSHIP—INCONSISTENCY.

It may startle some of our readers to hear us remark the inconsistency of family worship. We do not hesitate to affirm, that in some cases it is the only inconsistent practice in the family; a practice, we mean, marked by its utter want of conformity to, nay, its absolute contrariety with, the general habits of the house. For what else can be said of the fact, that, apart from the custom of assembling the family, perhaps even twice in the day, there is nothing in the course of the various individuals of the household, but what indicates the most entire and systematic worldliness, the most complete forgetfulness of God and of eternity, the most consistent exhibition of a life according to the fashion of a vain and sinful world? It is somewhat difficult to conceive the inducement to endure the drudgery of this formal service, except it be traditionary observance, the recommendation of some influential friend, the standard of decent respectability in the sphere around them, or possibly one of the many ways of propitiating conscience, devised by those who are building upon no better righteousness than their own.

The true influence is, when it forms a part of a consistent whole; when practice illustrates and confirms profession; when we live as we pray. This commends our religion, not as a notion of sentimentalism or form, but as reality, privilege, holiness; as something that is not only practicable, but delightful. And most valuable is this influence, both on him that conducts the worship, and on those that unite in it. The practical remembrance of family responsibility operates most beneficially on the head, in promoting a recollected and circumspect profession. Suppose him to realize his sacred responsibilities, as the Priest of his household, and the mouth of his family to God, surely he cannot walk in the unseemly spirit of lightness or unscriptural tone of intercourse. When about to present the several members of his family, his wife, children, household, before God, will he not be constrained to live before them in the habitual exercise of his practical obligations? His open confession of his own sins before his Father's mercy-seat will surely operate to check, in some measure, their gross and lawless influence. For how revolting will be the exhibition of religion, if what has been solemnly expressed in the holy service be not fully carried out in the moulding of the heart and conduct throughout the day! It is, indeed, well for him to remember how deeply the impressive or barren influence of the worship is connected with the manifest sincerity or hypocrisy of his own profession.—*Rev. Charles Bridges.*

ON EARLY RISING.

The benefits of early rising are many. The health of the body is impaired by the relaxation of the functions and powers necessary to its strength; and it is well known that in a recumbent position the nerves are materially weakened, and the intellectual capacities of the mind rendered weak and comparatively useless. Willingly would these votaries of ease annihilate the long, tedious hours; and very much they wonder at the blindness of the poets who describe time with wings.

Is their life so long that the choicest boon of the Almighty is to be disregarded and wasted, or, if used, to be employed in pleasures which will afterwards bring remorse and pain?

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Life is not a scene of happiness and passive indulgence. Much has to be done: we have duties to perform, and stations to fill, which require all the energy of our minds.

The felicity which the world boasts to bestow upon its blinded and deluded votaries is so frail and transitory in its endurance that it is to be wondered that it is followed with such unwearied perseverance. If those abilities which have been exerted for the world had been directed to other, higher sources, a new and permanent field of gratification would have been opened to them, far different from those unreal and fictitious delights which can never satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit. ANNE.

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE VILLAGE WAKE.

THE golden rays of the setting sun shone forth in all their splendour and beauty one fine evening in the summer of 18—, upon a little valley in Nottingham, which had been during the day, and still continued to be, the scene of more than ordinary festivity,—it was the anniversary of the village fair or wake; and whether much business had been transacted or no, it was assuredly an excuse for much enjoyment. The villagers thronged the streets in their holiday attire; friend welcomed friend, and families reunited congregated joyously together: and were such festivals conducted in a sober, Christian manner,—did families indeed, according to the instruction of His holy word, "rejoice before the Lord at the ingathering of their corn and wine, because he hath blessed them in their increase, and in the work of their hands," acknowledging God in all things,—then might such anniversaries become a blessing instead of being, at they are now too frequently, a curse. There might be, let us trust there were, some such Christian families in that little village; but from many of the cottages went out the sound of boisterous revelry, the drunken laugh, the noisy shout, or it might be signals of still greater depravity. But to my tale. Among the many who had hastened from the neighbouring town of R——, to swell the troop of revellers, was William Radmel. He was a young man in the lower walks of life, but of a somewhat pleasing exterior; a countenance not devoid of intelligence, a kind temper, and manners that might he termed prepossessing. He was already married, and was an affectionate husband and fond father, and occasionally anxious to display these feelings by providing for their enjoyments, as far as his circumstances would permit. This, indeed, was not far, for he received but the wages of a journeyman shoemaker; but this, in their station, would have sufficed for comfort, had not William been occasionally, we have said—alas, too frequently—the slave to that vice that more effectually, perhaps, than any other ruins both body and soul,—the vice of drunkenness. He could not resist the intoxicating cup; and thus it was that, with all his really good qualities, his wife and children were often deprived of comforts which they might otherwise have enjoyed; and debts accumulated, and complainings, and recriminations, and angry words were sometimes heard between those who had vowed to love, and who really did love, each other most tenderly.

But William had saved up a few shillings for the wake; and he set forward to join some friends or relations, with joyous spirits, doubtless, little dreaming of all to which that day would lead. I know not how the day was spent, except that part of it, at least, was devoted to his darling sin, and that at a late hour, almost incapable of walking, he set forth on his way homeward. It might be the fumes of the liquor became more powerful in the open air; it might be the weight of the atmosphere, for the golden beams had passed away, and thick clouds were gathering in the horizon; it might even be incipient disease; but from some cause William had not gone far ere he found himself incapable of proceeding: he threw himself down on a little bank beneath a hedge, and was soon buried in a profound slumber. The hour was late, and there were probably but few passers afterwards, or these too much absorbed in their own feelings; for he lay unnoticed. Meanwhile the threatened storm came on, the thunder rolled in the distance, and the rain came down in torrents: still William slept on, heedless of the danger that surrounded him. At length the morning sun rose cheerily, and he awoke, but completely drenched with rain, and stiff and cold: he was, however, sobered, and he now made all possible speed homewards.

His wife, who had most anxiously watched through the long night for his return, it might be often with the words of bitter reproof upon her lips, forgot her anger and long-watching in her joy at his appearance. His still wet clothes were quickly exchanged for others, and warm tea, or whatever their little means afforded, procured to remove the chill of which he still complained; and both hoped that it would be successful. But the effects of that night were not thus to pass away. He, without whom a sparrow falls not, willed it otherwise, and the mandate had gone forth, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." The symptoms of decline were soon

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visible in the failing strength, the hectic flush, the increasing cough; consumption had claimed him for its prey, and nothing could stay its course. After a little while he was obliged to give up his employment, and had nothing to subsist on but what the kindness of friends and the industry of his wife could procure; and this was not much, for she had two little children, as well as himself in his weak state, to attend upon. But she was an active, spirited, and kind-tempered woman, and she bore it with cheerfulness, both of them hoping against hope, that the warm weather, which was now rapidly returning, would bring with it increasing strength. Alas! it brought but a deeper feeling of debility.

It was at this time that I first knew him. The house in which my dear father, then stationed at R———, resided, stood at the corner of a street at the outskirts of the town. On one side of it a wide opening led past some gardens and smaller houses to a common, and here, at some few yards distance, and on the opposite side of the way, was Radmel's cottage. The parlour which we usually occupied had one window which faced in that direction. It was my father's custom at our evening devotion usually to join the song of praise to the voice of supplication: on the Sabbath evening frequently more than one hymn was sung. Living so completely in the country, it was not uncommon, as the summer advanced and the warm weather increased, for the window to be opened, and the sound of praise as it went up from our habitation to be heard at some distance. What a privilege, but what a responsibility also, to have been reared in such a dwelling! May the children of Wesleyan Ministers, may I myself, never forget it! William was now incapable of walking more than a few steps, and it was his greatest enjoyment to have his chair brought in an evening outside his own door, so that he might listen to the song of thanksgiving. Many a time, doubtless, he recalled that beautiful evening, but one short year gone by, which had seen him so differently and, alas! so fatally occupied. But now the work of repentance had begun. God had given him time for reflection, and the influences of his Holy Spirit were graciously drawing the wanderer to the fold. He sent to request that my father would visit him: need I say with what delight the summons was obeyed? He had often offered to do so; for he was one who loved to imitate, in his degree, his divine Master, to seek and to save that which was lost. His frequent conversations, his earnest prayers, were blest and answered. William became a decidedly changed character: old things had passed away, and all things had become new. He had brought his burden of sin and sorrow to the foot of the cross, and, like poor Christian, he had left it there. And now the fruit of that faith as it is in Jesus began to show itself in his altered feelings on subjects of worldly importance. His debts, (few and small many would have termed them,) which his honest little wife, who had had much to do to procure him subsistence, had found it totally impossible to discharge, pressed heavily on his mind, and many schemes were devised of self-sacrifice and denial to enable them to meet the difficulty. One of these I may be permitted to dwell on, since it develops a noble trait of feeling in one but little richer than himself, which the greatest and noblest might do well to imitate. He owed to his milk-woman a sum at this time nearly amounting to two pounds: she was but a poor woman, and it was a large sum for her to lose. It was shortly after the change of mind we have described that Radmel one morning addressed her, and after thanking her ardently for her kindness in giving him so much time, begged her to discontinue bringing the milk, as he began to consider his recovery almost hopeless, and feared he should never be able to repay her. "If I ever do get better, Mary," he said, "I will certainly work my very hardest, and do my best to pay you; but I begin to fear I shall never be able to work again, and I must not let the bill grow any larger."

"And do you think," exclaimed the rough-spoken, but noble-hearted creature, the tears springing to her eyes, "that you're to go without the milk when it's almost the only thing you can take; and that these poor lambs," pointing to the children, "ain't to have their sup of milk because you're too ill to work to pay for it? I tell you that you shan't go without it: I shall bring it; I shall always bring it; and if you do get well, you may pay me; and if you don't, why I'm not the one as 'ul ever trouble you or yours." And nobly and conscientiously did she keep her word: twice a day for many a long month (for Radmel's was a lingering consumption) did she call with her smiling face and kind wishes, and measured out the accustomed quantity, never forgetting to pour into the jug a little sup over for "the young un," as she termed the baby. What a beautiful instance of practical benevolence! Reader, go thou and do likewise.

One other feature I may notice in Radmel's character,—his grateful love to his spiritual benefactor, which extended to every member of his family; mixed up, doubtless, with something of the growing weakness of disease; and my sister and I have been summoned to the cottage by his poor wife many times in the day to smooth his pillow, which he fancied could not be done so well by any other hands. It was on one of these occasions, after long months of increasing debility had told of the decay of the body, though meanwhile the spirit had indeed grown and ripened for another world, that I had gone in one evening to inquire of his welfare. I found him complaining that one foot was exceedingly cold: he wife was ineffectually

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trying to warm it by chafing it with her hands. He turned his eye towards me with a beseeching glance, and said, "If you, Miss, would try." I immediately complied, but without success. The poor fellow fixed his eye on me with a look which then startled me, but which I have learned since too painfully to recognise: "No, no," he said, "you cannot warm them now; it must be death!" It was indeed the King of terrors; and in a few short hours the spirit had returned to God who gave it. Two years had passed away; the anniversary of the wake for the second time returned, but William Radmel, victim of its dissipation, was numbered with the clods of the valley, his children were fatherless, and his wife a widow; but his end was peace. S. E. A.

ANCIENT TOMBS.

THE TOMB OF EZRA.

It is not known precisely when or where Ezra died; but we know that he was alive and at Jerusalem in the second year of Nehemiah's government, when he read the Law to the people for eight days together at the feast of tabernacles. (Neh. viii.) This is the last mention of him in Scripture. Josephus says that he died and was buried at Jerusalem; but this is contrary to the general opinion of the Jews, who allege that he died at Zamzuma, a town on the Tigris, on his way from Jerusalem to Susa, to have an interview with Artaxerxes, concerning the affairs of the Jews. This is also the statement of the Talmud. Accordingly upon the Tigris, about twenty miles above its junction with the Euphrates, there is a tomb supposed to be his, and to which both Jews and Mohammedans make pilgrimages. It is the most important structure (ruins excepted) that appears in all the distance down the river, from Bagdad to the Euphrates. It will be seen that it forms a building like a mosque, inclosed within a strong and high wall. It stands on the west side of the river, and so close to it that the wall almost juts into the stream. The banks of the river are here very low. The elegant and highly enriched dome, rising high from the centre of the enclosure, with the palm-tree in the court, gives to the whole a very striking appearance in this now desolate region. The whole structure is of kiln-burnt bricks; the strongest material now used for building in the country. But the cupola has the exterior face of its outer course of bricks coloured with a bright turquoise-blue enamel; and below this, on the supporting collar of

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masonry, are bands of bright green, ultramarine blue, and black enamel, the mass of the collar being of a very compact light brown brick. The whole is surmounted by a symbolical gilt ornament, representing an open hand enclosed within a glory or rayed circle. The exterior court walls, as well as the enclosed building, are in the usual form of a parallelogram. — *Knight's Illustrated Commentary.*

OUR SERVANTS.

THEIR DOMESTIC DUTIES.

1. *Respect for their employers.*—We suppose that it will not be disputed that there is a manifest difference between him who is employed and his employer, so far as their relation is regarded; and although they are mutually dependent, because the one cannot do without the other in either case, (for "the King himself is served of the field,") yet there is an inequality: the one is entitled to command, the other is under obligation to obey. The employer evidently has more rights, more power, and proportionately greater responsibility; and even where this is not the case, their rights and responsibilities are essentially different. We do not say that there is any inherent difference; that the one is less worthy for being poor, or the other more so for being rich: but the one, by being in the employment of the other, is, for the time being, subordinate; and, as a consequence, it is his business to do what the other commands, because for this he receives his wages, and for this he entered into his obligation.

And hence the pleasure of the employer ought always to be consulted; for it is manifest that if any one person be engaged to transact the business or perform the labour of another, it is but reasonable that he should consult the pleasure of his employer, and that it should be his aim to promote it. The reason for this is self-evident: the party employed receives his wages for this very consideration, not simply to labour, but to labour according to the will of the employer, it being absurd to suppose that any one would engage the services of another, and give him a reward for the transaction of his business in an exceptionable manner.

2. *A respect for their family regulations.* Every family has, or ought to have, its own particular and distinct code of rules for domestic government; and it is but reasonable that all persons on entering into a family be required to understand what those regulations are, and, while they continue in the family, to conform to them: but if in conscience they cannot, or through perverseness will not conform, they ought in all propriety to change their situation; it being unreasonable to suppose that the harmony and order of a whole family should be interrupted and displaced to gratify the caprice or eccentricities of any individual, and more especially when that individual is comparatively a young person, and withal a stranger. Therefore, whatever may be the nature of those rules which govern the domestic circle, whether they relate to the hours of rising, or retirement to rest, the time or manner of business, the entertainment of company, or any other of the details of life, they are to be scrupulously respected; and to conform to them should be considered as one part of the service for which the person employed receives his or her wages; and hence it manifestly indicates a very imperfect sense of propriety, of what is just and proper for any one, and more particularly a professor of religion, to break through such regulations, pretending, in justification of their conduct, zeal for the honour of God; as if he required robbery for sacrifice. (Isai. lxi. 8.)

The true glory of the Christian character consists in acting fully up to the measure of our obligations in the various relations of life. This is to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. Hence, says the Apostle, "I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul; having your conversation honest among the Gentiles: that, whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may, by your good works, which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation. For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." (1 Pet. ii. 11, 12, 15.)

It is exceedingly to be regretted that there are professors of religion, both male and female, who seem not to see the importance of the subject to which we refer, but rashly pursue their own course, to the great inconvenience of those families with whom they reside, to the discredit of religion, and their own reproach and destruction.

Another branch of the duty that persons in this relation are bound to observe is, *fidelity or honesty in the discharge of their trust.* For as they are engaged to render certain service for a stipulated reward, so it is required of them to perform all that was fairly implied or understood in their contract, notwithstanding whatever opportunity derived or temptation occurring, from the manner of the engagement, to equivocate or defraud. And hence those sudden and capricious separations

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which frequently take place between persons in the business relations of life, partake very largely of the nature of injustice, especially since they are scarcely ever anticipated or embraced in the calculations of either party, and nearly always are more or less injurious. It is sometimes next to starvation for the one to be thrown out of business, and in other cases it is almost ruin to the other to be forsaken by those in his employment.

Persons are not only to do their duty, but also to do it according to their original engagement, and in such a manner as would give themselves satisfaction, in reverse of circumstances. This is one of the great distinguishing principles of Christianity. "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." We may still further remark, that there can be no question but that it is a direct fraud in the sight of God to neglect a man's business, or to perform it in a careless and insufficient manner, when he has entrusted it to your care, and given you a reward to execute it according to his will. It is, in effect, the same thing, as to purloin his money, or waste his capital in any other way, because that it may give to his affairs a turn equally disastrous in the issue. And, therefore, as on the fidelity of a single individual in the service or employment of another, may depend the business, reputation, domestic peace, safety, and comfort of a numerous family, they are not to render merely an "eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart, with good will doing service as to the Lord, and not to men; knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be *bond* or *free*." (Eph. vi. 6, 8.)

Once more. All persons who are admitted into the bosom of a family, in the relation of domestics, are thereby placed in a situation to perceive whatever is peculiar in the family character, its habits and government, the foibles of children, and griefs of parents, the insubordination of the one and painful solicitude of the other, with the numerous little incidental developements of character, and circumstances of disappointed hope and irritated feeling, so common to the present life; and are therefore bound by every rule of propriety, moral honesty, and religion, to respect the confidence that is thus reposed in them; because that this is implied in the very nature of the relation they sustain, it being inconceivable that any person should be admitted into the sacred familiarities of the domestic circle, whose want of principle or malignity of nature would dispose him to violate the principle embodied in this rule of conduct. And also, because it is a flagrant transgression of that broad principle of our holy religion, which teaches us to "do unto others as we would that they should do unto us."

Does any one inquire what are the things referred to, in relation to which confidence is exercised? I answer, that a thousand might be named. But to instance only a few:—The general run of table-talk and fire-side conversation, in most families, is such, that, however harmless it may be while under cover of family confidence, it bears a strong resemblance to those chemical affinities in nature which ignite and explode on exposure to a free circulation of air. It is, therefore, always understood, that they are not to be exposed, nor can they, without endangering, in many instances it may be, the reputation of a family, or the peace of a neighbourhood. The innocence of such conversation is not the question that now occupies our attention. Be that as it may, we insist that domestics are under obligations to regard those things as committed to their confidence, and that to relate them is to go up and down as a tale-bearer, contrary to the express word of God. (Lev. xix. 16.)

Without intending to insinuate anything unfriendly to that free flow of soul, and commingling of spirit peculiar to the family circle, I hold that there is a great deal said incautiously, or unseasonably, or that ought not to be said at all. And there are, also, little ebullitions of feeling, moments of nervous excitement, or business vexation; seasons of mental gloom and depression, and unaccountable restlessness, or languor of spirit, in which persons speak without thought and without intention. It may have been in such a season that Job's wife said to him, "Curse God, and die." (Job ii. 9.) And under similar feelings that good man himself may have exclaimed, "O that I had given up the ghost, and no eye had seen me." Many other cases might be given from the sacred history, in further illustration of this sentiment; but let this suffice.

A shrewd and discriminating domestic will soon enter into the understanding of the family government, and be able to trace any little eccentricities in the general movement to their proper cause, whether it be some defect of principle or experience. Whatever it may be that renders the government either rigid or remiss, will naturally and necessarily fall under their observation. But is a person in this relation, therefore, at liberty to give publicity to all that has come to their sight and hearing? Most certainly not. For this confidential respect is one important part of that service they are employed to render.

The conduct, therefore, of such persons as go from house to house, and from one family to another, disclosing and circulating whatever they think weak or exceptionable in those with whom they have previously resided, is to be regarded as a violation of even heathen morality, and much more of the pure religion of the Son of God. And if possible, still more infamous is the practice of those heads of families who endeavour,

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through the cringing sycophancy of their hirelings, to pry into the secrecies of others. Whether they are actuated by envy, or by any other malign passion of the human heart, there is everything superlatively vile in the manner in which they first employ and then abandon their dependents, as the mean and worthless tools which they have reluctantly used in the execution of a low-minded and infamous transaction.—*Sorin's "Domestic Circle."*

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ROOK.

THE food of this bird may be inferred from the perseverance with which it follows the plough as it turns up the bottom of the heavy clods. How seldom do we see the ploughshare at work without the attendant rooks following with watchful eyes the ploughman's track. Mark how the birds descend into the furrows, how repeatedly the powerful bill searches into each freshly turned-up clod! What is the object of this scrutiny? Not grain, certainly; but abundance of worms and grubs are thrown up from their hiding-places, and exposed to the keen eye of the hungry rook. When we consider the clouds of rooks which, in the course of a year, descend on the lands of one parish, it must be evident that myriads of insects and grubs are annually destroyed by these birds. In these instances the rook is certainly a friend to the farmer: such hosts of insects would quickly reduce his most promising field to a waste. But the services of the *corvus frugilegus* (the scientific name of the rook) are not over when the ploughing season has passed. The daily wants of the bird force him to a perpetual seeking for food; and it so happens that the grubs and insects most destructive to vegetation are eagerly sought for by the rook. When the young wheat springs up, it is exposed to the depredations of numerous grubs, which feed on its roots, and soon render the plant sickly. Now these grubs are the rook's prized morsels: he quickly discovers the fields where they lurk, and attacks the subterranean depredators. The rustic, seeing the rooks descend on the wheat-lands, and dig up the wheat, fancies the birds are destroying the hope of the future harvest, and immediately attacks his valuable auxiliaries with powder and shot. He does not probably detect the appearance of disease in the wheat, and is ignorant of the important services the dreaded birds are rendering.

Few peculiarities in the habits of the rook have attracted more observations than those colonies, called rookeries, which so frequently impart a charm to ancient English parks. The traveller hears, amid the evening stillness, the cawings from some crowded establishment break upon the solitude; the rooks seem engaged by thousands in some "faction tumult," startling, by their multitudinous voices, the prowling fox, or flitting owl. There are certain times in the year in which these rook argumentations are more frequently heard: the beginning of April is particularly signalized by such *conversaziones*. Probably the various little pilferings then committed by the less honest birds upon the nests of others may contribute to these evening tumults. We can imagine a pair of rooks labouring through the day to build a comfortable house for their young, and conceive their rage upon finding, at their return from a long journey, the half-formed nest despoiled of the materials collected with so much toil. At once the alarm-cry is raised, the whole rookery responds, till at length a thousand aeriel toscins send their echoes for miles around. At other times these combined cawings are of a more peaceful character, as if the rooks were enjoying a more pleasant consultation over the events of the world beneath, before retiring to their nightly rest.

What tranquil and pleasing feelings are called up, when these soothing sounds are heard in the happy quietude of some half-park, half-forest, district! An avenue of ancient elms, planted in the time of James I., forms the noble approach to an old manorial residence, the foundation-stones of which can tell us somewhat of the days when the Third Edward brought within the halls of Windsor the chivalry of England. The home of an ancient family is in ruins; gnarled and gigantic ivy-trunks prop the weary walls like faithful adherents of a departed lord; and wild flowers, growing on the turrets, waft their fragrance over the desolate court-yard.

Here, for ages, amid changes of royal dynasties, the rooks have held their homes, faithful to their ancient trees. Oft, at fall of evening, their melancholy cawings sound in peculiar unison with the plaintive and never-ending voice of the distant waterfall. Such sounds suit such places, and produce in feeling minds all the effects of rich and tender poetry. The writer has often felt the power of those melancholy rook-notes in the solemnly beautiful churchyard of St. P——: there, in the calm days of May, the voice of the bird sounds mournfully soft over the numerous hillocks and tombs which mark the undisturbed homes of many generations. It is marvellous that persons can be found to

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destroy rookeries beautifully placed on an estate, and furnishing, throughout all seasons of the year, innumerable subjects to delight and interest the owner. Still it is not easy to destroy a rook-kingdom: the birds will submit, age after age, to constant attack, and annual slaughterings of their young, preferring their ancient homes with perpetual dangers, to a new settlement with peace.

The rooks are certainly fond of noises, either produced by themselves or human beings: they appear also to take pleasure in the operations and busy works of man, and frequently establish themselves in the heart of a crowded city, where, from their high places, they observe, with an amusing gravity, the pomp and circumstance of earth, the triumphal march and the funeral procession. Many rookeries are found in and about London, though its vast extension, and the destruction of many clumps of old trees, have diminished the corvine colonies. Rooks cannot, it is presumed, have any particular sympathy with legal pursuits; the customs of common law comprehend no privilege for them, nor do statutes recognise their rights; but these birds did formerly honour the lawyers in the Temple with their company, and amused by their tricks many a pupil of Themis. Probably those who have described what they facetiously, and with a sly reference to Westminster-Hall, called "Rook Courts" (a jabbering assemblage of quarrelsome rooks), in which we are gravely told a thievish bird is formally tried, condemned, and punished by its fellow-rooks, may find a good reason for the existence of rooks in the Temple. Such solemn proceedings must have required some little acquaintance with Temple studies, if not with the practice of the Old Bailey Court or Westminster-Hall. Whether the moral notions of the rooks received a shock from their intimacy with gentlemen learned in the law, or they suffered persecution from the Templars, is a nice question, into which the reader must not be drawn. These birds are no longer heard in the Temple, and the future Attorney-General, or Chancellor, must be content with the occasional view of some passing over the spot which all must regret to see abandoned by such companionable bipeds.

The desire for nearness to human habitations is sometimes singularly manifested by the rook. Some have been known to build on the tops of weather-cocks, as was the case in Newcastle, in Welborne, and other places. Many of those who read these accounts have, perhaps, seen an engraving representing a rook's nest built on the vane of the Exchange in Newcastle. The print brings before the eye a spire surmounted by a tall weathercock; on the vane is a nest, on the nest a rook is sitting, and round it a flock of young rooks are circling in sportive flight. The construction of a nest on such an ever-moving foundation may be represented as a proof of the perfection of bird-instinct. Into this metaphysical sea we are not about to sail: the fact is only adduced to illustrate the rook's determination to be at times a very near neighbour to man. Vast numbers of rooks made their dwellings in the ancient walls of Windsor Castle, trusting to the immunities secured by the vicinity of royalty, and laying under contribution the wide domain of that rich part of Berkshire. In the early dawn, on a still summer's morning, were their countless cawings heard by the sentinel pacing the ramparts, and thousands of dark wings swept over the Keep, long before the royal standard of England opened its rich folds to the rising sun.

The extensive repairs undertaken by George IV. led to the expulsion of the rooks from their castellated homes, though large rookeries are yet abundant in the vicinity of the castle. These rookeries are not increased by the influx of birds from other settlements, the laws of these republics being most rigid in the exclusion of foreigners. No sooner does a stranger attempt to settle in an old colony, than he is furiously attacked and beaten off by the natives. A rook wishing to change his home must, therefore, retire into solitude, construct a lonely nest, and become the founder of a new colony. No opposition is ever made to the settlement of the young broods in the rookery; but these frequently depart in flocks to form small rook-states in the neighbouring trees. The fondness shown by the rooks for their nests does not keep the birds to their lofty homes through the year: after the young have flown, the rookery is for a time deserted; both old and young preferring the freedom of the fields and woods to the limits of their settlement. In this respect we may liken the rooks to those wild Indian tribes who pass one period of the year in their wigwams, and the remainder in the hunting-grounds.

During the bright flush of summer's beauteousness the rooks range hills, plains, and woodlands, giving themselves up to the gladsome spirit of that happy time. The first cry of the autumnal storms sends the rooks to the shelter of the forest; but, when primroses steal softly out on the sunny banks, and the violet peeps from her leafy nooks, then the birds return to their winter-shaken nests, which are quickly put into an habitable condition.

Notwithstanding the preference evinced by the rook for the neighbourhood of human beings, it has an unmistakeable objection to come very near to men themselves. Those who attempt to shoot these birds know the extreme difficulty of getting within gun-shot distance. The sight of a stick carried over the shoulder is sufficient to send an immense flock from the most prized feeding-ground. A passenger going along the road suffices to set a thousand wings in motion. This wariness arises from the constant attacks made

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upon the young birds, which naturally retain some dread for anything in the shape of a gun. The rook is a migratory bird in high northern latitudes, where he does not object to pass the summer, but departs on the approach of the winter storms. This bird visits Siberia on the approach of summer, soothing the Russian exile with its long-drawn note, and sweeping with busy wing over the extended northern plains.—*From Sharpe's London Magazine.*

LETTER-CARRIER.

LETTER FROM DR. A. CLARKE TO A SHETLAND PREACHER.

Aboard the "Henry," in the North Seas, July 18th, 1828.

DEAR BROTHER,

"PREACH the word: be instant in season and out of season." That is, be always ready to declare the truth. "Let the word of God dwell in you richly." That is, let your soul be imbued with the Spirit and unction of the Gospel. "Receive the word from God's mouth, and give men warning from him." That is, read so that you may *feel* God speaking that word in your heart which you find in your Bible: then will your preaching be with POWER.

Your affectionate brother,

ADAM CLARKE.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

BLIND LEADERS OF THE BLIND.

"LET them alone: they be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."—Matt. xv. 14.

SOME have quoted these words to prove that blind and deceitful teachers should not be pointed out to the people, nor the people warned against them; and that men should abide in the communion of a corrupt church, because that church had once been the church of God, and in it they had been brought up; and, to prove this, they bring Scripture: for

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in our present translation, the words are rendered, "Let them alone;" but the whole connexion of the place proves that our blessed Lord meant, "*Give them up,*" have no kind of religious connexion with them; and the strong reason for which he immediately adds, because they are *blind leaders.* This passage does not at all mean that blind leaders should not be pointed out to the people that they may avoid being deceived by them; for this our Lord does frequently; and warns his disciples, and the people in general, against all such false teachers as the Scribes and Pharisees were; and though he bids men *do what they heard them say, while they sat in the chair of Moses,* yet he certainly meant no more, than they should be observant of the moral law when read to them out of the sacred book. A literal attention to those words of our Lord produced the REFORMATION. —*Dr. A. Clarke.*

POETRY.

WHAT SHALL I ASK?

OR, A BENEDICTION FOR A BABE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHAT blessing shall I ask for thee,
In the sweet dawn of infancy?
—That which our Saviour at his birth
Brought down with him from heaven to earth.

What next, in childhood's April years
Of sunbeam smiles and rainbow tears?
—That which in him all eyes might trace,
To grow in wisdom and in grace.

What in the wayward path of youth,
When falsehood walks abroad as truth?
—By that good Spirit to be led,
Which John saw resting on his head.

What in temptation's wilderness,
When wants assail and fears oppress?
—To wield like him the Scripture-sword,
And vanquish Satan by "the Word."

What, in the labour, pain, and strife,
Combats and cares of daily life?
—In his cross-bearing steps to tread,
Who had not where to lay his head.

What in the agony of heart,
When foes rush in, and friends depart?
—To pray like him, the Holy One,
"Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

What, in the bitterness of death,
When the last sigh cuts the last breath?
—Like him your spirit to commend,
And up to paradise ascend.

What, in the grave, and in that hour,
When even the grave shall lose its power?
—Like him your rest awhile to take;
Then at the trumpet's sound awake;
Him as he is in heaven to see,
And as he is yourself to be.

MISSIONARY FACTS.

THE SUTTEE.

BY THE REV. HENRY TOWNLEY.

(*Formerly Missionary in Calcutta.*)

AMONG the numerous and striking illustrations which India furnishes of the melancholy fact that idolatry is not a system of ignorance and superstition, but of inhuman cruelty and murder, the immolation of the living, and often young, lovely, and affectionate widow, with the loathsome and emaciated corpse of her deceased husband, is one of the most barbarous and affecting; and, until very recently, the tragic and revolting scenes connected with the rite were not unfrequent even in the vicinity of Calcutta, and almost under the eye of the supreme Government. The melancholy records of this are too numerous and authentic to admit the hope, which humanity would fondly cherish, that these deeds of cruelty and death had been less frequent than was generally supposed.

I was informed one morning, while residing in Chinsurah, that in the afternoon of the day a suttee was to take place at no great distance from the house in which I dwelt. When the hour arrived, I went towards the spot. In an open space, near the banks of the Ganges, and not far from the habitations of the people, I beheld a crowd of between two and three hundred persons, including Brahmins and others, already assembled. My feelings were not a little excited by the spectacle as I approached, nor were they moderated by the first salutation which I received from a merciless Priest, who exclaimed, "What, Sir, are you come to witness the sport?" With a heavy heart I answered, "You may thus denominate the dreadful deed about to be committed; but the time is coming when an unerring Judge will pronounce it to have been not sport, but murder." The widow, who appeared to be about forty years of age, had arrived, and I

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now addressed myself to the wretched victim, but in vain. Stupified by grief, or fear, or opiates, or all combined, she answered as one half-dead already, and was unmoved by anything I could urge. I turned to the unhappy daughter, who had arrived at an age that enabled her fully to comprehend the import of my remonstrance, as she appeared about sixteen, and upon whom it devolved (as I was informed) to apply the fatal torch,—"Is it possible," I said to her, "that you are about deliberately to take away your own mother's life; the life of her to whom, under God, you owe your own? God, in his providence, has taken away your father; his lifeless remains are on the ground before your eyes; you are already fatherless: and will you, by your own wilful act, deprive yourself of your surviving parent, and render yourself motherless also, and thus an entire orphan?" "Alas!" she answered, "what can I do? If I refuse obedience to the requisitions of the Brahmins, I shall be utterly disgraced and ruined, and be unable to lift up my face in the neighbourhood where I live. I have no alternative. Painful as it is, I must proceed." Attempts to dissuade her from her purpose failing, I expostulated with the Brahmins. Unable to defend themselves against the charge of violating the first principles as well of reason and humanity as of true religion, they and the crowd around them stood silent, and seemingly abashed. I seized the opportunity of addressing God aloud in prayer. They were yet more disconcerted, and evidently anxious that my brethren (by whom I had been joined) and myself should retire. This we were unwilling to do, so long as there was any prospect of preventing the sacrifice; and my companions now also used their efforts to preserve the unhappy widow's life, but without success. We at length took our stand at a short distance from the pile of wood, protesting, by our countenance and look, against their murderous procedure. After a pause of about half an hour, finding that we were resolved to stay, the bloody ritual went on. The widow was bathed in the river Ganges, whose waters were considered sacred and efficacious to purify the victim for the sacrifice. Red powder and flowers were scattered upon her person, and round about; incantations were offered by the Brahmins to their imaginary gods; and now the deluded votary was led, with a faltering pace, thrice round the fatal pile. She was then seized, tied with cords to the emaciated corpse of her husband, and both were placed on the wood. Inflammable materials were thrown upon them; long bamboo-poles were held across the bodies to keep them down, and to prevent the possibility of the unhappy widow's escape when the cords were burnt. The sun had set; the short season of twilight had given place to a darkness that appeared better suited to the fiendish work going on before our eyes. All things being now in a state of dreadful preparation, the torch was applied. The combustible materials that had been supplied in abundance caused it to burn with terrific rapidity and fierceness. When I saw the flames raging, and the smoke ascending in dense and whirling volumes to the skies,—when I heard the beating of the drums, mingled with the yells of the Priests and spectators, to prevent the screams of the scorched and frantic victim, now, by the torture of the flames, fully awakened to the discovery of her real situation, from being heard,—when I reflected that it was one of my own species whose life was being thus, amidst excruciating agonies, extinguished, my heart sickened: I said within myself, Surely the exclamation of Jacob, when he saw the vision of the ladder, and the ascending and descending angels, must be reversed, to be applicable to the scene I now behold; for truly this is none other than the house of Satan, this is the very gate of hell. Oppressed at the sad spectacle, my only comfort was derived from the Gospel, and from meditation on its glad tidings; and the anticipation of the time when these and all other unhallowed flames should be extinguished by the floods of mercy which it is destined to pour forth upon India, as well as every other land. That beautiful hymn of Watts especially came to the relief of my agitated nerves and feelings:—

"Salvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,—
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

"Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound."

POPERY.

THE POPE EQUAL WITH GOD!

"And that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposeth and exalted himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." (2 Thess. ii. 3, 4.)

The place in which the person spoken of in this passage was to be manifested, was the visible church: the time of his appearance was subsequent to the first great apostacy from the faith and purity of the Gospel, and previous to the second advent of Christ. Beyond a doubt, the character pointed out

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is the Pope of Rome. The representation made in the above passage, and the account given of his mode of operation in the ninth and tenth verses, will apply strictly, letter for letter, to no other character of which we have any account.

Both the name and works of God have been appropriated to the Pope by the highest authorities and most eminent theologians of the Romish Church.

I. The name of God has been given to the Pope. His Holiness has been complimented with the name of Deity, and the vicegerency of heaven been acceded to him.

Jacobatius, Durand, Gilbert, and Pithou, on the authority of canon law, style the Pontiff the Almighty's vicegerent, "who occupies the place not of a mere man, but of the true God."

Gregory II. says:—"The whole western nations reckoned Peter a terrestrial god: the Roman Pontiff, of course, succeeds to the title and estate." This blasphemy Gratian copied into the canon law. "The Emperor Constantine," says Nicholas I., "conferred the appellation of God on the Pope, who, therefore, being God, cannot be judged by man."

According to Innocent III., "The Pope holds the place of the true God."

The canon law in the gloss denominates the Roman hierarch, "our Lord God."

The canonists generally reckon the Pope the one God, who hath all power, human and divine, in heaven and in earth.

Marcellus, in the Lateran Council, and with its full approbation, called Julius, "God on earth."

II. The works as well as the name of God have been ascribed to the Pope by Innocent, by distinguished Catholic writers, by the canon law, and the Lateran Council. According to Innocent, Jacobatius, Durand, and Decius, "the Pope and the Lord form the same tribunal, so that, sin excepted, the Pope can do nearly all that God can do."

Jacobatius and Durand say, "The Pontiff possesses a plenitude of power, and none dare say to him any more than to God, What doest thou? He can change the nature of things, and make nothing out of something and something out of nothing."

These are not the views of these writers alone: they are found, in all their absurdity and blasphemy, in the canon law, which represents the Pope as responsible to no being in the universe, and attributes to him the power of performing the works of God, and making something out of nothing. The Pope, according Lainez, at the Council of Trent, "has the power of dispensing with all laws, and the same authority as the Lord."

An Archbishop, in the last Lateran Synod, called Pope Julius, "Prince of the world."

Another orator styled Leo, "the possessor of all power in heaven and in earth, who presided over all the kingdoms of the globe."

This blasphemy the holy, infallible Roman Council listened to without expressing their disapprobation or dissent, and the haughty Pontiff himself, doubtless, with great complacency. The man of sin then "sat in the temple of God," or that which was called so, and both by his silence and his state "showed himself that he was God."

"Some Popes," says Coqueville, "have allowed themselves to be called Omnipotent."
—*The Protestant.*

MAXIMS OF POPE GREGORY VIII.

1. THE Church of Rome is the only one founded by God.
2. The title of Universal belongs to the Roman Pontiff, who alone can take the name of Pope.
3. He alone can dispose and absolve the Bishops.
4. His Legate presides over the Bishops in all Councils, and can depose them.
5. The Pope can depose those absent.
6. Those who have been excommunicated may not be dwelt with.
7. He can make new laws, create new churches, divide a bishopric into two, or unite two bishoprics in one.
8. He alone may assume the attributes of empire and bear the signs of it.
9. All Princes must kiss his feet.
10. His name is the only one to be pronounced in churches.
11. It is the only name in the world.
12. He may depose Emperors.
13. He can, according to his pleasure, transfer Bishops from one See to another.
14. He can in any church ordain a Priest.
15. Those ordained by him can govern other churches, and can receive no superior rank of any other Bishop.
16. No Council can be termed a General Council unless the Pope have so ordered it.
17. No chapter, nor any book, can be received as canonical without his authority.
18. None may annul the sentences of the Pope, although he may quash those of all others.
19. He neither may nor can be judged by any one.
20. None may dare to condemn those who appeal to the Apostolic See.
21. To that See must be referred all the important causes of all churches.
22. The Church of Rome has never erred, nor ever can do so.
23. Every Roman Pontiff, canonically ordained, becomes holy.
24. It is permitted to accuse when he permits or orders it.
25. He who is not united to the Romish Church is not Catholic.
26. The Pope can release the subjects of

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bad Princes from their oaths of fidelity.—*Canada Protestant Herald.*

ROMANISM IN A NUT-SHELL.

MEN sometimes stumble on truth in a very strange way, and unexpectedly. A Roman Catholic Priest, some time since in Germany, on entering the pulpit, took a walnut into it. He told them that the shell was tasteless and valueless; that was Calvin's Church. The skin was nauseous, disagreeable, worthless; that was the Lutheran Church. He then said that he would show them the holy Roman Apostolic Church: he cracked the nut and found it *rotten!*—*Canada Protestant Herald.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MR. HENRY RISHTON.

HENRY RISHTON, the subject of this notice, was born near Haslingden, in the year 1775. His parents were in the habit of attending the ministry of the Established Church, but his early days were spent in ignorance of the vital, saving truths of the Gospel. When about twenty years of age, however, he was led by the good Spirit of God to see and feel the necessity of a change of heart, and at length determined to accompany the Methodists, then "the sect every where spoken against," to their place of worship. On his way thither he met with a number of his wicked companions; who, upon seeing him turn towards the Wesleyan chapel, set up a shout of ridicule. He has often said that that shout thrilled through his very soul, and he at once resolved to renounce his former associates, and to connect himself with those who his heart assured him were the people of God. The word came home to his conscience, and for nine months he continued seeking "the pearl of great price:" he was at length enabled to exercise simple faith in the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, and found redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of sins. He immediately began to declare to his family and friends how great things the Lord had done for him, and to exhort them to "flee from the wrath to come." For a time his wishes and prayers on their behalf appeared to be in vain, until his mother, being visited with severe affliction, became anxious for the salvation of her soul; and after witnessing a good confession before many witnesses, she died triumphantly in the faith and hope of the Gospel. From this time his father and other members of the family saw that there was something real about religion, of which they were destitute; and most of them became subsequently fellow-heirs of the grace of life, and are now, we doubt not, with him before the throne of God, praising Him day and night in his temple. Soon after his conversion, a vacancy occurring, he was appointed Leader of a class, an office which he filled for several years, until his removal to Preston, and afterwards in that place till the close of his life; a period altogether of about fifty years. During the whole of that time he endeavoured to walk worthy of his high vocation, and to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things. Though, like others, subject to various infirmities, those who knew him best can bear record that his sincere and paramount desire and aim was to glorify God in his day and generation. His attachment to the doctrines and discipline of Methodism was strong and unwavering; and notwithstanding the divisions which at various times agitated that body, he continued firm and unshaken in his adherence to its first principles. His love to the means of grace, and his regular attendance thereon, were indeed exemplary. Until the last few months of his life he was favoured with remarkably good health; and when at length confined to the house of affliction, he longed for the services of the sanctuary, "as the hart panteth after the water-brooks." The members of his class had a large share in his affectionate regards, and during his illness he remarked that parting from them was one of his greatest trials.

On the 1st of January in the present year, when retiring to rest, he was suddenly seized with an inflammation of the chest, and for a short time his life appeared to be trembling in the balance. He rallied a little, however, and hopes were entertained of his recovery for nearly a fortnight. During this period many of his Christian friends visited him, and to all of them he expressed his firm reliance upon the atonement of Christ, and a calm trust and confidence in him as his Saviour. For a few days before his death, his strength visibly declined, and it was evident to those around him that his race was almost run. On Friday morning his complaint returned with redoubled violence, accompanied with slight convulsions. During the day he suffered greatly, but patience had in him her perfect work; not a murmur escaped his lips: and though, through extreme weakness, almost unable to articulate, he repeated, with peculiar animation, those lines,—

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"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

When asked by one of the family whether anything could be done for him, he replied, "No; I want nothing but a dismissal from the body:" and afterwards said several times, "Pray, pray without ceasing, for my release." He gradually became weaker until about six o'clock on Saturday morning, when he composed himself as if for sleep, and without a sigh or groan his happy spirit winged its way to the paradise of God. He died January 17th, 1846.

Preston. B. FIRTH.

ORIENTAL ANTIQUITIES.

THE GOD RIMMON.

IN the wood-cut above, Naaman is represented as supporting the King in the house of Rimmon. This name does not elsewhere occur in the Bible, nor is it mentioned by any ancient writer. It is, therefore, wholly uncertain what idol it denotes; but there has been no want of conjecture, which, in the absence of more certain data, has proceeded chiefly on the meanings which might be etymologically extorted from the name. The usual and proper signification of the word is that of a "pomegranate," though, by breaking it up, and speculating on its component syllables, other meanings may be found. A meaning implying "elevation" or "exaltation," in some form or other, is that which is usually elicited by this process. Of all the opinions, the most probable seem to be those which make Rimmon to have been either the sun, or the planetary system collectively taken; and, in either case, the pomegranate may have been the sacred and denominating symbol. Its figure,—that of an orb surmounted by a star,—with the peculiarities of arrangement and appearance exhibited by its granulated contents, offered good materials for such a symbolization as the ancient idolaters were accustomed to employ.—*Knight's Illustrated Commentary.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FROZEN DEAD AT THE HOSPICE OF THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.

THE scene of the greatest interest at the Hospice, a solemn, extraordinary interest indeed, is that of the Morgue, or building where the dead bodies of lost travellers are deposited. There they are, some of them as when the breath of life departed, and the death-angel, with his instruments of frost and

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snow, stiffened them and embalmed them for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls, and bones, and human dust, heaped in confusion. But around the wall are groups of poor sufferers in the very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, and in this air, by the preserving element of an eternal frost, almost as unerumbling. There is the mother and a child, a most affecting image of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains pressed to the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in the careful arms, careful in vain, affectionate in vain; to shield her offspring from the elemental wrath of the tempest. The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricane wound them up in one white shroud and buried them. There is also a tall, strong man, standing alone, the face dried and black, but the white unbroken teeth firmly set and close, grinning from the fleshless jaws. It is a most awful spectacle. The face seems to look at you from the recesses of the sepulchre, as if it would tell you the story of a fearful death-struggle in the storm. There are other groups, more indistinct; but these two are never to be forgotten: and the whole of those dried and frozen remnants of humanity are a terrific demonstration of the fearfulness of this mountain-pass, when the elements, let loose in fury, encounter the unhappy traveller. You look at all this through the grated window; there is just light enough to make it solemnly and distinctly visible, and to read in it a powerful record of mental and physical agony, and of maternal love in death. The little child, hiding its face in its mother's bosom, and both frozen to death,—one can never forget the group, nor the *memento mori*, nor the token of deathless love.—*Dr. Cheever's Wanderings.*

TABLE-TALK.

EXPENSIVE CLOAK.

His Majesty Kauikeaouli has still in his possession the *Mamo*, or feather war-cloak of his father, the celebrated Tamehameha. It was not completed until his reign, having occupied eight preceding ones in its fabrication. It is four feet in length, with eleven and a half feet spread at the bottom. Its ground-work is a coarse netting; and to this the feathers, which are very small and exceedingly delicate, are skilfully attached, overlapping each other, and forming a perfectly smooth surface. The feathers around the border are inverted, and the whole presents a beautiful bright yellow colour, giving it the appearance of a mantle of gold. Indeed it would be difficult for despotism to manufacture a richer or more costly garment for its proudest votary. Two feathers only (such as are used wholly in its manufacture) are obtained from under the wings of a rare species of bird inhabiting Hawaii, which is caught alive with great care and toil. Long poles, with an adhesive substance smeared upon them, and well baited, are placed near their haunts. The bird alights upon it, and unable to disengage itself from the adhesive matter, is secured, the much-prized feathers plucked, and the bird set at liberty. A piece of nankeen, valued at one dollar and a half, was formerly the price of five feathers of this kind. By this estimate the value of the cloak would equal that of the purest diamonds in the several European regalia, and, including the price of the feathers, not less than a million of dollars' worth of labour was expended upon it, at the present rate of computing wages. The war-spear accompanying the cloak is ten and a half feet in length, of a dark red wood, flattened to a point, and finely polished. It possesses an additional interest when we reflect that it was the favourite weapon of a savage conqueror, and deeply stained with the blood of many a Hawaiian warrior.—*Hawaiian Spectator.*

THE POPE'S GIRANDOLA AT ROME.

The next night after the grand illumination is the "Girandola," or fire-works of His Holiness; and we must say that he does far better in getting up fire-works than religious ceremonies. This "Girandola" does credit to his taste and skill. It is the closing act of the magnificent farce, and all Rome turns out to see it. About half-way from the Corso (the Broadway of Rome) to St. Peter's, the famous marble bridge of Michael Angelo crosses the Tiber. The castle of St. Angelo, formerly the vast and magnificent tomb of Adrian, stands at the further end. This castle is selected for the display of the fire-works. None of the spectators are permitted to cross the bridge, so that the Tiber flows between them and the exhibition. Towards evening the immense crowd begin to move in the direction of St. Angelo; and soon the whole area, and every window and house-top, is filled with human beings. About eight the exhibition commences. The first scene in the drama represents a vast Gothic cathedral. How this is accomplished I cannot tell. Everything is buried in darkness, when suddenly, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, a noble Gothic cathedral, of the size of the immense castle, stands in light and

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beauty before you. The arrangement of the silver-like lights is perfect; and as it shines on silent and still in the surrounding darkness, you can hardly believe it is not a beautiful vision. It disappears as suddenly as it came, and for a moment utter darkness settles over the gloomy castle. Yet it is but for a moment. The next instant a sheet of flame bursts from the summit with a fury perfectly appalling; white clouds of sulphureous smoke roll up the sky, accompanied with molten fragments, and detonations that shake the very earth beneath you. It is the representation of a volcano in full eruption, and a most vivid one too. Amid the spouting fire, and murky smoke, and rising fragments, the cannons of the castle are discharged, out of sight, almost every second. Report follows report with stunning rapidity, and it seems for a moment, as if the solid structure would shake to pieces. At length the last throb of the volcano is heard, and suddenly, from the base and sides and summit of the castle, start innumerable rockets, and serpents, and Roman candles, while revolving wheels are blazing on every side. The heavens are one arch of blazing meteors; the very Tiber flows in fire, while the light, falling on ten thousand upturned faces, presents a scene indescribably strange and bewildering. For a whole hour it is a constant blaze. The flashing meteors are crossing and recrossing in every direction; fiery messengers are traversing the sky overhead; and amid the incessant whizzing, and crackling, and bursting, that is perfectly deafening, comes at intervals the booming of cannon. At length the pageant is over, and the gaping crowd surge back into the city. Lent is over, and the Church stands acquitted of all neglect of proper observances.—*Headley's Letters from Italy.*

A MONK OUT-MONKED.

A CERTAIN Franciscan Monk, a passionate gambler, lived at Huancayo. By his friendly offices, he had become a favourite among the Indians, to whom he often applied when in want of money. One day, when he had suffered losses at the hazard-table, he begged of an Indian, who was his relative, to help him out of his poverty. The Indian promised assistance on the following evening, and arrived punctually at the appointed time, with a bag full of silver ore for the Monk. This process was repeated several times, until the still needy Monk earnestly prayed that he might be favoured with a view of the source from which his wants had been so often supplied. This request also was granted by the friendly relative: and, accordingly, on the appointed night, three Indians came to the house of the Franciscan, desired that he would allow them to bandage his eyes, and, he assenting, carried him away on their shoulders, some miles among the mountains. There they lifted him down, conducted him down a shaft of little depth, and displayed to him a rich and shining vein of silver. When he had amply feasted his sight, and had taken ore enough for his present necessities, his eyes were again bandaged, and he was carried home on the shoulders of his guides. On the road, he slily untied his rosary, and dropped a bead here and there, that he might have a clue to the mine. Arrived at home, he lay down to rest, in the comfortable hope of exploring the path to wealth on the following day; but, in the course of about two hours, the Indian, his relative, came to the door, with his hand full of beads: "Father," said he, as he gave them to the Monk, "you lost your rosary on the road."—*Sketches of Travels in Peru.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

POWDER PLOT. Nov. 5TH.

"WE are now to relate an event, one of the most memorable that history has conveyed to posterity, and containing at once a singular proof both of the strength and weakness of the human mind; its widest departure from morals, and most steady attachment to religious prejudices. IT IS THE GUNPOWDER TREASON OF WHICH I SPEAK; A FACT AS CERTAIN AS IT APPEARS INCREDIBLE."—*Hume*, vol. iv., p. 30.

The Catholics, disappointed in their expectations of favour from James I., were enraged beyond all measure. Catesby, a person of that persuasion, first thought of an extraordinary method of revenge, which was no other than to blow up the Parliament-house, when the members should be assembled, and the King opening the session. The diabolical scheme he communicated to Percy, a descendant of the illustrious house of Northumberland, who being charmed with the measure, they cautiously enlisted some other conspirators, and sent over to Flanders in search of one Guy Fawkes, an officer in the Spanish service, of whose zeal and resolution they entertained no doubt. Everything being concerted, the conspirators took the following oath of secrecy, which they confirmed by receiving the sacrament together:—"You shall swear by the blessed Trinity, and by the sacrament you now propose to receive, never to disclose, directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof until the rest shall give you

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leave." They next (1605) hired a house in the name of Percy, adjoining that in which the Parliament assembled; and finding that a cellar was to be let under the House of Lords, they seized the opportunity of renting it; and, forming a communication between Percy's house and it, deposited there thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, which they covered with faggots and billet-wood. The doors of the vault were then boldly thrown open, to prevent any appearance of danger; and nothing remained but to watch the opportunity of rendering their horrible malice complete.

The King, the Queen, and Prince Henry, were all expected to be present at the opening of Parliament; but Prince Charles, on account of his tender age, would necessarily be absent, and him it was intended to assassinate. The Princess Elizabeth alone remained of the royal family whom Papistical vengeance had not devoted; and it was resolved to seize her, and proclaim her Queen immediately after the catastrophe.

"The day, so long wished for now approached, on which the Parliament was appointed to assemble. The dreadful secret, though communicated to above twenty persons, had been religiously kept, during the space of near a year and a half. No remorse, no pity, no fear of punishment, no hope of reward, had, as yet, induced any one conspirator either to abandon the enterprise, or make a discovery of it. The holy fury had extinguished in their breast every other motive: and it was an indiscretion at last, proceeding chiefly from those very bigoted prejudices and partialities, which saved the nation.

"Ten days before the meeting of Parliament, Lord Monteagle, a Catholic, son to Lord Morley, received the following letter, which had been delivered to his servant by an unknown hand:—

'My Lord,

'Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at this Parliament. For God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement; but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety. For though there be no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, they will receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm: for the danger is past, as soon as you have burned the letter. And I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it, unto whose holy protection I commend you.'

"Monteagle knew not what to make of this letter; and though inclined to think it a foolish attempt to frighten and ridicule him, he judged it safest to carry it to Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State. Though Salisbury, too, was inclined to pay little attention to it, he thought proper to lay it before the King, who came to town a few days after. To the King it appeared not so light a matter; and from the serious, earnest style of the letter, he conjectured that it implied something dangerous and important. A terrible blow, and yet the authors concealed; a danger so sudden, and yet so great; these circumstances seemed all to denote some contrivance by gunpowder; and it was thought advisable to inspect all the vaults below the Houses of Parliament. This care belonged to the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain, who purposely delayed the search till the day before the meeting of Parliament. He remarked those great piles of wood and faggots which lay in the vault under the upper house, and he cast his eye upon Fawkes, who stood in a dark corner, and passed himself for Percy's servant. That daring and determined courage, which so much distinguished this conspirator, even among those heroes in villany, was fully painted in his countenance, and was not passed unnoticed by the Chamberlain. Such a quantity also of fuel, for the use of one who lived so little in town as Percy, appeared a little extraordinary; and upon comparing all circumstances, it was resolved that a more thorough inspection should be made. About midnight, Sir Thomas Knevet, a Justice of the Peace, was sent with proper attendants; and before the door of the vault finding Fawkes, who had just finished all his preparations, he immediately seized him, and, turning over the faggots, discovered the powder. The matches, and everything proper for setting fire to the train, were taken in Fawkes's pocket; who, finding his guilt now apparent, and seeing no refuge but in boldness and despair, expressed the utmost regret that he had lost the opportunity of firing the powder at once, and of sweetening his own death by that of his enemies. Before the Council he displayed the same intrepid firmness, mixed even with scorn and disdain; refusing to discover his accomplices, and showing no concern but for the failure of the enterprise. This obstinacy lasted two or three days: but being confined to the Tower, left to reflect on his guilt and danger, and the rack being just shown to him, his courage, fatigued with so long an effort, and unsupported by hope or society, at last failed him; and he made a full discovery of the conspirators.

"Catesby, Percy, and the other criminals, who were in London, though they had heard of the alarm taken at a letter sent to Monteagle; though they had heard of the Chamberlain's search; yet were resolved to persist to the utmost, and never abandon their hopes of success. But at last, hearing that Fawkes was arrested, they hurried down to Warwick-

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shire; where Sir Everard Digby, thinking himself assured that success had attended his confederates, was already in arms, in order to seize the Princess Elizabeth. She had escaped into Coventry; and they were obliged to put themselves on their defence against the country, who were raised from all quarters, and armed by the Sheriff. The conspirators, with all their attendants, never exceeded the number of eighty persons; and being surrounded on every side, could no longer entertain hopes of either prevailing or escaping. Having, therefore, confessed themselves, and received absolution, they boldly prepared for death, resolved to sell their lives as dear as possible to the assailants. But even this miserable consolation was denied them: some of their powder took fire, and disabled them for defence. The people rushed in upon them. Percy and Catesby were killed by one shot. Digby, Rookwood, Winter, and others, being taken prisoners, were tried, confessed their guilt, and died, as well as Garnet, by the hands of the executioner. Notwithstanding this horrid crime, the bigoted Catholics were so devoted to Garnet, that they fancied miracles to be wrought by his blood; and in Spain he was regarded as a martyr.

"The Lords Mordaunt and Stourton, two Catholics, were fined, the former ten thousand pounds, the latter four thousand, by the Star-Chamber; because their absence from Parliament had begotten a suspicion of their being acquainted with the conspiracy. The Earl of Northumberland was fined thirty thousand pounds, and detained several years prisoner in the Tower; because, not to mention other grounds of suspicion, he had admitted Percy into the number of gentlemen pensioners, without his taking the requisite oaths."—*Hume's History of England.*

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Alger, Mr. Joseph A.,		Pembroke,	33	May 30th, 1846.
Ballard, Mr. Thomas,	Lantwit,	Cardiff,	50	March 23d, 1846.
Beck, Miss,	Cowes-Hill,	Wolsingham,	20	June 17th, 1846.
Beecham, Mr. Thomas,	Pentonville,	London,	21	June 9th, 1846.
Bland, Mr. John,	Cullingworth,	Bingley,	46	March 14th, 1846.
Bornton, Mrs. T.,		Pickering,	37	May 25th, 1846.
Booth, Mr. Reuben,	Heanor,	Belper,	42	April 29th, 1846.
Brown, Mr. James,	Strood,	Rochester,	50	June 7th, 1846.
Chittenden, Mr. W.,	Buckinge,	Tenterden,		June 10th, 1846.
Churches, Mr. John,		Cheltenham,	56	May 14th, 1846.
Cleverton, Ann,	Lane-End,	Kilkhampton,	46	June 2d, 1846.
Davis, Mrs.,	Abersychan,	Abergavenny,	35	March 27th, 1846.
Edwards, Mrs.,	Worthing,	Brighton,	73	June 7th, 1846.
Fernley, Mr. J. D.,	Greek-street,	Stockport,	30	June 14th, 1846.
Hall, Mrs., sen.,	Dartford,	Gravesend,	76	May 22d, 1846.
Howard, Mrs.,	Rickmansworth,	St. Alban's,	35	April 26th, 1846.
Hudson, Rev. Thomas,	Wesleyan Minister,	Manchester,	27	June 10th, 1846.
Johnson, Mrs.,	Woodside,	Bishop-Auckland,	90	June 3d, 1846.
Kingston, Miss A.,	Farrington Gurney,	Midsomer Norton,	33	May 30th, 1846.
Lea, Mr. George,	Salford,	Manchester, 2d,	48	March 16th, 1846.
Littlejohns, Christopher,	Woolley,	Kilkhampton,	86	June 7th, 1846.
M'Gregor, Ranald, Esq.,		Banff,	70	May 29th, 1846.
Milligan, Mrs.,		Southampton,	78	June 12th, 1846.
Neale, Mrs.,	Carshalton,	Croydon,	62	May 18th, 1846.
Neath, Mr. George,		Dudley,	62	June 4th, 1846.
Ogden, Maria,	Hollas-Bridge,	Bingley,	23	May 7th, 1846.
Oldfield, Mr. Thomas,	Cheetham-Hill,	Manchester, First,	27	March 7th, 1846.
Philipson, John,	Eastgate,	Wolsingham,	59	May 3d, 1846.
Prudah, Miss E.,		Barnard-Castle,	37	May 18th, 1846.
Ramsden, Mr. James,		Beverley,	62	June 5th, 1846.
Roberts, Mrs.,	Lantwit,	Cardiff,	40	May 18th, 1846.
Rudd, Mrs. H.	Woolwich,	Deptford,	36	June 2d, 1846.
Slater, Mr. John,	Shottle,	Belper,	70	June 6th, 1846.
Sugden, Mrs.,	Dockroyd,	Keighley,	73	June 4th, 1846.
Vincent, Mr. S.,	Holkham,	Walsingham,	34	May 26th, 1846.
Webb, Mr. Samuel,	Riddings,	Belper,	68	April, 1846.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

DECEMBER, 1846.

THE CASE OF THE APOSTATES MENTIONED IN THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

(*Concluded from page* 325.)

3. An outrageous *contempt* of the Redeemer's *sacrifice.* They have "counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith they were sanctified, an unholy thing." Correctly to estimate this grievous imputation, we must keep in mind such divine truths and maxims as the following:—"It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul."—"It is not possible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins."—"This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."—"In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins."—"How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?"—"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." Such are the affecting views under which the Spirit of God displays to us that "blood of the covenant wherewith we are sanctified." Sinless, and divine, and therefore infinitely "precious," to it alone belong the merit and the glory of mankind's redemption. But the man who, in the sense above explained, has "trodden under foot" and crucified afresh "the Son of God," divests this "precious blood" of every glorious, every sound, character; he makes it common, and unclean, and even execrable; he makes it in reality the blood of an impostor, of a malefactor, and even of a blasphemer. A greater sin against the sacrifice of Christ, it is not possible to imagine. And this adorable provision being thus profanely and maliciously despised, "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins; but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."

4. A fearful *sin* against the *Holy Ghost.* They have "done despite unto the Spirit of grace." The word denotes *injury* accompanied with *contempt* or *insult.* Many there are of whom it might be said, "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." Some even "quench the Spirit;" and every man who sins against conviction may be said *to grieve* and even *to do despite* "unto the Spirit of grace." But grievous as this conduct must be in the sight of God, and fatal as it may prove to the transgressors, it does not constitute that *specific sin* against the Holy Ghost to which the Apostle here refers. Not only had these men been "made partakers of the Holy Ghost," but their sin had been committed under the circumstances described Heb. ii. 3, 4, "How shall we escape,

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if we neglect so great salvation; which was confirmed unto us," &c., "God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost?" And this rendered them guilty of a "despite unto the Spirit of grace" which, under circumstances essentially different, can never be committed. Indeed, looking at their peculiar situation, it seems impossible that the parties intended should "fall away," and trample "under foot the Son of God," and count "the blood of the covenant an unholy thing," after the manner above-described, without being guilty also of this specific sin, namely, that of ascribing the splendid operations of the Holy Ghost, or rather the blessed and glorious effects of those operations, to satanic and diabolical agency.

The Gospel miracles are attributed by the inspired writers to "the Spirit of God." And whether we regard that Spirit as imparted to the Son without "measure," or as imparted to the Apostles in a limited degree, and for specific purposes, according to the will of God, still in the production of the Gospel miracles the Holy Ghost was the divine efficient. Thus Jesus spake: "If I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you." (Matt. xii. 28.) And St. Paul, when he has enumerated the miraculous gifts conferred upon the church at Corinth, among which we find "the gift of tongues," the "gifts of healing and the working of miracles," concludes thus: "But all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." (1 Cor. xii. 11.) We know, on the other hand, that it was the practice of the unbelieving Jews not to deny the miracles of Christ, for they were too notorious to be denied, but to ascribe them to satanic agency: "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the chief of the devils." This outrageous calumny appears to have been invented by the Pharisees, with a design to neutralize the effect of the Redeemer's miracles. Nay, it struck at, and, so far as it succeeded, counteracted, the entire design of God in man's redemption. Hence its pre-eminent atrocity. And yet this calumny appears to contain the *only principle* upon which a Jew who saw the miracles of Christ could refuse to acknowledge him to be the true Messsah, the Son of God; the only principle upon which a Jew who saw the miracles of an Apostle could refuse to acknowledge his divine commission. It is not, therefore, without strong reasons that, among the most accurate and profound thinkers on this subject, there exists a very prevalent belief that the "despite" imputed is that dire offence,—THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

This awful feature of the subject is one upon which it will be proper to dwell a little more at large. From Matt. xii. 24—32, it is sufficiently evident that the unpardonable blasphemy against the Holy Ghost is "a specific crime," and that it consisted "in ascribing his miraculous works to Satan." The conclusion, therefore, appears to be perfectly just, that this direful offence "is limited to the age of miracles only." "It may be confidently concluded," says the Rev. Richard Watson, "that as those only are charged with the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost who saw the miracles of Christ performed, and yet attributed them to Satan, so no one in these later times can be guilty of this particular crime; and no one is therefore, on that account, excluded from forgiveness." But the apostacy of which our Epistle treats, took place *within* "the age of miracles;" and it is plain, both from the Epistle itself and from other considerations, that this apostacy took place among those "who saw the miracles of Christ performed," or, at least, the miracles of his Apostles. So that the only question that can arise is, whether those Jews who might see the miracles of the Holy Spirit wrought by the Apostles, and ascribe them to Satan, did not commit precisely the same offence, that is, the unpardonable blasphemy. To which question the luminous expositor already quoted replies, "They pro-

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bably did." And in another part of his writings, speaking directly to the point now under consideration, Mr. Watson remarks, "The apostacy of a Jew, and especially of a Jew then living in Palestine, had a peculiar aggravation. Because most of them had been witnesses of the miracles of our Lord, or of those wrought by the Apostles in confirmation of the Gospel; and as none of them who renounced Christianity could be again admitted into the synagogues without blaspheming Christ; and probably not without concurring in that particular blasphemy invented by the Pharisees,—that our Lord and his Apostles wrought miracles by the influence of evil spirits; they made themselves partakers of that sin against the Holy Ghost which put them out of the reach of salvation."

So far as the above reasoning is conclusive, it goes to establish, in this one particular, an identity between the sin of these apostates and that sin which the Lord himself had previously declared to be unpardonable. Of course, there may be "despite" unto the Holy Ghost, when the particular crime of blasphemy does not take place,—"despite unto the Spirit of grace." Thus viewed, the crime of these apostates and that of the Pharisees will be essentially the same; namely, that of attributing the miracles of the Holy Ghost to Satan. And though we cannot take the terms, *to blaspheme* and *to do despite*, as synonymes; the latter may be so explained as to include the former; inasmuch as blasphemy against the Holy Ghost is the most fearful *insult* that can be offered to that adorable agent. What a terrible illustration have we here of the Apostle's words: "For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning!" (2 Pet. ii. 20.) Reader, "Thou standest by faith;" therefore, "be not high-minded, but fear."

We cannot dismiss the subject without this additional observation,—

The case of these apostates is not only instructive, but POWERFULLY ADMONITORY.

First. Even so far as it might involve the unpardonable sin, the warning was generally applicable to those to whom this Epistle was primarily addressed. In their circumstances, to have "fallen away" must almost certainly have been to incur the most fearful changes above-enumerated. For instance, so far as we can now see, their return to Judaism must have been attended with blasphemy against Christ, and most probably against the Holy Ghost. The consequence need not again be pointed out. In fact, the warning will apply "to all mankind, who, if not capable of committing that precise sin, may all make dangerous approaches to it."

Secondly. The case before us proves to an awful certainty that even those who have once been pardoned, and sanctified, and blessed, may "fall away," and perish everlastingly; and thus, to the end of time, it yields a solemn warning to all believers. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall!" Facts even of more recent date confirm the melancholy truth,—

> "A gracious soul may fall from grace;
> The salt may lose its seasoning power,
> And never, never find it more."

Many of our churches, even in the present day, exhibit most distressing examples of "them that draw back unto perdition." Thus, in some painful instances, the mighty have fallen. Men who at one period of their life were truly devoted to God; men who could pray, and toil, and endure affliction, and make almost any sacrifice for God and the truth, "have fallen away;" fallen from their integrity, relapsed into a life of open sin, and died in misery and without hope.

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To attempt to set aside the evidence of these facts by reasoning, is worse than foolish: it is absurd and criminal. To say, as some have rashly and unwarrantably said, "These persons were never truly converted to God; for if they had been, they would not thus have fallen away," is but an unnatural effort to "hold fast deceit:" it is a flagrant instance of that presumptuous and delusive sophistry which sets all evidence and legitimate modes of reasoning at defiance. One thing, at least, is certain. If the persons of whom we speak exhibited no proof of true and genuine holiness, *we* can exhibit none. If they had no reason to conclude themselves to be in the favour of God, *we* have no reason, we can have none. They "professed a good profession before many witnesses," and we have no right to call in question their sincerity at the time. The rule of God is, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and judged by this rule their piety was then as deep, as pure, as fervent, and as fruitful, as our own. And yet they fell away; they drew back "unto perdition." Have you "received the knowledge of the truth?" So had they. Have you been "made partakers of the Holy Ghost, tasted the heavenly gift, tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come?" So had they. Can you "rejoice because your name is written in heaven?" So once could they. Does the love of Christ constrain you to such a degree that, for his sake, you could take joyfully "the spoiling of your goods, knowing that in heaven you have a better and more enduring substance?" Thus was it also with some of those of whom we speak. And yet "they have fallen away;" and are "of them that drew back unto perdition." Let then the solemn warning find its way to every believer's heart: "Let him that *most assuredly* standeth, take heed lest he fall." We may learn,

Thirdly. How needlessly some truly pious minds have been distressed on account of certain passages in this Epistle. The circumstances no longer exist under which alone the unpardonable blasphemy against the Holy Ghost could be committed; and for every other sin "there is forgiveness with God." Yet some have been much distressed about the following words:—"If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins." This they have wrongly interpreted of wilful sin in general; and learning, perhaps justly learning, that, even after they had received the knowledge of the truth, they have been guilty of some wilful sin, they draw the terrible conclusion that for them "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins." Whereas nothing can be plainer than that the "wilful sin" of which the Apostle speaks, is such a total, deliberate, and aggravated apostacy, as that before described. We speak the more confidently on this point because it is a point on which the best authorities are so generally agreed. So far as *this sin* is concerned, we say with confidence to every fearful, trembling soul: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." The atonement of the Son of God is *still* available. O yes,

> "His blood is still our ransom found,
> And speaks salvation all around."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Neither will this scripture warrant us to conclude, in any case of mere apostacy, that it is "impossible" to renew the sinner again unto repentance. For, to borrow the language of another eminent writer, "This absolute impossibility can only be supposed of those *apostates* of the *Apostolic* age, who by resisting, nay, even calumniating, the evidence of miracles, were guilty of the sin against the Holy Ghost. So that, as this passage is not applicable to the case of Christians who relapse into sin, there is no ground for the perplexity and distress which it has

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occasioned in some timid minds." Thus, as upon every other, so upon this awful subject, we find the Apostle "warning every man;" but shutting the door of hope and mercy against none. The most holy and most favoured Christian is admonished to rejoice with trembling; the most guilty and most miserable of sinning men, are forbidden to sorrow as them that have "no hope."

Stockport. E. R.

THE DUTIES OF THE TIMES.

The times call for a higher spirituality. This must be manifested in an increase of public spirit, of what we venture to call a religious patriotism,—a loyal zeal for the great cause of God, in its general aspect. Let the means of grace be multiplied at home; and let us emulate the purpose of our fathers to "spread the life" and the light of Christianity "through all the land." Honour the sanctuary; and earnestly guard against an undevout attendance. Unless you would impair its ordinances and wantonly disturb its worshippers, regard it as your imperative duty to be present when the service commences. Let the facilities and advantages of public worship be considered in your choice of residences. Fine scenery, and rural quiet, and a polished society of neighbours, will never compensate for the lost privilege of constantly worshipping your Lord in the sanctuary of his holiness. Let much private devotion be added to the public ordinances. If Jesus, on the most memorable occasion, "went, as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives," let his disciples be often found in secret intercourse with heaven. The deliberate and prayerful reading of holy Scripture will yield inexpressible profit, and "furnish" you "unto all good works." Complaint is sometimes made, that the religion of this day is not so deep, so high, as was that of our forefathers. If so, the reason may be, that we do not spend as many hours as they in holy solitude. Public excitements cannot atone for the want of personal communion with the Triune God; and the thought of having cultivated another's vineyard, may one day aggravate the sorrow of finding that our own has not been kept. In fact, there is too little meditation, too little of the resolve to fix the thoughts, to revolve hallowing truth in the mind, to apply it to the purposes for which it was given, and to search for everything that can help us in these edifying duties. But, in holy living, the contemplative and the active are not opposed. All energy but that which devotion feeds will be soon wasted. Holy tempers and "all good fidelity," profitable intercourse and the "charity" which "never faileth," all the "things" that are "pure" and "lovely" and "of good report," are the fruit of an unseen culture. On the other hand, all truly religious excitement is tested by an increasing relish for the exposition of the word, a deepening sense of utter dependence on Christ, and a longing to "walk humbly with God." Combined with these marks of spiritual growth, we shall rejoice to observe a tenderness of conscience, the truly filial fear of grieving God, and a sensibility awake to the things which visibly divide the church from the world. Born from above, and destined for your native skies, rise, beloved brethren, above the fashions and vanities that pass away, to be for ever forgotten, or remembered with tears of more than blood.—*Annual Pastoral Address of the Wesleyan Conference.*

SELFISHNESS OF SIN.

Selfishness, as we have already intimated, is the universal form of human depravity: every sin that can be named is only a modification of it.

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What is avarice, but selfishness grasping and hoarding? What is prodigality, but selfishness decorating and indulging itself, a man sacrificing to himself as his own god? What is sloth, but that god asleep, and refusing to attend to the loud calls of duty? And what is idolatry, but that god enshrined, man worshipping the reflection of his own image? Sensuality, and, indeed, all the sins of the flesh, are only selfishness setting itself above law, and gratifying itself at the expense of all restraint. And all the sins of the spirit are only the same principle, impatient of contradiction, and refusing to acknowledge superiority, or to bend to any will but its own. What is egotism, but selfishness speaking? Or crime, but selfishness, without its mask, in earnest, and acting? Or offensive war, but selfishness confederated, armed, and bent on aggrandizing itself by violence and blood? An offensive army is the selfishness of a nation embodied, and moving to the attainment of its object over the wrecks of human happiness and life. "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lust?" And what are all these irregular and passionate desires, but that inordinate self-love which acknowledges no law, and will be confined by no rules; that selfishness which is the heart of depravity? and what but this has set the world at variance, and filled it with strife? The first presumed sin of the angels that kept not their first estate, as well as the first sin of man,—what was it but selfishness insane? an irrational and mad attempt to pass the limits proper to the creature, to invade the throne and to seize the rights of the Deity? And were we to analyze the very last sin of which we ourselves are conscious, we should discover that selfishness, in one or other of its thousand forms, was its parent. Thus, if love was the pervading principle of the unfallen creation, it is equally certain that selfishness is the reigning law of the world, ravaged and disorganized by sin.

It must be obvious, then, that the great want of fallen humanity is, a specific against selfishness, the epidemic disease of our nature. The expedient which should profess to remedy our condition, and yet leave this want unprovided for, whatever its other recommendations might be, would be leaving the seat and core of our disease untouched. And it would be easy to show that in this radical defect consists the impotence of every system of false religion, and of every heterodox modification of the true religion, to restore our disordered nature to happiness and God. And equally easy is it to show that the Gospel, evangelically interpreted, not only takes cognizance of this peculiar feature of our malady, but actually treats it as the very root of our depravity, and addresses itself directly to the task of its destruction; that, as the first effect of sin was to produce selfishness, so the first effect of the Gospel remedy is to destroy that evil, and to replace it with benevolence. —*Harris.*

A GOOD WORD.

"How cheap a kindness," says Tillotson, "to speak well, at least not to speak ill, of others! A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence. Some instances of charity are charitable; but were a man never so covetous, he might afford another his good word, at least he might refrain from speaking ill of him, especially if it be considered how dear many have paid for a slanderous and reproachful word."

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THEOLOGY.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

A SERMON.

BY THE LATE REV. THOMAS BRIDGMAN.

"Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee."—Job xxii. 21.

HAPPINESS is the wish and aim of every human creature. It is as natural to deprecate pain and misery, and desire ease and comfort, as it is to move and breathe. But the misfortune is, that, for the most part, we waste our time and spend our strength in the vain and fruitless attempt of deriving it from sources, and extracting it from objects, which are incapable of communicating it. The pleasures of sense may afford a momentary gratification, but they cannot confer a peaceful and contented mind. And, what is more, the time is at hand when these things will have an end. "The world passeth away, and the fashion thereof." Hence the emphatic declaration, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." In the knowledge, and love, and service of God alone can an immortal spirit find rest, and peace, and lasting joy. Accordingly, the text says, "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee." Consider, Wherein acquaintance with God consists, the happy effects resulting from it, and the time allotted for forming an acquaintance with God.

First. Acquaintance with God consists in friendship and fellowship with God. Man is a social being: and, consequently, social intercourse with those whom we esteem and love is one of the richest and purest sources of rational enjoyment. But the most exalted and refined pleasure of which an intelligent being is capable, and which heaven itself can only increase and heighten, is that social intercourse which subsists between God and holy men. For this great and glorious purpose, man was originally formed; formed to glorify God, and enjoy him for ever. And for this end man was endowed with suitable faculties and powers. "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." (Gen. i. 27.) His friendship and fellowship with God have, however, unhappily been destroyed and broken off by sin. His violation of God's law, and the depravity of his nature, have made a wide breach between the parties. The mind of man, which is carnal, is enmity against God, and God is angry with wicked man. But, thanks be to God, the Gospel of his Son is intended to repair the breach, and restore man to his favour and image. "He suffered, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." (1 Pet. iii. 18.) "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ." (1 John i. 3.) This is the design of the Gospel, and this the religion of the Scriptures. A religion which does not bring a man into a state of acquaintance and fellowship with God, is not genuine, it is not the religion of the Bible, and will eventually avail nothing. But, to be more particular,

1. Implied in acquaintance with God, and necessary in order to it, is a knowledge of the character and attributes of God. An infinite being cannot indeed fully be known by a finite being. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" (Job xi. 7, 8.) But God may sufficiently be known for all the purposes of worship, fellowship, trust, and salvation. Something of God may be known by the stupendous works of creation; works which declare his glory, and show his eternal power and Godhead. But in the Scriptures alone can we truly discover his character and attributes. There he is exhibited as a being who is a proper object of fear and adoration, confidence and love. "God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of his saints." "Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." There he is declared to be a God of infinite mercy; so merciful, that he "hateth nothing that his hands have made;" that he is "loving to all;" that he "has no pleasure in the death of the wicked;" that he "would have all men to be saved;" that he has given "his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." There he is revealed as a God of eternal justice; so just, that mercy

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itself could put forth no effort to save a single sinner without an atonement; and that those who reject the offers of reconciliation shall perish without remedy. There we discern him to be a God of absolute holiness; so holy that "the heavens are not clean in his sight;" and that all who are eventually benefited by the Gospel, are previously made the "partakers of his holiness." "The Lord is gracious and merciful; and holy in all his ways." "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of Sabaoth; just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints."

2. Implied in acquaintance with God, is a restoration to the favour of God, and the knowledge of his favour. If God has anything against a man, or if a man continues to walk contrary to the will of God, the breach must not only remain, but become wider. All the displeasure of God against man, and all the enmity of man against God, must be removed; past sin must all be forgiven, and forgiveness must be experienced, in order to this delightful state of acquaintance. And for all this, provision is made in the Gospel. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." And they that truly believe "the record that God has given of his Son," are "justified from all things," have "the witness in themselves," "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," "redemption in his blood, the forgiveness of sins," "the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins." "The Spirit itself beareth witness with their spirits that they are the children of God."

3. Implied in acquaintance with God, is likeness to God. Persons of opposite tempers, habits, and dispositions can never form friendly associations. Now God, as we have seen, is perfectly and absolutely holy; and therefore to have acquaintance with him, you must not only obtain forgiveness, but become the partakers of the divine holiness. For the sanctification of the believer, abundant provision is also made in the Gospel. A fountain is open for sin and for uncleanness. Christ died, and God has promised to make you holy. To this fountain you must apply, and these promises you must plead, until your moral and spiritual robes are made perfectly pure and white. The more holy you are, the more constant and delightful will be your fellowship with God. As you rise in holiness, you will also rise in the estimation and friendship of heaven.

Secondly, The happy effects resulting from acquaintance with God, are many. Two are here mentioned:

1. Peace is one of those blessed results. Peace is here opposed to disturbance and commotion. And of the most violent commotions the natural, unregenerate mind is the unhappy seat; commotions arising partly from the terrors of conscience, partly from innumerable cares and anxieties, partly from the clamour and influence of corrupt desires and passions, and partly from the dread of death and futurity, which terrifies the soul beyond measure. In consequence of these terrors and anxieties, these cares and apprehensions, the unrenewed mind resembles nature when wrought into a tempest, and raging with unceasing fury. But when acquaintance with God commences, the tempest begins to abate; and when it is matured, there is an uninterrupted calm. Knowing the character of God, freely forgiven, assured of forgiveness, and transformed into the image of God, conscience no longer accuses, anxiety vanishes as the morning cloud, the storm of passion subsides, and the fear of death gives place to a sure and certain hope of a blissful and glorious immortality. Order is thus brought out of confusion, and the mind becomes the happy seat of a sweet and a heavenly peace; a peace which passeth all understanding, a peace which resembles the summit of some lofty mountain, which,

"Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

2. Good is another blessed result of acquaintance with God. As no particular good is specified, we are warranted in using the word in its utmost latitude of meaning. All necessary *temporal* good shall come to you. God has not promised riches: these may prove a snare to you, as they have to many. Nor has he promised a freedom from worldly trials: these may be the greatest blessings. But he has promised that "there shall be no want of any good thing to them that love him." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." A continued supply of all *spiritual* good shall come to you. The union between Christ, who is the vine, and the believer, who is one of the branches, being formed and preserved, spiritual nourishment, strength, and sup-

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port, are constantly conveyed; in consequence of which the believer is neither stationary nor barren, but continues to "grow up into his living Head in all things," and to bring forth all "the fruits of righteousness;" and in consequence of which he never sinks under discouragements, but urges on his way with renewed vigour and increasing diligence, waxing stronger and stronger, and becoming more holy and heavenly, until, passing through death triumphant home, his

——"Faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love."

"Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Eternal good shall come to you. An acquaintance formed with God here will eventually lead to the everlasting enjoyment of him hereafter. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever."

Thirdly. The Scriptures uniformly bring us to the present moment. "*To-day*, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts;" "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation;" "Acquaint *now* thyself with him;" because,

1. Acquaintance with God is most conducive to your comfort. On this argument we need not enlarge. Here alone, as we have just seen, can an intelligent mind find true peace and lasting joy. The sooner, therefore, that we become acquainted with God, the more effectually shall we secure our real happiness.

2. It is a concern of the most urgent necessity. Although true peace is to be found only in religion, I am verily persuaded that not an individual would become religious merely for that reason. But the *necessity* of acquaintance with God is an argument which, whatever practical influence it may have, is irresistible. And it is necessary. If you do not become acquainted with God in this life, your portion hereafter will be most miserable. "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." (2 Thess. i. 7—9.)

3. The time allotted for forming an acquaintance with God is not only short and limited, but very uncertain. "The Son of Man cometh as a thief in the night." "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." To-morrow you may have no opportunity of attending to this important concern. Ere to-morrow, affliction of such a nature may seize your mortal body, as to render you incapable of attending to it. Ere to-morrow, the strings of life may be cut, your probation terminated, the door of mercy closed, and your salvation eternally impossible. Hence the pressing exhortation, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near."

This subject teaches us the true value of time, and the purposes for which it should be employed. This is manifest from the fact, that taking the bitter and the sweet, the pleasure and the pain, all things just as they have occurred, perhaps not an individual would choose, for his own sake, to live his life over again. This is also manifest from the whole tenour of Scripture. Time is only valuable as it is duly improved; and here it is infinitely valuable. How lamentable, therefore, it is to observe such multitudes of human beings posting onwards to eternity, and yet as anxious for the world, and as unconcerned for their souls, as if earth were a paradise, as if they were to continue here for ever, as if there were no God to observe their conduct, no judgment-seat at which to give an account, no hell to escape, no heaven to secure! Brethren, let it not be so with you. Learn to number your days, so as to apply your hearts unto wisdom. Employ your time in the great work of salvation. "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee."

WHAT IS GOD?

THERE is one anecdote connected with the formation of the "Shorter Catechism"

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both full of interest and so very beautiful, that it must not be omitted. In one of the earliest meetings of the Committee, the subject of deliberation was, to frame an answer to the question, "*What is God?*" Each man felt the unapproachable sublimity of the divine idea suggested by these words; but who could venture to give it expression in human language? All shrunk from the too sacred task in awe-struck reverential fear. At length it was resolved, as an expression of the Committee's deep humility, that the youngest member should first make the attempt. He consented; but begged that the brethren would first unite with him in prayer for divine enlightenment. Then in slow and solemn accents he thus began his prayer: "O God, thou art a spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in thy being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth." When he ceased, the first sentence of his prayer was immediately written down and adopted, as the most perfect answer that could be conceived; as, indeed, in a very sacred sense, God's own answer, descriptive of himself. Who, then, was the youngest member of the Committee? When we compare the birth-dates of the respective members of the Committee, we find that George Gillespie was the youngest by more than a dozen years. We may, therefore, safely conclude, that George Gillespie was the man who was thus guided to frame this marvellous answer.—*Presbyterian's Armoury.*

[At the bi-centenary of the Westminster Assembly, celebrated in Edinburgh three years ago, Mr. Robert Paul narrated the anecdote in the following manner, which is substantially that in which we have been accustomed to hear it repeated.]

When the Committee of the Westminster Assembly, who were appointed to prepare an answer to the question, "What is God?" were engaged in the business, and it came to be decided which of them should prepare it, all stood aback from the task, each one feeling himself incompetent for the duty. At length it was agreed, for reasons not now known, that it should be performed by the youngest man among them, whoever he should turn out to be. When the individual was selected, it was found he would not consent to engage in the duty, except on the condition that while he was so employed, the whole of his brethren should separately betake themselves to silent and earnest prayer, that he might be specially guided by the Divine Spirit in his work. To this they consented, and within a short time he produced that memorable answer, which, for comprehensiveness and brevity, has never been surpassed: "God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth."

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The year closes amid the desolation of winter, and life closes in the still more dreary desolation of the grave; and, to the eye of sense, neither winter nor the grave exhibits any symptom of reviving life: each might seem to be the final extinction of all that is stricken by the hand of death. But the desolation of winter, dreary as it seems, is the prelude of a coming spring, and is really preparing the soil for bursting forth again in the verdure and luxuriance of another year; and if, as we have seen, the successive seasons of life point onward to an end not yet attained, the desolation of the grave itself may be but the harbinger of a coming life, the preparation for a general resurrection. Had you witnessed the progress of but one year, had you marked the first blush of spring, and then the luxuriant beauty of summer, and then the rich abundance of autumn; and had you observed how, at a certain point, the leaves began to fall, and the plants to wither, the earth losing its fecundity, the sun withdrawing its genial heat, and all nature wrapping itself, as it were, in a funereal shroud, and exhibiting the marks of universal decay,—had you witnessed this strange and melancholy consummation of only a single year, you might have been tempted to think that in the grave of winter nature lay dead and buried, and that from so wide-spread a desolation there could be no reviving. But you have seen one year terminate, and another run its course; you have marked how spring emerges from the very bosom of winter, and how, at its genial breath, flowers generally dead begin to germinate, and trees, withered and bare, put forth again their buds and leaves, until, as the season advances, the whole earth, once bare and barren, is clothed with beauty, and teems with abundant fruitfulness; every field being now rich in verdure, and every grove, once silent and deserted, vocal with sweet melody. And is not this an emblem of human life and the cycle of its successive periods? Every year ends in the desolation of winter, and every life with the desolation of the grave. But

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may it not be, that from the latter, not less than the former, there shall be a resurrection to newness of life? True, we have experience of the one, while we have no experience of the other. We see spring return in its season, after the winter is over and gone, but we see no symptom of revival among the congregation of the dead; and hence, while we count with instinctive certainty on the renewal of the face of nature after its wintry decay, we are doubtful or slow to believe as to the mortality of man, and his resurrection to another life. But why? If there be no known instance of annihilation in nature, but a constant series of changes by which that which decays now is reproduced hereafter; if, as modern science assures us, no particle even of inert matter is lost by decomposition, but passes only into new forms and combinations; and if, as your own experience teaches, there be in human nature a tendency ever onward, pointing towards some end which is never reached in this lower world; then, on these natural grounds, it may be said that there is a presumption at least in favour of a future state of being, a presumption supported by the strongest analogies of nature. But when, in addition to this probable assurance, we are expressly taught by revelation that, in the moral as in the natural world, winter will give place to spring, and that from the desolation of the grave, men will rise into a new state of being; when we are told by Him "who knows the end from the beginning," that a time is coming when all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and come forth, some to honour and glory, and others to shame and everlasting contempt; then, as surely as now, amidst the dreariness of winter, we look forward to the approach of spring, and expect new life to appear where death now reigns, so surely may we reckon on the arrival of a time when "this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality; and the saying that is written shall be brought to pass, Death is swallowed up in victory." What though now there be every appearance of desolation, and no symptom of life? Does not nature exhibit the same aspect in winter, and is not death the prelude of life? "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body." "So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body."—*Rev. Dr. Buchanan.*

ON AFFLICTION AND REPENTANCE.

Nothing can render affliction so heavy as the load of sin: would ye therefore be fitted for afflictions, be sure to get the burden of your *sins* laid aside; and then what afflictions soever you meet with will be very easy to you.

If thou canst hear and bear the rod of affliction which God shall lay upon thee, remember this lesson, thou art *beaten* that thou mayest be better.

The Lord useth his *flail* of tribulation to separate the chaff from the wheat.

The school of the cross is the school of light: it discovers the world's vanity, baseness, and wickedness, and lets us see more of God's mind. Out of dark affliction comes a spiritual light.

In times of affliction we commonly meet with the sweetest experiences of the love of God.

Did we heartily renounce the pleasures of this world, we should be very little troubled for our afflictions: that which renders an afflicted state so insupportable to many, is because they are too much addicted to the pleasures of this life; and so cannot endure that which makes a separation between them.

The end of affliction is the discovery of sin; and of *that* to bring us to the Saviour: let us, therefore, with the prodigal, return unto him, and we shall find ease and rest.

A returning penitent, though formerly bad as the worst of men, may by grace become as good as the best.

To be truly sensible of sin, is to sorrow for *displeasing* of God: to be afflicted, that he is pleased *by us* more than that he is displeased *with* us.

Your intentions to repentance, and the neglect of that soul-saving duty, will rise up in judgment against you.

Repentance carries with it a *divine rhetoric*, and persuades Christ to forgive multitudes of sins committed against him.

Say not to thyself, To-morrow I will repent; for it is thy duty to do it daily.

The Gospel of grace and salvation is above all doctrines the most dangerous,

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if it be received in *word* only by graceless men; if it be not attended with a sensible need of a Saviour, and bring them to him; for such men only as have the *notion* of it, are of all men most miserable; for by reason of their knowing more than Heathens, this shall only be their final portion, that they shall have greater stripes.—*Bunyan's Dying Sayings.*

BROKEN SABBATHS.

Beware, above all things, of *broken Sabbaths:* of the progress in crime to which they lead, of the forgetfulness and alienation from God to which they tend, let scaffolds and let deathbeds tell. May the Sabbath always be to you the happiest day in the week: love it, cherish it, improve it. Endeavour to be cheerful and happy upon this blessed day yourself, and to make those around you so.

Teach your children, that while all business and all worldly amusements are in an especial manner to cease on that day, it is not to be a dull and wearisome day; but that it brings with it its own calm and placid pleasures, its own peculiar business, its own heavenly enjoyments. Endeavour, by profitable conversation, by interesting and useful books, to prevent this day from ever being a weariness to them: and as regards yourselves, habituate your own minds to consider it as the Lord's day, essentially the day which the Lord our God has "sanctified," and which the Lord, our divine Saviour, delighted to honour; a day so belonging to himself, that all of it must, as far as in you lies, be dedicated to him: rob him not, therefore, of a single hour of this his own portion of your time, but pay it as scrupulously to him as you would restore to any fellow-mortal the property which you knew unquestionably belonged to him, and this not as a debt, but as a grateful free-will offering of the heart. Look forward to the day of the Lord with pleasure; employ yourself for him and with him, in its blessed and peaceful hours, with delight, and you will look back upon it, when all your days are past, and all their occupations over, as the most gratifying portion of your life; as that which bears some faint resemblance to the pursuits upon which you are about to enter, and the joys of which you shall throughout eternity partake.—*Blunt's Pentateuch.*

HOPE.

Hope is a beautiful meteor: like the rainbow, it is not only lovely because of its seven rich and radiant stripes, it is the memorial of a covenant entered into between man and his Maker, telling us we were born for immortality, destined, unless we sepulchre our greatness, to the highest honour and noblest happiness. Hope proves man deathless: it is the struggle of the soul breaking loose from what is perishable, and attesting her eternity; and when the eye of the mind is turned upon Christ delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification, the unsubstantial and deceitful character is taken away from hope. Hope is one of the prime pieces of that armour of proof in which the believer is arrayed; for Paul tells us to take for an helmet the hope of salvation. It is not good that a man hope for wealth, since "riches profit not in the day of wrath;" and it is not good that we hope for human honours, since the mean and mighty go down to the same burial. But it is good that he hopes for salvation. The meteor then gathers like a golden halo round his head; and as he presses forward in the battle-time, no weapon of the evil one can pierce through that helmet. It is good, then, that he hope: it is good, also, that he quietly wait. There is much promised in Scripture to the waiting upon God. Men wish an immediate answer to prayer, and think themselves forgotten unless the reply be instantaneous. It is a great mistake. The delay is often part, and a great part, of the answer. It exercises faith, and hope, and patience; and what better thing can be done for us than strengthening those graces, to whose growth shall be proportioned the splendours of immortality? It is good, then, that ye wait. "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."—*Rev. Henry Melville.*

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

Study not only to preach exactly, but to live exactly: let the misplacing of one action in your lives trouble you more than the misplacing of words in your discourses. This is the way to succeed in your embassy, and give up your account with joy.—*Flavel.*

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DIVINE PROVIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.

GODLINESS IS PROFITABLE.

When I was stationed in the city of Norwich, (says the late Rev. John Pawson,) in the year 1764, I met with what I think an extraordinary instance of the power and goodness of God. A poor man and his wife had removed from Leeds in Yorkshire, and settled in Norwich, where they earned their bread in carding and spinning very coarse wool. In a few years the man died, and left the poor destitute woman with three small children, in a place where she was but little known, and in a state of deep poverty. However, she laboured with all her might to support her poor children, and sold everything out of her house that she could possibly spare, even the bed she should have rested her weary body upon. She wrought night and day, Sundays as well as other days, and never ceased till, worn-out with hard labour, she could hold up no more; and then she lay down upon a heap of wool, and rested awhile, till her wasted strength was somewhat recruited, and then went to work again. Thus she laboured for a considerable time, till, one Sunday, as she was washing the floor of her room, upon her knees, the following words were so deeply impressed upon her mind, that she thought a person was really behind her, who said, "If you live and die in this manner, you will be lost for ever." She looked over her shoulder, and said, "I had much better do so than not be clean." But, upon serious reflection, she thought within herself, "If I do live and die thus, I shall be lost." Accordingly, she gave up her washing, dressed herself as well as she could, and went directly to the Tabernacle, where that faithful servant of God, the late Rev. John Murlin, was then preaching. The Lord sent the word with power to her heart, and she was made deeply sensible of her guilty, sinful, and wretched state; so that she turned to the Lord, and earnestly sought the salvation purchased by the blood of Christ, and through the infinite mercy and love of God was soon put in possession of that inestimable blessing. Being made unspeakably happy in the love of God, she now went on her way, greatly rejoicing, notwithstanding her deep poverty.

In the time of her distress, the Minister of the parish of St. Andrew, where she lived, had been so kind as to relieve her by granting her the privilege of having broken victuals from his table. But when he heard of the change which had taken place in the poor woman, he sent for her to his house. She, being apprehensive that his design was to persuade her to renounce the Methodists, was exceedingly distressed; but she earnestly cried to the Lord, entreating him to appear for her in this trying hour, and that he would give her such courage and resolution, that she might boldly confess him before men. She was not in any degree concerned about anything the Minister might either say or do, so she might only stand fast in the faith, and not defile her conscience. In this spirit she went to his house, and he said, "I hear you are turned Wheatlamite." (So they called the Methodists in Norwich, in those days, from James Wheatley, who had preached in that city.) She answered, "No, Sir; I am become a Methodist." He replied, with some degree of anger, "What! is it not enough to go to church?" She answered, "Before I was a Methodist, I went to no place of worship; but now I constantly attend the church." He then said, "And are you determined to continue a Methodist?" She replied, "Yes, Sir, through the help of God I trust I shall." "Well, then," said he, "you need expect no farther relief from me." She answered, "I am exceedingly obliged to you, Sir, for all past favours; and I heartily thank both God and you, for the great kindness you have so long shown me; and as you certainly have a right to give your broken victuals to whom you think proper, I am perfectly satisfied." The Minister made good his word, and the poor woman returned home, greatly rejoicing, and heartily praising God, for giving her strength according to her day, and for enabling her to confess him, and to avow herself a Methodist. Soon after this a man married her, who supported both her and her children, so that she lived comfortably the residue of her days, and experienced the truth of the Apostle's words: "Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

PARENTAL MONITOR.

PATERNAL OBLIGATION.

Parents are supposed to be acquainted with the word of God themselves; and that which they thus know they are to communicate to their children; these are to be the first principles instilled into their minds; they are, from their very infancy, to be fed with "the sincere milk of the word, that they

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may grow thereby" in the knowledge and love of the will of God. Never were these paternal duties more solemnly urged than in the chapter that lies open before me. Hear a passage from it: "Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life. But teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons; especially the day that thou stoodest before the Lord thy God in Horeb, where the Lord said unto me, Gather me the people together, and I will make them hear my words, that they may learn to fear me all the days that they shall live upon the earth, and that they may teach their children." One great reason of the awful solemnities of Mount Sinai itself was to impress upon Jewish parents that it was God's specially declared will that they should teach all his statutes and ordinances to their children. The same instruction, doubtless, is required now: passages in the New Testament, too numerous to be now quoted, prove this. And this method of putting a people in possession of his revealed truth would have been most efficacious, had it but been properly observed. If all heads of families prayed for the gift of holy and successful teaching,—a prayer which God would no doubt answer,—and used those numerous Catechisms which have been drawn up with so much care and attention, God would bless the means which himself has appointed, and knowledge would be increased. Had this plan been fully adopted, for instance, in our own country, and employed in connexion with the ministry of the word, there can be no doubt but that, by this time, it would have been fully enlightened: then should we see less necessity—if necessity at all—for such institutions as that to which our attention is at present directed—*Richard Watson.*

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE DUTY OF YOUNG MEN.

HEAR then the conclusion of the whole matter: "Fear God, and keep his commandments." Be not satisfied with a mere Christian profession. Be not satisfied with that measure of religious character that shall save you from the discipline of the church, or even secure your salvation so as by fire. Rise up to a vigorous and lofty tone of Christian feeling and action. Let no one mark your daily conduct without perceiving that it is an ever-brightening light. And here, after all, is the hope of the country, the hope of the age. If I could but see the young men of this generation, as a body, baptized with the spirit of true Christianity, and acting habitually under a sense of religious obligation, I should confidently expect to see the clouds that darken our horizon soon pass away. And I should then give myself no concern about the prevalence of one political party or another; for if I could be sure that the mass were acting under the influence of Christian feeling, and that an enlightened and active conscience was in the politics of the nation, I should have no fear that the mistakes incident to human weakness would ever greatly mar our public prosperity. O, if I could feel sure that the young men before me, the young men of the nation at large, would be valiant for the truth and the right, I would defy all the miserable plotting demagogues of the land to ruin my country. I would say to all evil men, whether in high or low places, whether they make part of the constituted authorities of the nation, or of the very refuse and dregs of the mob, I would say to them, If it *must* be so, do your best to ruin us, and the nation will live in spite of you. Your mission of evil will not last always. You cannot always utter bitter words, or perform desperate acts; for ere long your voice will be hushed, and your arms folded in death. I pity you, but I fear you not; for these young men, full of faith in God and of zeal in his service, are preparing to undo the wretched labours of your life. Could I but feel an assurance that this would be so, I would go abroad and proclaim it everywhere; I would call upon the rocks and rivers, the mountains and valleys, of my country to rejoice; I would send it across the ocean as a grateful message to the friends of free institutions, and as a wholesome message to the oppressors of mankind; I would entreat every man who loves his country or his race, to fall upon his knees and offer up thanksgivings for such a gracious interposition. O! it is a glorious vision to dwell upon. Young men of this nation, it is for you to decide whether the vision shall go out in darkness, or brighten into a glorious accomplishment.—*Dr. Sprague.*

SAXON SUPERSTITION.

IN the sixth year of the reign of Conan, (*ab clife ab amarow'd,*) King of Gwinthor, North Wales, (which was about A.D. 946,) there was in the Christian temple, at a place called Horden, (Hawarden,) in the kingdom of North Wales, a rood-loft, in which was placed an image of the Virgin Mary, with a

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very large cross, which was in the hands of the image, called Holy-rood. About this time there happened a very hot summer, so dry, that there was no grass for the cattle; when most of the inhabitants went and prayed to the image, or Holy-rood, that it would cause it to rain; but to no purpose. Amongst the rest, the Lady Trawst (whose husband's name was Sytaitht, a nobleman and Governor of Horden Castle) went to pray to the said Holy-rood; and she, praying earnestly and long, the image, or Holy-rood, fell on her and killed her: upon which a great uproar was raised, and it was concluded and resolved to try the said image for the murder of the said Lady Trawst, and a jury was summoned for the purpose, whose names were as follows; namely,

Hincot of Hancot,
Span of Mancot;
Leech and Leach,
and Cumberbeach;
Peet and Pate,
with Corbon of the grate;
Milling and Hughet,
with Gill and Pughet;

who, upon examination of evidence, declared the said Holy-rood had wilfully murdered the said Lady Trawst, and was guilty in not answering the many petitions; but, whereas, being very old and done, she was ordered to be hanged. But Span opposed that, saying, as they wanted rain, it would be best to drown her: but this was fiercely opposed by Corbon, who answered, that as she was Holy-rood they had no right to kill her, but advised to lay her on the sands of the river below Horden Castle, from whence they might see what became of her: which was accordingly done. Soon after which the tide from the sea came and carried the said image to some low land, being an island, near the walls of a certain city, called Caer-Leon, (supposed Chester,) where it was found next day, drowned and dead. Upon which the inhabitants of Caer-Leon buried it at the place where it was found, and erected a monument of stone over it with this inscription:—

"The Jews their God did crucify,
The Hordeners their's did drown,
'Cause with their wants she'd not comply;
And lies under this cold stone."

It is supposed the above inscription caused the low land to have the appellation of Rood Die, or Rood Dee, this being the name given to that river on this occasion: for before it was called the river Usk.—*Imperial Magazine.*

OUR SERVANTS.

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

HENRY, late Earl of Pembroke, had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular. His Lordship used an ingenious expedient to prevent the expostulations of those about him: he feigned himself deaf; and thus, under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answers, not by what was said to him, but by what he desired to have said.

Among other servants, was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity, till at length he became coachman. This man, by degrees, got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired he might be dismissed. My Lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant." "I say," replied the lady, "that he is continually drunk, and therefore desire that he may be turned off." "Ay," said his Lordship, "he has lived with me from a child; and, as you say, a trifle of wages should not part us."

John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde-park. Though not much hurt, yet she began to tease the Earl. "Here," said she, "is that beast John, so drunk that he can scarcely stand; and if he is not discharged, he will one day break our necks." "Ay," said my Lord, "is poor John sick? I am sorry for him." "I am complaining," said my Lady, "that he is drunk, and has overturned me." "Ay," replied my Lord, "to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice." The lady, finding it useless to remonstrate, went away in a passion; and the Earl, having ordered John into his presence, addressed him in these terms: "John, you know that I have a regard for you; and, as long as you behave well, you shall always be taken care of in my family. My lady tells me that you are taken ill; and, indeed, I see that you can hardly stand: go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice." John, being thus dismissed, was carried to bed, where, by his Lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woeful condition, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reasons on which it was made. He had no remedy but to submit; for he would rather have endured ten blisters than lose his place. His Lordship

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sent, very formally, twice a day to know how he did, and frequently congratulated his lady upon John's recovery; whom he directed to be fed only with water-gruel, and to have no company but an old woman, who acted as his nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, his Lordthought fit to understand the messenger, and said he was extremely glad to hear the fever had quite left him, and desired to see him. When John came in, "Well, John," said his Lordship, "I hope this bout is over." "Ah, my Lord," said John, "I humbly ask your Lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again." "Ay, ay," said my Lord, "you say right, nobody can prevent sickness: and if you should be ill again, John, I shall see it, though, perhaps, you would not complain; and I promise you that you shall have always the same advice and attendance that you have had now." "God bless your Lordship," said John: "I hope there will be no need." "So do I," said the Earl; "but as long as you perform your duty to me, John, I will do mine to you, never fear." John then withdrew, and so dreaded the discipline he had undergone, that he was never known to be drunk afterwards.—*Family Circle.*

RECORDS OF THE CHURCH.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST AND APOSTLE.

St. John was brother to St. James the Great, and, like his brother, was a fisherman in Galilee. They were by our Saviour named Boanerges, "sons of thunder." To St. John our blessed Lord entrusted the care of his mother. He is said to have remained till near the year 66 in Judea. The churches of Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea, in Asia Minor, were particular objects of his care. Domitian commanded the Pro-Consul of Asia to send him bound to Rome; where it is said he was put into a caldron of boiling oil, in which he stood for many hours unhurt. The tyrant afterwards banished him to the isle of Patmos. There he wrote his Book of Revelation. After the death of Domitian, St. John left Patmos, and returned to Asia, but chiefly fixed his seat at Ephesus. It is said that when very aged, and unable to preach, he still went to the church, and gave this short exhortation, "Love one another." Coming, it is said, on one occasion, to a place near Ephesus, in his visitation of the churches, the Apostle saw a youth whom he delivered to the Bishop of the place with this charge, "I commend this person to thee to be looked to with all care and diligence, in the presence of Christ and the church." The Bishop received the young man into his house, instructed him, and baptized him. But he fell into bad company; and despairing of all hope of pardon from God, he let loose the reins, and he and his companions became robbers. St. John, returning to the same place, required from the Bishop the pledge he had left with him: "I mean," said St. John, "the young man: it is the soul of my brother that I require." The old man, with tears in his eyes, answered, "He is dead; that is, he is dead to God; for he is become a robber in the mountains." The Apostle, it is said, immediately called for a horse and a guide, and made haste to the mountains; where, being taken by the robbers, he begged to be brought before the Captain; but the young man, as soon as he perceived it was St. John, ran away. The Apostle, not regarding his old age and weakness, followed; and, when he could not overtake him, exclaimed, "Why, O my son, dost thou fly from thy aged and unarmed father? There is yet hope of salvation for thee." With that the robber stayed, and throwing away his weapons, and shedding many tears, he embraced the aged Apostle, and was restored to the church. Reader! have you any friends or acquaintances, who once zealously practised religious duties, but, having been overcome by the devices of Satan, or the love of sin and the world, now neglect those duties? See here an example: use mild and affectionate means to bring them back to God, and to the way of peace. You may be so happy as to save a soul from death: go, ask the divine blessing, and make the attempt. What an encouragement does this record afford also to those who have fallen to return!

St. John lived till he was near one hundred years old, and probably died a peaceful death, not as a martyr. His Gospel and his Epistles show how much this "disciple whom Jesus loved," loved the Saviour and his fellow-Christians.—*Christian Records.*

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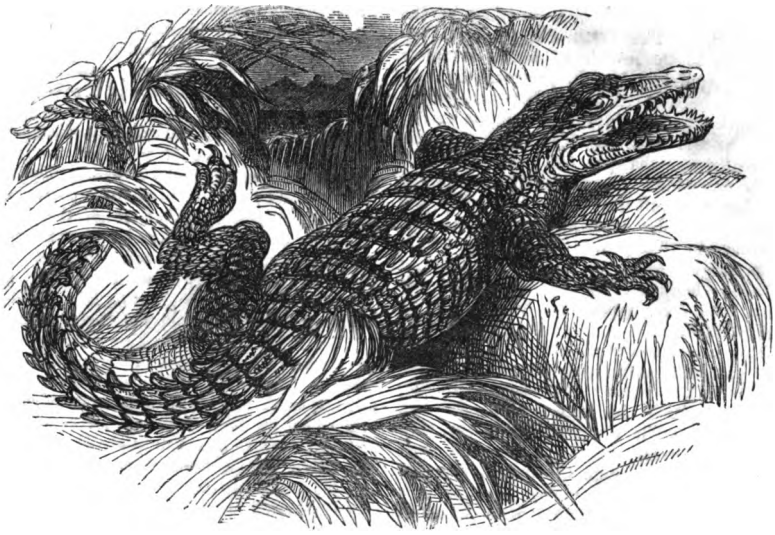

THE CROCODILE.

This reptile was formerly an object of religious worship in many parts of ancient Egypt, while at the same time it was considered by thousands of the same nation, as the representative of the evil being, which led to serious feuds between neighbouring towns. Such was the cause of the quarrel of the Ombites and Tentyrites, described by Juvenal; and the same animal which was worshipped at Ambos, "was killed and eaten by the inhabitants of Apollinopolis."

It enjoyed great honours at Coptos, Ombos, and Athribis, in the Thebaid. In Lower Egypt it was particularly sacred at a place called the City of Crocodiles. The animals were there kept in the lake Mœris, and were buried in the underground chambers of the famous Labyrinth.

It has been asserted, that in places where they were worshipped, their numbers increased to such an extent "that it was not safe for any one to wash his feet, or draw water at the river; and no one could walk near the edge of the stream, in the vicinity of any of the above-named places, without extreme caution."

Strabo speaks of the great respect shown to these creatures in the city formerly called Crocodilopolis, or the City of Crocodiles. He states, that one was sacred there, and kept apart in a particular lake, which was so tame that it allowed itself to be touched by the Priests. It was fed with bread, meat, and wine, which were brought by those strangers who went to see it.

Strabo's host, a man of consideration, when showing the geographer and his party the sacred curiosities of the place, conducted them to the brink of the lake, having taken with him from table, a cake, some roast meat, and a cup of wine. The animal was lying on the bank; and while some of the Priests opened its mouth, one put in the cake, and then the meat, after which the wine was poured into it. The crocodile upon this, taking to the water, passed over to the other side: and another stranger, having come for the same purpose, made similar offerings to it as it lay there.

"Many naturally ask," says Diodorus, "how an animal which devours men can have been considered worthy of divine honours.

"They answer, that not only the Nile, but the crocodiles, are a defence to the country; for the robbers of Arabia and Africa who would pillage the lands, dare not swim across the river from the number of these animals; and one great impediment would be removed, if they were hunted and destroyed.

"An historical tale relates that one of the ancient Kings of Egypt being driven by his own dogs into the lake Mœris, was miraculously taken up by a crocodile, and carried to the other shore. In commemoration of which benefit, the King built the City of the Crocodiles, in that district, ordering divine honours to be paid to them, and assigning the lake for their maintenance."

The towns where it was looked upon with particular execration, were Tentyris, Apol-

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linopolis, Heracleopolis, and the island of Elephantine; and the same aversion was common to all places where the evil being was typified by the crocodile.

Amongst many modes of hunting this monster, we mention one, practised at the present day. They fasten a dog upon a log of wood, to the middle of which is tied a rope of sufficient length, protected by iron wire, to prevent its being bitten through; and having put this into the stream, on a sand-bank at the edge of the water, they lie concealed near the spot, and await the arrival of the crocodile. As soon as it has swallowed the dog, they pull the rope, which brings the stick across the animal's throat. It endeavours to plunge into deep water, but is soon fatigued by its exertions, and is drawn ashore; when receiving several blows on the head with long poles and hatchets, it is easily killed.

The ichneumon is an inveterate enemy to the crocodile, and overcomes its terrific antagonist by a wonderful stratagem. Having enveloped itself in mud, it watches its opportunity, while the crocodile sleeps, with his mouth open on the shore, and then adroitly glides through his mouth into his stomach, and eating its way out, escapes unhurt, at the same time that it kills its enemy.—*Wilkinson's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.*

CATS.

THERE are four distinct races of cats; namely, the tabby, which includes the black cats, and which is nearly allied to the wild kinds; the tortoiseshell cat, which came originally from Spain, and the males of which are buff, with stripes of a darker hue; the white and light-coloured cats, which have reddish eyes and a greyish tint in their fur, and are descended from the Chartreuse breed; and the Angora cats, which are quite distinct from all others, and are known by their long fur. The tailless cats of Cornwall and the Isle of Man belong to the Chartreuse breed, and they are the ugliest of their kind, as the Angora cats are the handsomest. Cats are seldom ill, except from cold, which generally gets well without any particular care being taken of it: but when they have any serious disease, it generally proves fatal.—*Mrs. Loudon.*

TRANSFORMATION OF THE LOCUST.

IN the summer evenings it is common to see upon the trunks of trees, reeds, or any upright object, a heavy-looking, lump-backed brown beetle, an inch and a half long, with a scaly coat, clawed lobster-like legs, and a somewhat dirty aspect; which latter is easily accounted for by the little hole visible in the turf at the foot of the tree, whence he has lately crept. I have sometimes carried them home, and watched with great interest the poor locust "shuffle off his mortal," or rather earthly, "coil," and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening of a small slit which appears in the back of his coat, between the shoulders, through which, as it slowly gapes wider, a pale, silky-looking texture is seen, throbbing and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently a fine square head, with two light red eyes, has disengaged itself, and in process of time (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of a portly body and a conclusion; after which the brown leggings are pulled off like boots, and a pale, cream-coloured, weak, soft creature very tenderly walks away from its former self, which remains standing entire, like a coat-of-mail of a warrior of old, the shelly plates of the eyes that are gone looking after their lost contents with a sad lack of "speculation" in them. On the back of the new-born creature lie two small bits of membrane, doubled and crumpled up in a thousand puckers, like a Limerick glove in a walnut-shell: these now begin to unfold themselves, and gradually spread smoothly out in two large beautiful opal-coloured wings, which by the following morning have become clearly transparent, while the body has acquired its proper hard consistency and dark colour: and when placed on a tree the happy thing soon begins its whirring, creaking, chirruping song, which continues with little intermission as long as its harmless, happy life.—*Meredith's New South Wales.*

CAPTURE OF A VULTURE.

A LETTER from Get, a little village on the borders of the valley d'Aure, (Upper Pyrenees,) contains the following interesting details:—Two mountaineers, while out sporting at the back of the Peak of Tremassaignes, perceived flying over their heads a vulture of enormous size. Taking advantage of the moment when this leviathan of the air was within shot, one of the sportsmen discharged his gun loaded with five small bullets. The vulture, wounded in the wing, fell with considerable force to the bottom of a ravine. Thither the two men hastened to secure their capture. The one who had fired, proud of his exploit, seeing the monster of a bird extended on a rock, had the imprudence to attempt to secure it whilst living; but the bird furiously attacked him with its immense claws, and severely wounded the man in his neck with its beak, and it is supposed he must have been killed, had it not been for the presence of mind and cool intrepidity of his companion, who with the muzzle of his gun almost touching the vulture, discharged its contents into the head of this terrible bird.

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The creature was subsequently measured, and found to be five feet in length (upwards of five feet English measure) from the beak to the end of his tail; his features handsome and strong; his legs stout and as hard as steel. There was a remarkable circumstance attending the capture of this bird, which no one has hitherto been able to explain; and that is, that he had attached to his left leg a silver bracelet, very strong, and of neat workmanship, to which was appended a small tablet, on which were to be seen engraved three Grecian letters.

THE WILD GOAT, OR CHAMOIS.

The body of the chamois is of a dusky red colour; but the front, top of the head, gullet, and inside of the ears are white, and the upper lip is a little divided. It inhabits the Alps of Switzerland, Italy, the Pyrenees, Greece, and Crete; does not dwell so high in the hills as the ibex, and is found in greater numbers. Its vivacity is delightful, and its agility truly admirable. These animals are very social; they go in flocks of from three to twenty; sometimes sixty or a hundred of them are seen dispersed along the declivity of the same mountain. Their voice is a very low and almost imperceptible kind of bleating, resembling that of a hoarse domestic goat. By this bleating they collect together; but when alarmed, or when they perceive an enemy, they advertise one another by a whistling noise.

The sight of the chamois is very penetrating, and his sense of smelling is acute. When he sees a man distinctly, he stops for some time, and flies off when he makes a nearer approach. When the wind blows in the direction of a man, he will perceive the scent at the distance of more than half a league. Hence when he smells or hears any thing which alarms him, he whistles with such force that the rocks and forests re-echo the sound. This whistling is performed through the nostrils, and consists of a strong blowing, similar to the sound which a man may make by fixing his tongue to the palate with his teeth nearly shut, his lips open and somewhat extended, and blowing long and with great force.

The head of the chamois is adorned with two small horns, from half a foot to nine inches in length. Their colour is a fine black, and they are placed on the front, nearly between the eyes. They are used for the heads of canes. The mode in which these animals climb and descend inaccessible rocks is admirable. When descending, particularly, they throw themselves down across a rock which is nearly perpendicular, and of twenty or thirty feet in height, without having a single prop to support them. In doing this they strike their feet three or four times against the rock, till they arrive at a proper resting-place below. The spring of their tendons is

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so great, that when leaping about among the precipices one would imagine they had wings instead of limbs. The legs are long; those behind are somewhat longer, and always crooked, which favours their springing to a great distance; and when they throw themselves from a height, the hind-legs receive the shock, and perform the office of two springs in breaking the fall. During winter they inhabit the lower forests, and live upon pine-leaves, the buds of trees, bushes, and such green or dry herbs as they can find by scratching off the snow with their feet. The forests that delight them most, are those that are full of rocks and precipices. The hunting of the chamois is on this account exceedingly difficult and laborious.

MODE OF MANAGING THE HONEY-BEE IN THE NORTH OF CHINA.

I OBSERVE in the "Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette," (for your paper finds its way even to the Yang-tse-Kiang and Yellow Sea,) that your correspondents are much interested in the success of this little insect. Let me tell them something about the Chinese mode of management. During my travels in the northern provinces, I have frequently come upon the Chinese hives; and although there is perhaps nothing in their management to improve the English mode, yet the Chinese seem to have paid some little attention to the habits of these insects. Their hive is sometimes a rough-made barrel, with bad-fitting ends, intended for the bees to go out and in to the hive; at other times I have observed rough square boxes, placed one above another, evidently used in the same way as our small hives and glasses are at home. In both instances, however, the Chinese place their hives up under the eaves of the house, and thus comply with the natural habits of the insect. I was always fond of managing bees, and have often followed a swarm for miles, when, discontented with its quarters, it took the liberty of flying to some other place, doubtless more congenial to its taste. These places were generally the walls of some ruined tower, or the eaves of some old house, through which they passed under the roof; and this is doubtless the reason why the Chinese keep their hives in the situation just noticed. There is abundance of honey in the northern Chinese towns, where it sells at the rate of two hundred cash (nine pence) for our quart bottle full. It is not considered very fine, but the Chinese spoil it themselves by the addition of sugar and flour to thicken it. The Chinese honey-bee is a little smaller than ours, but seemingly only a variety of our species.—*R. Fortune, Chusan, in the "Gardeners' Chronicle."*

A TOAD FOUND IN THE SOLID COAL.

A MR. J. MURRAY, writing to the Editor of the "Mining Journal and Railway Gazette," some time since, says:—"I have just witnessed a very striking and extraordinary phenomenon,—a toad occupying a cavity in a block of solid coal. It was found in a coal-seam in the vicinity of Leeds, at a depth of twenty-one yards: the thickness of the seam of coal in which it was found is one yard three inches. The block was broken by a blow, and discovered a toad in a shrivelled condition, in fact, in a mummified state. The block is most entirely solid; not a flaw or crevice to the amount of a hair's-breadth was connected in any way with the cavity. I have most minutely examined it in every way, and I am sure no art could form the cavity in that coal. The cavity is somewhat egg-shaped, and the unoccupied space around the toad is more than that occupied by its body; to turn itself, however, in the cavity, was impossible. The interior looks as if it had once been plastic, and bears slight impressions of parts of the body of the toad, as of the feet, &c. No doubt, the cavity has been moulded in some measure by its strange tenant. The interior surface appears as if somewhat polished. The eyes and mouth seem completely seared. I have gazed for an hour at this strange mummy, in its yet stranger coffin. You will understand that it was discovered in this state, and was not alive when found. A better authenticated fact I have never met with."

LETTER-CARRIER.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

May 22d, 1845.

THE colony is doing very well at the present time; and there is nothing now to prevent its prosperity, humanly speaking. At its first commencement, property had risen so much beyond its real value, that persons were speculation-mad; labour was so extravagantly high, that capital was consumed in paying labourers' wages; bills were given, and, as a consequence, when property depreciated in value, those bills could not be met, and ruin stared numbers in the face who were rolling in imaginary wealth. It

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has been discovered, almost too late, if, instead of commerce, agriculture had been attended to, there would not have been the misery there was.

The internal wealth of the colony is great. There are four lead and two copper mines at work; besides many others that have been recently discovered, and not yet worked. The other day a coal-mine was discovered. In addition, we have silver, stone, flag, slate, and other minerals in rich abundance. Gum and black have been largely exported from our shores. We are supplied with our own oil from the Encounter Bay fishery. The soil is capable of producing not only the necessaries of life, but also luxuries, in great abundance. Grapes, this last season, were sixpence a pound. There is also wine made in the colony. Potatoes are worth three shillings and sixpence the hundred pounds. Wheat varies from two shillings and twopence to two shillings and ninepence per bushel. Eggs sixpence per dozen: and in the winter, butter is from five-pence to sevenpence per pound. In fact, we have everything cheaper than in England. The daily labourer is much better off here than at home; the lowest receiving ten shillings per week, and food.

In the immediate vicinity of Adelaide, religious privileges may be enjoyed as in England; but in proportion as the settler retires further into the country the means of grace are not enjoyed.

In different parts union chapels have been erected, in which all denominations officiate; but these, for the most part, are irregularly supplied. There are large numbers of professing Christians, and a great deal of co-operation among different sects: but still there is a great deal among professors generally which calls for much humiliation; there has been so much internal strife and division in the church. Two years ago a great number seceded from the Wesleyans, and formed a new sect, under the name of "Australian Methodists:" it existed for twelve months, when part joined the New-Connexion Methodists, and three months after it ceased to exist; the remainder returning to the old body. There has been a disunion in the Independent society. At the present time an effort is being made to form a new sect, by drawing members from other societies, by a few individuals, with a Mr. Playford at their head. This is to take the simplicity of Scripture for its basis, and to be designated, "The Church of Christ." The first and second verses of the sixth chapter of Hebrews contains its fundamental doctrines: baptism by immersion is the favourite form of administration. Mr. P. has been giving a series of lectures on the millennium: of their merits or demerits I cannot speak, not having had an opportunity of hearing them; though much has been said respecting them.

POETRY.

THE CHRISTIAN SENTIMENT OF AGE.

BY THE LATE MR. CHARLES GRANT, FATHER OF THE PRESENT LORD GLENELG.

With years oppress'd, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harass'd, sick, forlorn;
To thee, O God, I pray!
To thee, these wither'd hands arise,
To thee, I lift these failing eyes,
O! cast me not away.

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustain'd my childish days:
Thy goodness watch'd my ripening youth,
And form'd my soul to love thy truth,
And fill'd my heart with praise.

O Saviour, has thy grace declined?
Can years affect the' Eternal Mind?
Or time its love decay?
A thousand ages pass thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
Is gone like yesterday.

Then, even in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee:
O, yet this bosom feels the fire:
This trembling hand, and drooping lyre,
Have yet a strain for thee!

Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy bounty, tried so long;
Till sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

THE LIFE-CLOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen;
That beateth on—and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapp'd in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,

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It ticks and ticks the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

O wondrous is that work of art
Which knells the passing hour;
But art ne'er form'd, nor mind conceived,
The life-clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold, nor deck'd with gems,
By wealth and pride possess'd;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till that strange life is ended.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

I ASK'D the glad and happy child,
Whose hands were fill'd with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the vine-wreath'd bowers;
I cross'd her sunny path, and cried,
"When is the time to die?"
"Not yet! not yet!" the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I ask'd a maiden: back she threw
The tresses of her hair;
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks I knew,
Like pearls they glisten'd there!
A flush pass'd o'er her lily brow,
I heard her spirit sigh;
"Not now," she cried, "O no! not now;
Youth is no time to die."

I ask'd a mother, as she press'd
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hush'd her babe's alarms:
In quivering tones her accents came,
Her eyes were dim with tears,
"My boy his mother's life must claim,
For many, many years."

I question'd one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air:
His brow was furrow'd not by time,
Or dimm'd by woe or care.
In angry accents he replied,
And flash'd with scorn his eye;
"Talk not to *me* of death," he cried,
"For only age should die."

I question'd age: for him the tomb
Had long been all prepared;
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flash'd high, and thus he cried,
"Life, only life, is my desire!"
He gasp'd, and groan'd, and died.

I ask'd a Christian, "Answer thou
When is the hour of death?"
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine:
He spake the language of his soul,
"My Master's time is mine!"

TABLE-TALK.

CORNISH MINER.

Two men were working together in a mine, and having prepared to blast the rock, and laid the train, the latter became by accident ignited. In a few moments a tremendous explosion they knew was inevitable, and the rock must be rent in a thousand pieces. On perceiving their danger, they both leaped into the bucket, and called to the man on the surface to draw them up. He endeavoured to do so, but his arm was found too feeble to raise the bucket while both the men were in it. What was to be done? The burning fusee, which could not be extinguished, was now within a few feet of the powder; a moment or two, and the explosion must take place. At this awful crisis, one of the men, addressing the other, said, "You shall live, and I will die; for you are an impenitent sinner, and if you now die, your soul will be lost; but if I die, I know that, by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, I shall be taken to himself." And so saying, without waiting for a reply, he leaped out of the bucket, and prayerfully waited the result. On the other reaching the surface, he bent over the shaft to ascertain the fate of his companion. At that moment a terrific explosion was heard:

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a portion of the rock was thrown up, and smote him on the forehead, leaving an indelible mark to remind him of his danger and deliverance. But the man of God, when they came to search for him, was found arched over by the fragments of broken rock in the mine, uninjured, and rejoicing in the Lord. This magnanimous miner exhibited in this act an amount of disinterested love and charity which has seldom been equalled, and is never found but in connexion with the love of Christ. Here is none of that unholy daring of which we have instances among the heroes of Greece and Rome, who, actuated solely by a love of notoriety, inflicted upon themselves tortures, and even death: but that pure Christian charity, which, at all hazards, even at the sacrifice of life itself, seeks to save the immortal soul of man. This is the kind of charity we have met this day to elicit, to strengthen, and to direct, and without which it is impossible that the great objects of Missionary enterprise can ever be accomplished.—*Rev. R. Young.*

A GENUINE PHILANTHROPIST.

The Island of Rona is a small and very rocky spot of land, lying between the Isle of Skye and the mainland of Applecross, and is well known to mariners for the rugged and dangerous nature of its coast. There is a famous place of refuge at its north-western extremity, called the "Muckle harbour," of very difficult access, however, which, strange to say, is easier entered at night than during the day. At the extremity of this hyperborean solitude is the residence of a poor old widow, whose lonely cottage is called "the light-house," from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light and the entrance of the harbour *open*, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety. During the silent watches of the night, the widow may be seen trimming her little lamp with oil, fearful that some frail bark may perish through her neglect; and for this she receives no manner of remuneration: it is pure and unmingled philanthropy. The poor woman's kindness does not even rest here; for she is unhappy until the benumbed and shivering mariner comes ashore to share her little board, and recruit himself at her glowing and cheerful fire; and she can seldom be prevailed upon to accept of any reward. She has saved more lives than Davy's belt, and thousands of pounds to the underwriters. This poor creature, in her younger days, witnessed her husband struggling with the waves, and swallowed up by the remorseless billows,

> "In sight of home and friends that throng'd to save."

This circumstance seems to have prompted her present devoted and solitary life, in which her only enjoyment is doing good.—*Inverness Courier.*

VOLTAIRE AND ALEXANDER POPE.

Voltaire, when in London, was very intimate with Pope; he was familiar at his table, and introduced to the circle of his acquaintance; but gratitude, and a respect for the laws of hospitality, make no part of the morality of infidels. One day, when he knew the poet was from home, he called on his ancient mother, who lived with him, and told her that he should be sorry to displease her, but really it was so hard living in London, that he had a poem, a severe lampoon upon her, which he was going to publish, but would recommend it to her to give him a sum of money to suppress it. The fear of the poor old woman at length prevailed over her indignation, and she bribed him not to publish; which he agreed to on one condition, that she should never mention the subject. She promised, and she kept her word. Having succeeded so well once, he made a second attempt on such an easy prey. Either he applied again too soon, or her indignation was not subsided; but Pope came in that moment. His mother was in a violent and uncommon passion; and he insisted to know the cause. She informed him, as well as she could for rage. Voltaire had neither time to make off, or to frame some lie for his excuse, when the little man, who was never wanting in filial respect, flew with violence on the long, lank Frenchman, striking him with all the rage that honest indignation could supply him with. Voltaire in attempting to make a precipitate retreat, fell over a chair. It is needless to observe that there ceased his connexion with our poet.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

In Hays's "Female Biography," published in 1803, we are told that by the side of the road between Penrith and Appleby, appears an affecting monument of the filial gratitude of Ann Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery: on this spot she had last parted with a beloved mother, a separation she was accustomed to recall to her mind with tender sorrow; and in commemoration of which, she erected a pillar, its base a stone table, known by the name of "Countess Pillar," on which were engraved her arms, a sun-dial, and the following inscription:—

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess-Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting in this place with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess-Dowager of Cumberland, on the

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2d of April, 1615. In memory whereof she hath left an annuity of four pounds, to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo."—*The Family Circle.*

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. D. ROBINSON,

DERWENT COTTAGES, DURHAM.

Mrs. Dinah Robinson, of Derwent Cottages, in the Shotley-Bridge Circuit, was awakened to a sense of her guilt and danger as a sinner before God in her own house. Two persons were conversing in her presence, one of whom was suffering acutely from toothache. His friend said, "How could you lead that pain for twenty or a hundred years?" The sufferer replied, he could not sustain it. "Then," replied the other, "how will you bear the wrath of God? for if you continue to sin, you must dwell with everlasting burnings." These words arrested Mrs. Robinson's attention: they were "as a nail fastened in a sure place" by the Master of assemblies. She considered her ways, sorrowed on account of sin, and rested not until she had obtained the pardon of her transgressions by faith in Christ Jesus. She rejoiced greatly in having found the "pearl of great price;" and while relating to others what God had done for her soul, she entreated them, most earnestly, to seek the same grace.

For a considerable time she walked in the light of God's countenance, growing in grace, and increasing in the knowledge and love of Christ; but owing to unwatchfulness during a season of severe trial, she lost the joyous sense of her acceptance with God, but continued carefully to walk in the fear of the Lord.

In August, 1844, the Lord chastened her with severe affliction. While in the furnace she grieved before God on account of her declension in the divine life, and pleaded earnestly that he would restore unto her the joys of his salvation. Her strong cries and tears were heard, through the one Mediator Jesus Christ. She prevailed, and again rejoiced in the glorious liberty of the children of God. From that time the love of Christ dwelt richly in her heart, her bodily health was partially restored, her vows were paid unto the Lord, and she sought, by greater devotedness, to evidence the gratitude of her heart for that great goodness which had been displayed towards her.

It pleased God to call her again to pass through the fire. During the early part of this affliction, she was severely tempted; the enemy came in like a flood; but He who has said, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," lifted up a standard against the cruel foe, and bruised him under her feet. While reading the hymn,

> "Would Jesus have the sinner die," &c.,

she was overpowered with a sense of the amazing love of God in Christ, and gave expression to the overflowing of her grateful heart in such a burst of holy rapture and delight as manifested that she felt herself to be just on the verge of heaven. With strong confidence she exclaimed,—

> "My soul would leave this heavy clay
> At that transporting word;
> Run up with joy the shining way,
> To see and praise my Lord."

From this time her confidence in God through Christ remained unshaken. On frequent occasions she triumphed over the weakness of her body, and sung the praises of her God and Saviour with joyful lips. At other times she agonized in prayer for the conversion of sinners, and the revival of the work of the Lord; pleading in faith that the Spirit might be poured out from on high on her relatives, friends, and neighbours. On one occasion, after thus pleading with heaven, she said, "God will revive his work among you." Nor did she pray in vain: it is done according to her faith: already the shower of blessing has descended, several have been baptized for the dead, and have filled up her place, and those of others who had died in the Lord. As life hastened to its close, her bodily weakness became extreme; but her soul was kept in perfect peace. Fully and firmly relying upon the atonement of Christ, she felt that death was deprived of its sting, and joyously anticipated the hour of her departure into eternity. She frequently thanked God that she had not to seek religion upon her death-bed, and often expressed a wish to depart and be with Christ. But though she was anxious to enter in and share the glory of her Lord, no murmuring word escaped her lips; she felt that to live was Christ, while to die would be gain.

Her death was calm, peaceful, and joyous. She passed through the valley and shadow of death without fear, and evidently felt what the poet expressed,—

> "A convoy attends, a ministering host
> Of invisible friends."

"Do you not hear," said she, "that glorious music?" and then added, "O how beautiful!"

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In this happy state our sister fell asleep, and exchanged the earthly house of her tabernacle for a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, on the 21st of January, 1846, in the twenty-ninth year of her age.

THOMAS STOKOE.

ORIENTAL ANTIQUITIES.

ABSALOM'S TOMB.

"Now Absalom in his life-time had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the King's dale: for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance: and he called the pillar after his own name: and it is called unto this day, Absalom's place." (2 Sam. xviii. 18.)

The Hebrew word translated "place" in the above quotation literally means a "land," but may properly be considered as a monument or pillar; and was situated in the "King's dale," on the edge of the valley of Jehoshaphat, near the brook Kedron, and between it and the Mount of Olives, on the north-eastern side of Jerusalem. The monument now shown as Absalom's tomb is most probably merely a representation of that pillar, as it cannot for a moment be imagined that the tomb as it now appears was the work of the "King's son." In the greater part of its construction its character is decidedly classical, and is not surpassed by any piece of workmanship met with in that part of the country. On examining a cut of the structure in question, it will be observed that it consists of a square mass faced with (bastard) Ionic columns, and that above this rises a cylindrical dome, terminating in a pointed cone, surrounded by what has been considered by some a lotus, and by others a flower-pot.

The square basic mass has evidently been hewn from the rock, whereas the dome is of masonry, and is, doubtless, an addition to the original construction. Its primitive character is therefore considerably altered; and we are induced to think that the square mass before-mentioned formed the ancient Jewish tomb, and the columns with the metopes and triglyphs were sculptured at a subsequent period, and the dome of masonry added at a still later date. The square mass is excavated, and evidently of a sepulchral character, as there is an opening in the upper part of the cone leading into the room, having niches in its sides. And, as a further proof, there are immediately adjoining other tombs excavated in the same manner from the same rock. Le Bruyn gives the height of this monument as thirty feet, the base of which is a square of eighty-two feet and a half. The custom for those who pass to

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throw a stone against the tomb, has not much attracted the attention of recent travellers, but is continually mentioned by those of the two last centuries, who describe these stones as having grown into a vast obstructing mound in front of the edifice. Jews and Mohammedans concurred in adding to the mass.

It is much to be doubted that this monument was the tomb of Absalom, as he was buried under the great heap of stones on the east of Jordan, unless we suppose that David caused his remains to be disinterred and removed near Jerusalem; an idea which the feelings of the Jews with regard to death, render very unlikely.

POPERY.

MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS.

The eldest daughter of a family intimately acquainted with mine, was brought up in the convent of Saint Agnes, at Seville, under the care of her mother's sister, the Abbess of that female community. The circumstances of the whole transaction were so public at Seville, and the subsequent judicial proceedings have given them such notoriety, that I do not feel bound to conceal names. Maria Francisca Barreiro, the unfortunate subject of this account, grew up a lively and interesting girl, in the convent; while a younger sister enjoyed the advantages of an education at home. The mother formed an early design of devoting her eldest daughter to religion, in order to give her less attractive favourite a better chance of getting a husband. The distant and harsh manner with which she constantly treated Maria Francisca, attached the unhappy girl to her aunt by the ties of the most ardent affection. The time, however, arrived when it was necessary she should either leave her, and endure the consequences of her mother's aversion at home, or take the vows, and thus close the gates of the convent upon herself for ever. She preferred the latter course, and came out to pay the last visit to her friends. I met her, almost daily, at the house of one of her relations; where her words and manner soon convinced me that she was a victim of her mother's designing and unfeeling disposition. The father was an excellent man, though timid and undecided. He feared his wife, and was in awe of the Monks; who, as usual, were extremely anxious to increase the number of their female prisoners. Though I was aware of the danger which a man incurs in Spain, who tries to dissuade a young woman from being a Nun, humanity impelled me to speak seriously to the father, entreating him not to expose a beloved child to spend her life in hopeless regret for lost liberty. He was greatly moved by my reasons; but the impression I made was soon obliterated. The day for Maria Francisca's taking the veil was at length fixed; and though I had a most pressing invitation to be present at the ceremony, I determined not to see the wretched victim at the altar. On the preceding day, I was called from my stall at the Royal Chapel, to the confessional. A lady, quite covered by her black veil, was kneeling at the grate through which females speak to the Confessor. As soon as I took my seat, the well-known voice of Maria Francisca made me start with surprise. Bathed in tears, and scarcely able to speak without betraying her state to the people who knelt near the confessional-box, by the sobs which interrupted her words, she told me she wished only to unburden her heart to me before she shut herself up for life. Assistance, she assured me, she would not receive; for rather than live with her mother, and endure the obloquy to which her swerving from her determination would expose her, she would risk the salvation of her soul! All my remonstrances were in vain. I offered to obtain the protection of the Archbishop, and thereby extricate her from the difficulties in which she was involved. She declined my offer, and appeared as resolute as she was wretched. The next morning she took the veil, and professed at the end of the following year. Her good aunt died soon after; and the Nuns, who had allured her into the convent by their caresses, when they perceived that she was not able to disguise her misery, and feared that the existence of a reluctant Nun might by her means transpire, became her daily tormentors.

After an absence of three years from Seville, I found that Maria Francisca had openly declared her aversion to a state, from which nothing but death could save her. She often changed her Confessors, expecting comfort from their advice. At last she found a friend in one of the companions of my youth; a man whose benevolence surpasses even the bright genius with which nature has gifted him; though neither has been able to exempt him from the evils to which Spaniards seem to be fated in proportion to their worth. He became her Confessor, and in that capacity spoke to her daily. But what could he do against the inflexible tyranny in whose grasp she languished?

About this time the approach of Napoleon's army threw the town into general consternation, and the convents were opened to such of the Nuns as wished to fly. Maria Francisca,

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whose parents were absent, put herself under the protection of a young Prebendary of the cathedral, and by his means reached Cadiz, where I saw her on my way to England. I shall never forget the anguish with which, after a long conversation, wherein she disclosed to me the whole extent of her wretchedness, she exclaimed, "There is no hope for me!" and fell into convulsions.

The liberty of Spain from the French invaders was the signal for the fresh confinement of this helpless young woman to her former prison. Here she attempted to put an end to her sufferings by throwing herself into a deep well, but was taken out alive. Her mother was now dead, and her friends instituted a suit of *nullity of profession*, before the Ecclesiastical Court. But the laws of the Council of Trent were positive; and she was cast in the trial. Her despair, however, exhausted the little strength which her protracted sufferings had left her, and the unhappy Maria Francisca died soon after, having scarcely attained her twenty-fifth year.—*Rev. Blanco White.*

MISCELLANY OF EXTRACTS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

PEELER, THE DOG OF THE POLICE.

During the recent investigation relative to the manner in which the policeman Daly came by his death at Kingstown, a little active and inquisitive dog, of the Labrador breed, was seen from time to time during each day running in and out of the room, as if he took a personal interest in the inquiry. The dog was admired, and a gentleman in the police establishment was asked to whom it belonged. "O!" said he, "don't you know him? we thought every one knew Peeler, the dog of the police." The gentleman then proceeded to give the interrogator the history of this singular dog. It appeared from the story, that a few years ago, poor little Peeler tempted the canine appetite of a Mount St. Bernard or Newfoundland dog, and was in peril of being swallowed up by him for a luncheon, when a policeman interposed, and with a blow of his baton levelled the assailant, and rescued the assailed. From that time "Peeler" has united his fortunes with those of the police: wherever they go, he follows; whether pacing with measured tread the tedious "beat," or engaged in the energetic duty of arresting a disturber of the public peace. He is a self-constituted general superintendent of the police, visiting station after station, and after he has made his observations in one district, wending his way to the next. He is frequently seen to enter a third-class carriage at the Kingstown Railway, get out at Black Rock, visit the police-station there, continue his tour of inspection to Booterstown, reach there in time for the train as before, and go on to Dublin to take a peep at the "metropolitans;" and having satisfied himself that "all is right," return by an early evening train to Kingstown. He sometimes takes a dislike to an individual, and shuns him as anxiously as he wags his tail at the approach and frisks about the feet of another for whom he has a regard. There is one man in the force for whom he has this antipathy; and a day or two ago, seeing him in "the train," he left the carriage and waited for the next, preferring the delay of half an hour to such company; and when the bell rang, with the eagerness with which the protracted joy is sought, he ran to his accustomed seat in "the third class." His partiality for the police is extraordinary. Wherever he sees a man in the garb of a constable, he expresses his pleasure by walking near him, rubbing against and dancing about him: nor does he forget him in death; for he was at his post in the funeral of Daly, the policeman, who was killed at Kingstown. He is able to recognise a few in plain clothes; but they must have been old friends of his. Wherever he goes he gets a crust, a piece of meat, a pat on the head, or a rub down on his glossy back, from the hand of a policeman; and he is as well known amongst the body as any man in it. We have heard of the dog of Montargis, the soldier's dog, the blind beggar's dog, and the dog of the Monks of St. Bernard, and been delighted by stories of their fidelity and sagacity; but none are more interesting than "Peeler, the dog of the Police," "whose heart, enlarged with gratitude to one, grows bountiful to all."—*Saunder's News' Letter, Dublin.*

A TALE OF HORROR.

Marion Cameron, it appears, was a pious young woman, and sincerely attached to the cause of the persecuted. Her brother lost his life in 1680; from which period, onward to the Revolution, the furnace of persecution glowed with a much fiercer heat than formerly. Murders were now common in the fields; and many were shot by the soldiers without trial, and even without warning. It appears that Marion Cameron, with two other individuals, had been surprised by a party of dragoons, and had fled for their lives in the direction of Daljig. They hid themselves in a moss in the vicinity, and, being overcome with fatigue, they cowered down to rest. In this situation, helpless and exposed, they engaged in prayer, and resigned themselves entirely to the disposal of Him in whose cause they were

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suffering, and for whose sake they were willing to lay down their lives. Having been refreshed with the consolations of that gracious Spirit by whose influences they were enabled to approach the mercy-seat with the voice of supplication, they arose from their knees, and raised to heaven the serene and melodious sound of praise, by chanting one of the psalms of the sweet singer of Israel, which seemed to be adapted to persons in their situation. And many are the psalms that are suited to God's church in affliction: for he who wrote them was himself one who suffered persecution, and who had often to betake himself to the dens and caves of the earth for safety. The troopers, who on this occasion followed them, could not fail to be guided by the plaintive and hallowed sound which issued from the little company of worshippers in the morass, to the very spot where they had hid themselves. On their approach they offered them their lives, on condition, it is said, that they would burn their Bibles. Such a proposal, revolting to their holiest feelings, they rejected with abhorrence, and were willing, far more willing, to part with their lives, than to desecrate the word of God,—that word of grace, by the consolations of which they were supported in their sufferings, and by the faith of which they hoped to be saved. The troopers well knew that this proposal would be rejected; but then it served as an additional pretext, on their part, to proceed to extremities. Accordingly, they avowed their intention to shoot them on the spot, as persons who refused to obey the King's authority in this as well as in other respects. There was no alternative: the defenceless company in the moss could not yield, and they could not escape; and therefore instant death was inevitable. The dragoons then, without the slightest feeling of compassion, immediately prepared the instruments of death; they fired, and all the three lay prostrate on the heath, and the warm purple stream of life mingled with the dark moss-water in the moor, and the redeemed spirits were conveyed by angels from their mangled bodies to the mansion of eternal blessedness. —*Simpson's Traditions of the Covenanters.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

1. Be punctual in all your engagements. Make it a point never to be behind time. There are some people who seem as if they were born to be an half-hour too late for everything they have to do: you can never reckon on their being at their post. If they make an appointment, they always keep you waiting: and they are not true even to the hour they themselves fix. Now, why is this? Sometimes it arises from a fatal habit of procrastination; but in most cases it is simply the result of a want of forethought and management in the laying out of time: no arrangements are made, no plan prepared, everything is jumbled together, and they have always so much to do, that they never have a moment to spare. A simple habit of regularity would cure all this, and admit of everything being done at its proper time, and in a right manner; and it is astonishing how soon a habit like this may be fixed, if we do but persevere in the outset. The beginning only is difficult: once get over that, and all is accomplished. The comfort you will afterwards derive will be quite sufficient to induce you to continue. You do not know what pain a want of punctuality on your part causes in the mind of a Superintendent, or how much disorder it introduces into the school. I have seen a class vacant, the children waiting for their Teacher: they have waited patiently, so patiently, and looked so inquiringly at the Superintendent, that he has felt obliged to speak to them. What can he say? He expresses his regret that the Teacher is not there; suggests that perhaps he has been taken ill, and is not able to come; and promises to send another if he does not arrive soon. Five or ten minutes after, the Teacher comes in. Is he ill? Look at him. He seems to have eaten and enjoyed a hearty breakfast, if one may judge by his countenance; and all the illness he is afflicted with is, illness at the heart. In another instance the vacant class has not waited so patiently. They commence playing, disturb the classes around them, create confusion, until at length the Superintendent is obliged to interfere. If you really feel the importance of your work, and the responsibility which rests upon you, you cannot but be punctual: and be assured of this, that a Teacher who is not punctual, never will have a punctual class.

2. Let there be a careful preparation.

I have heard of a young man who thought of entering the ministry, and who was appointed to preach before a congregation as a preparatory service. He got through the first part very well, and rose to take his text. It was given out and repeated. A pause ensued, the congregation expecting the introduction; but not a word issued from the young man's lips. The text was again given out and repeated. There was another long pause. For a third time the text was given out and repeated; when, after another pause, the young man descended from the pulpit. An old Minister was there, and said to him, "Why, how is it that you could not go on?

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How had you divided your subject? Come, let me hear your heads?"

"I had no heads," was the reply.

"Well, what had you thought upon the text? How were you going to treat it?"

"I had not thought about it, Sir."

"Not thought about it! why you don't mean to say that you had not studied your sermon. Pray how did you expect to preach?"

"I thought it would come!"

Now there are many Teachers who seem to act upon this principle: they leave everything to the impulse of the moment. They will, perhaps, enter their classes without even knowing what chapter they are going to read, and trust to their own resources to be able to get through. Some from the peculiar constitution of their mind, and their aptitude to instruct, may be able to go on tolerably well; but in nine cases out of ten they fail; and after all, even if they succeed, this is not the sort of teaching which ought to be given, or upon which we can expect God's blessing to descend.

3. Endeavour to exert a moral influence over your children.

There are two sorts of influence which may be brought to bear upon educational movements,—physical and moral; the one operating on the body, the other on the mind. Now it seems to me, that for moral purposes, moral suasion ought undoubtedly to be used, and that any attempt to influence the mind by pain inflicted on the body, will, to a very great extent, if not entirely, fail. Besides, moral influence will answer every purpose which corporeal punishment can produce, and will in the end be much more effective. It seems, therefore, in every way the more advisable to use. Now when I speak of your exercising a moral influence over your children, I mean that you should gain such an ascendancy over their minds, as to have them completely at your command. Let me give you an illustration. There was once a rebellion in Christ's Hospital: (the Blue-coat School:) the boys had risen against their tutors, overpowered them, tied their arms behind their backs, and completely obtained the mastery. The whole school was in an uproar, and everything in confusion. The head-master, who was in his study, heard the tumult: he left his room, and entered by a door which led directly to his desk. There he stood calmly surveying the scene. At first the boys did not notice him; but presently a whisper ran round that the master was there. Eyes were turned towards the desk; and then some of the more timid, frightened at what they had done, shrunk to their seats. The uproar began to subside, and at length died away. When sure of being heard, the master gave the command, "Every boy to his place." It was obeyed: none had the courage to resist. While standing there, he had marked those who appeared to be the ringleaders: these he now called out. They were made to unbind the tutors, and then again stood forward, that their names might be set down preparatory to their being punished. In a short time order was completely restored, and the school resumed its wonted appearance. Now here was a striking instance of moral command. There were between five and six hundred boys, and yet they sank abashed and powerless before one man. This is the sort of influence you should exert. You will ask how is it to be obtained. I answer, in the first place, by securing the affections of your scholars. This lies at the foundation. The most powerful principle of moral suasion is love, and the fear that is founded on love is sure to exert the greatest influence. Then you must never lose command of your temper. A difficult thing, you will say; but one that must be attended to. You will not be able to get on without the strictest government of yourself. If your children see that you are in a passion, and you strike or punish them while in that state, you will do yourself an incalculable injury. A calm, determined manner, which says, "I will be master, and you know it," will always be effective. When a refractory boy or girl sees that you are decided, and that decision is expressed without any hurry or bustle, but in a cool, quiet way, they will very soon cease their opposition. Again: never have a personal struggle with any one of your scholars, if it possibly can be avoided. It does you no good, but lowers your dignity, and weakens your authority. Nay, attempts to conquer in this way only raise an additional opposing force in the child. You are at once compelled to give up moral influence and resort to physical; and in the end merely succeed because you are the stronger of the two. You ought to be able to govern by commands, without being obliged to enforce obedience by personal strife. Again: endeavour to govern by the eye. Never let a boy or girl look you down: they will sometimes try to do so: if they succeed, your authority is gone. Conquer in the first instance, and you are safe. I have seen a child so thoroughly confounded, and made ashamed, by the settled gaze of a Teacher, that it has not known what to do, or where to put its head. It often happens by this means a disturbance is prevented at the very outset: it will not do, however, to resort to this plan on all occasions. You must use your power warily, and with moderation: very frequently a glance will be all that is necessary. To a scholar who is disposed to be refractory, a look which says, "There, there's a good fellow, don't be noisy; you can be good if you like; let us see how well you can behave;" will oftentimes do more than any other kind of admonition. Again: Never threaten a punishment which you do not mean to inflict: no plan can be worse. Always keep your word, and then your scholars will know what to

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expect from you. Appeal frequently to the reason of your children: make them feel, as the result of their own conviction, that it is necessary you should be master, and that they should obey you. This may easily be done. They will soon understand how and why it is, that they must submit. If you can once make a refractory child feel that it is reasonable that he should be punished, you have done all that you can expect to do, and perhaps all that is necessary. Lastly: I would say, encourage good behaviour, by appropriate rewards. But here you must be very careful: there must be nothing like buying good conduct, or you will soon have numbers of hypocrites. Be very judicious in the selection of your rewards, and also in their distribution. Perhaps, after all, personal favour, and showing a child that you repose confidence in him, by employing him to do various little things for you, is the best way of rewarding. —*Sunday-School Teachers' Magazine.*

ANECDOTES.

A CHARM TO PREVENT THE PRICK OF A THORN FROM FESTERING.

I SEND you a charm which the old women in Wiltshire vow to be very efficacious. When I came home from bird's-nesting, with my hands, and sometimes my face, well studded with thorns, they were extracted with a needle, and the finger passed over the wound, with these words:—

"Unto the Virgin Mary our Saviour he was born,
And on his head he wore the crown of thorn:
If you believe this true, and mind it well,
This hurt will never fester, nor yet swell."

P. P.

Of the value of such charms as these, and the propriety of securing a collection of them, Grimm speaks very decidedly. Two of them, which he found in a manuscript of the tenth century, form the subject of an essay by him, published in a recent volume of "The Transactions of the Royal Philosophical Society of Berlin."—*Athenæum.*

BISHOP BUTLER.

BISHOP BUTLER at Durham appointed three days in every week for the entertainment of the principal gentry. The Clergy of his diocess were always welcome guests; and not only did he invite the poorest of his clerical brethren to the palace, but he occasionally visited them at their respective parishes. A gentleman once waited upon Bishop Butler, to lay before him the details of some projected benevolent institution. The Bishop, calling his house-steward, inquired how much money he then had in his possession. The answer was, "Five hundred pounds, my Lord." "Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed his master: "what a shame for a Bishop to have so much money! Give it away: give it all to this gentleman for his charitable plan." His private habits were simple and unostentatious. "A friend of mine, since deceased, told me," says the Rev. John Newton, "that, when a young man, he once dined with the late Dr. Butler, at that time Bishop of Durham; and though the guest was a man of fortune, and the interview by appointment, the provision was no more than a joint of meat and a pudding. The Bishop apologized for his plain fare, by saying that it was his way of living; that he had long been disgusted with the fashionable expense of time and money in entertainments, and was determined it should receive no countenance from his example.—*Bartlett's Life.*

LADY ELEANOR DAVIES,

THE wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet, was a very extraordinary character. She was the Cassandra of her age; and several of her predictions warranted her to conceive she was a Prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were usually against the Government, she was at length brought by them into the Court of High Commission. The Prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name,

Eleanor Davies.
Reveal O Daniel!

The anagram had too much by an L, and too little by an S; yet *Daniel* and *reveal* were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The Court attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady, while the Bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her out of the Scriptures, to no purpose, she poising text against text. One of the Deans of the Arches, says Heylin, shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver: he took a pen, and at last hit upon this elegant anagram:—

Dame Eleanor Davies.
Never so mad a Ladie!

The happy fancy put the solemn Court into laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection of spirit. Foiled by her own weapons, her spirit suddenly forsook her; and either she never afterwards ventured on prophesying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state; for we hear no more of this Prophetess.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

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THE GLOUCESTER MISER AND HIS BOY.

OLD WOOD, the miser of Gloucester, whose will has lately been before the courts of law and the Privy Council, kept a boy, a little one, miserably fed, and in great bondage. One Sunday the master was getting ready to go to church, but got his dinner in some readiness first, that nothing might have to be done when he came home, but to eat it. It was a roast chicken, which the boy stayed at home to dress. The old fellow also got out the quantity of wine he meant to allow himself, and put it upon the chimney-piece; but to prevent it being tasted, he wrote upon it, in large letters, "Poison." So off he went. The lad was cravingly hungry; and as the fowl roasted, he could not help drawing his finger across and tasting it. But this sharpened his appetite, and he could not resist pulling off a leg. The theft begun, he soon went on to the other leg; and so farther and farther, till he had quite devoured the whole. What was to be done? for then came remorse; and, worse than that, soon was coming his master! He felt quite desperate; and just at that moment his eye caught sight of the phial with the label upon it. Off he drank, at one draught, the whole contents; and old Wood came home to find him well fed, and in high spirits, the first time he ever had animal spirits to be so since he had been in his service!—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

I SEND you herewith a bill for ten louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give such a sum, I only *lend* it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must *pay me* by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge by a like operation, when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a *knave* to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a little.—*Gentleman's Mag.*

REMARKABLE DAYS.

ST. NICHOLAS.—DEC. 6TH.

NICHOLAS was Bishop of Myra, in Lycia, and died about the year 392. He was of so charitable a disposition, that he portioned three young women, who were reduced in circumstances, by secretly conveying a sum of money into their father's house. The ancient annual ceremony of a boy-Bishop (*Episcopus puerorum*) on this day, is thus described by Sir John Hawkins in his elaborate "History of Music," vol. i., pp. 5—7. "The boy-Bishop was elected from among the choristers of the cathedral of Sarum, on the anniversary of St. Nicholas, being the 6th day of December. He was invested with great authority, and had the state of a diocesan Bishop, from the time of his election until Innocents'-Day, as it is called, the 28th of the same month. It seems that the original design of this singular institution was to do honour to the memory of St. Nicholas, who, even in his infancy, was remarkable for his piety, and, in the language of St. Paul to Timothy, is said to have 'known the Scriptures from a child.' Ribadeneyra has given his life at large; but the following extract from the English festival contains as much about him as any reasonable man can be expected to believe:—'It is sayed that his fader hyght Epiphanius, and his moder, Joanna, &c. And whan he was born, &c., they made hym chrysten, and called him Nycholas, that is a mannes name; but he kepeth the name of a chyld; for he chose to kepe vertues, meknes, and symplenes, and without malyce. Also we rede, whyle he lay in his cradel, he fasted Wednesday and Friday: these days he would souke but ones of the day, and therewyth held him plesed. Thus he lyved all his lyf in vertues, with this chyldes name, and therefore chyldren don him worship before all other saynts.'

"The ceremonies attending the investiture of the *Episcopus puerorum* are prescribed by the statutes of the church of Sarum, which contain a title, '*de Episcopo choristarum*,' and also by the processional. From these it appears, that he was to bear the name and maintain the state of a Bishop, habited with a crosier or pastoral staff in his hand, and a mitre on his head. His fellows, the rest of the children of the choir, were to take upon them the style and office of Prebendaries, and yield to the Bishop canonical obedience; and, farther, the same service as the very Bishop himself, with his Dean and Prebendaries, had they been to officiate, were to have performed, the very same, mass excepted, was done by the Chorister and his Canons, upon the eve and the holiday. The use of Sarum required also, that upon the eve of Innocents'-Day the chorister-Bishop, with his fellows, should go in solemn procession to the altar of the Holy Trinity, in copes, and with burning tapers in their hands; and that, during the procession, three of the boys should sing certain hymns mentioned in the Rubric. The procession was made through the great door at the west end of the church, in such order, that the Dean and Canons

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went foremost, the Chaplain next, and the Bishop with his little Prebendaries last; agreeable to that rule in the ordering of all processions, which assigns the rearward station to the most honourable. In the choir was a seat or throne for the Bishop; and as to the rest of the children, they were disposed on each side of the choir, upon the uppermost ascent. And so careful was the church to prevent any disorder which the rude curiosity of the multitude might occasion in the celebration of this singular ceremony, that their statutes forbid all persons whatsoever, under pain of the greater excommunication, to interrupt or press upon the children, either in the procession, or during any part of the service directed by the Rubric; or any way to hinder or interrupt them in the execution or performance of what it concerned them to do. Farther it appears, that this infant Bishop did, to a certain limit, receive to his own use rents, capons, and other emoluments of the church.

"In case the little Bishop died within the month, his exequies were solemnized with great pomp; and he was interred, like other Bishops, with all his ornaments. The memory of this custom is preserved, not only in the ritual books in the cathedral church of Salisbury, but by a monument in the same church, with the sepulchral effigies of a chorister-Bishop, supposed to have died in the exercise of his pontifical office, and to have been interred with the solemnities above noted."

In the statutes of St. Paul's School, framed by its venerable founder, Dean Colet, it is expressly ordered that the scholars "shall every Childermas [Innocents] day, come to Pauli's churche, and hear the chylde-Bishop's [of St. Paul's cathedral] sermon. And after be at the high masse; and each of them offer a penny to the chylde-Bishop, and with them the maysters and surveyors of the scole." This singular custom was abrogated by Henry VIII., in 1542; but it was restored, by Mary, to all its ancient splendours in 1554; and an edict issued by the Bishop of London, to all the Clergy in his diocess, to have a boy-Bishop in procession. On the accession of Elizabeth, this silly mockery was set aside, we hope, for ever.

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence, &c.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Alger, Mr. J. A.,		Pembroke,	33	May 30th, 1846.
Bell, Mr. Stephen,	Harnham,	Salisbury,	66	June, 1846.
Bown, Mrs.,	Hartgrove,	Shaftesbury,		July 7th, 1846.
Brockhurst, Mrs.,		Macclesfield,	28	June 28th, 1846.
Chambers, Mr. Robert,		Waterford,	52	June 18th, 1846.
Chubb, Charles, Esq.,	Barnsbury-Park,	Eighth London,	75	May 16th, 1846.
Cooper, Mr. Thomas,		St. Neot's,	33	August 11th, 1846.
Cranswick, Mrs.,	Aiskew,	Bedale,	88	June 24th, 1846.
Curtis, Mr. Edward,	Belton,	Oakham,	28	June 14th, 1846.
Dale, Mr. William,		Truro,	56	June 10th, 1846.
Donnell, Mr. James,	Calhaime,	Strabane,	86	August 1st, 1846.
Featherstone, Mr. William,	Prize,	Walsingham,	32	June 15th, 1846.
France, Mrs.,		Leeds,	26	June 21st, 1846.
Greeves, Rev. John,	Wesleyan Minister,	Bristol, South,	56	June 25th, 1846.
Hallow, Mrs.,		Wednesbury,	76	May 30th, 1846.
Harper, Mr. W., sen.,	Market-Drayton,	Whitchurch,	74	July 30th, 1846.
Hutton, Mrs.,	Skelton,	Guisborough,		June 18th, 1846.
Lloyd, Mrs.,	Ripley,	Belper,		July 10th, 1846.
M'Cormick, Mrs.,		Londonderry,	40	June 21st, 1846.
Moore, Mrs.,	Caldecott,	Loughborough,		June 2d, 1846.
Outhwaite, Mrs.,		Ashton-under-Line	62	June 16th, 1846.
Parrott, Mr. John,		Driffield,	25	July 4th, 1846.
Poole, Mrs.,		Dudley,	44	June 16th, 1846.
Pratt, Mr. P.		St. Neot's,	60	July 18th, 1846.
Ramsden, Mr. James,		Beverley,	62	June 5th, 1846.
Shelton, Mrs.,	Grove-Cottage,	Nottingham,	48	July 9th, 1846.
Staughton, Mr. Joseph,		St. Neot's,	53	August 1st, 1846.
Waite, Richard	Burgh,	Wainfleet,	85	June 14th, 1846.
Watts, Mrs.,	Aberdare,	Merthyr-Tydvil,	56	June 28th, 1846.
Watts, Mrs.,		London,	34	June 24th, 1846.
Wheatley, Mrs.,		Rotherham,	58	July 1st, 1846.
Williams, Miss,	Frodsham,	Northwich,	21	July 6th, 1846.
Winterbottom, Mr. J.,		Bolton,	68	February 3d, 1846.
Winterbottom, Miss E. S.		Bolton,	24	June 15th, 1846.

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